DUKE
UNIVERSITY

DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

https://archive.org/details/worksofrevjohnwe130wesl

THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Late Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, OXFORD.

VOLUME XIII.

BRISTOL:
Printed by WILLIAM PINE, in *Wine-Street*,
MDCCLXXII.

Div.S. RBR
208.1 E-6B
W513WE
v.13

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

Mr. BRAINERD.

To his brother John, then a ſtudent at Yale-College in New-Haven.

Dear Brother, *Kaunaumeek, April* 30, 1743.

I Should tell you, "I long to ſee you," but that my own experience has taught me, there is no happineſs to be enjoyed in *earthly friends*, though ever ſo near and dear, or any other enjoyment that is not God himſelf. Therefore, if the *God of all grace* would be pleaſed graciouſly to afford us each his preſence and grace, that we may perform the work, and endure the trials he calls us to, in a tireſome wilderneſs, till we arrive at our journey's end: the diſtance at which we are held from each other at preſent, is a matter of no great moment.——But alas! the preſence of God is what I want.——I live in the moſt lonely melancholy *deſert*, about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a poor Scotchman: his wife

can talk ſcarce a word of Engliſh. My *diet* conſiſts moſtly of haſty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the aſhes. My *lodging* is a little ſtraw, laid upon ſome boards, a little way from the ground; for it is a log-room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My *work* is exceeding hard: I travel on foot a mile and half, the worſt of way, almoſt daily, and back again; for I live ſo far from my Indians.——I have not ſeen an Engliſh perſon this month.——Theſe and many other circumſtances as uncomfortable, attend me; and my *ſpiritual conflicts* and *diſtreſſes* ſo far *exceed* all theſe that I ſcarce think of them. The Lord grant that I may be enabled "to endure hardneſs, as a good ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt!" As to my *ſucceſs* here I cannot ſay much: the Indians ſeem generally well diſpoſed towards me, and are moſtly very attentive to my inſtructions: two or three are under ſome convictions; but there ſeems to be little of the ſpecial workings of the divine Spirit among them yet; which gives me many a heart-ſinking hour. Sometimes I hope God has abundant bleſſings in ſtore for them and me; but at other times I am ſo overwhelmed with diſtreſs, that I cannot ſee how his dealings with me are conſiſtent with covenant love and faithfulneſs, and I ſay "ſurely his tender mercies are clean gone for ever." But however, I ſee, I *needed* all this *chaſtiſement* already: "it is good for me," that I have endured theſe trials. Do not be diſcouraged by my diſtreſſes: I was under great diſtreſs,

diſtreſs, at Mr. Pomroys, when I ſaw you laſt; but "God has been with me of a truth," ſince that. But let us always remember, that we muſt *through much tribulation* enter into God's eternal kingdom. The righteous are *ſcarcely* ſaved: it is an infinite wonder, that we have hopes of being ſaved at all. For my part, I feel the moſt vile of any creature living; and I am ſure, there is not ſuch another exiſting on this ſide *hell*.——Now all you can do for me, is, to pray inceſſantly, that God would make me humble, holy, reſigned, and heavenly minded, by all my trials.——"Be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Let us *run*, *wreſtle*, and *fight*, that we may obtain the prize, and obtain that compleat happineſs, to be "holy, as God is holy." So wiſhing and and praying that you may advance in learning and grace, and be fit for ſpecial ſervice for God, I remain. *Your affectionate Brother.*

DAVID BRAINERD.

To his Brother John, at Yale-college in New-Haven.

Dear Brother, *Kaunaumeek, Dec.* 27, 1743.

I Long to ſee you, and know how you fare in your journey through the world of ſorrow, where we are compaſſed about with "vanity, confuſion, and vexation of ſpirit." I am more weary of life than ever I was. The whole world appears to me like a vaſt empty ſpace, where nothing de-

 ſirable,

firable, or at leaſt ſatisfactory, can poſſibly be derived, and long daily to die more and more to it; even though I obtain not that comfort from ſpiritual things which I earneſtly deſire. Worldly pleaſures, ſuch as flow from greatneſs, riches, honours, and ſenſual gratifications, are infinitely *worſe* than none. May the Lord deliver us more and more from theſe *vanities!* I have ſpent moſt of the fall and winter in a very weak ſtate of body; and ſometimes under preſſing inward trials, but "having obtained help from God, I continue to this day;" and am now ſomething better in health. I find nothing more conducive to a life of *Chriſtianity*, than a diligent and faithful improvement of precious *time*. Let us then faithfully perform that buſineſs, which is allotted us by divine Providence to the utmoſt of our bodily ſtrength and mental vigour. Why ſhould we ſink with any particular trials, we are called to encounter in the world? *Death* and *eternity* are juſt before us; a few toſſing billows more will waft us to the world of ſpirits, and we hope (through infinite grace) into endleſs pleaſures. Let us then "run with patience the race that is ſet before us." And Oh that we could depend more upon the *living God*, and leſs upon our own wiſdom and ſtrength! Dear brother, may the *God of all grace* comfort your heart, and ſucceed your ſtudies, and make you an inſtrument of good to his people. This is the inſtant prayer of

Your affectionate Brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

To his Brother Iſrael, at Haddam.

My dear Brother, Kaunaumeek, Jan. 21, 1743-4.

——THERE is but one thing, that deſerves our higheſt care; and that is, that we may anſwer the great *end*, for which we were made, *viz.* to *glorify* that God, who has given us our beings and all our comforts, and do all the good we poſſibly can to our *fellow-creatures:* and verily life is not worth the having, if it be not employed for this noble end. Yet, alas, how little is this thought of? Moſt men love to *live to themſelves*, without regard to the glory of God, or the good of their fellow creatures: they earneſtly deſire, and eagerly purſue the riches, honours, and pleaſures of life, as if they really ſuppoſed that wealth, or greatneſs, or merriment, could make their immortal ſouls happy. But, alas, what falſe and deluſive dreams are theſe! And how miſerable will thoſe ere long be, who are not awaked out of them, to ſee, that all their happineſs conſiſts in *living to God*, and becoming "holy, as he is holy!" Oh, may you never fall into the tempers and vanities, the ſenſuality and folly of the preſent world! You are left, as it were, alone in a wide world, to act for yourſelf; be ſure then to remember, it is a world of *temptation*. You have no earthly parents to form your youth to piety, by their examples and ſeaſonable

counſels; let this excite you with great fervency to look up to the *Father of mercies* for aſſiſtance againſt all the vanities of the world. And if you would glorify God, and make your own ſoul happy in this and the coming world, obſerve theſe few *directions*; though not from a father, yet from a brother who is touched with a tender concern for your preſent and future happineſs. And,

* Firſt, Reſolve upon, and daily endeavour to practiſe a life of *ſeriouſneſs*. Think of the life of Chriſt; and when you can find that he was pleaſed with jeſting, then you may indulge it in yourſelf.

Again, Be careful to make a good improvement of precious time. When you ceaſe from labour, fill up your time in reading, meditation, and prayer: and while your hands are labouring, let your heart be employed, as much as poſſible in divine thoughts.

Further, Take heed that you faithfully perform the *buſineſs* you have to do in the world, from a regard to the command of God. We ſhould always look upon ourſelves as God's ſervants, placed in God's world to do his work; and accordingly labour faithfully for him; not with a deſign to grow rich and great, but to glorify God, and do all the good we poſſibly can.

* Again, Never expect happineſs from the world. If you hope for happineſs in the world, hope for it from God, and not *from* the world.

Do

Do not think you ſhall be more happy, if you live to ſuch or ſuch a ſtate of life, if you live to be for yourſelf, to be ſettled in the world, or if you ſhould gain an eſtate in it: but look upon it that you ſhall then be *happy*, when you can be conſtantly employed for God, and not for yourſelf; and deſire to live in this world, only to *do* and *ſuffer* what God allots to you. When you can be of the ſpirit and temper of angels, who are willing to come down into this lower world, to perform what God commands them, though their deſires are *heavenly*, and not ſet on *earthly* things, then you will be of that temper that you ought to have.

Once more, Never think that you can live to God by *your own* ſtrength; but always look to, and rely on *him* for aſſiſtance, yea, for all ſtrength and grace. There is no greater *truth* than this, that "we can do nothing of ourſelves;" yet nothing but our own *experience* can effectually teach it to us. Indeed we are a long time in learning, that all our ſtrength and ſalvation is in God. This is a life, that no *unconverted* man can live; yet it is a life that every godly ſoul is preſſing after. Let it then be your great concern to devote yourſelf and your all to God.

I long to ſee you, that I may ſay much more to you than I now can, but I deſire to commit you to the *Father of mercies*, and *God of all grace*;

praying that you may be directed safely through an *evil world*, to God's *heavenly kingdom*.

I am your affectionate loving brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

To a special Friend.

The Forks of Delaware, July 31, 1744.

* —— CErtainly the greatest, the noblest pleasure of intelligent creatures must result from their acquaintance with the blessed God, and with their own immortal souls. And Oh, how divinely sweet is it, to look into our own souls, when we can find all our passions united and engaged in pursuit of God, our whole souls passionately breathing after a conformity to him, and the full enjoyment of him! Verily there are no hours pass away with so much pleasure, as those that are spent in communing with God and our own hearts. Oh, how sweet is a spirit of devotion, a spirit of seriousness and divine solemnity, a spirit of gospel simplicity, love, tenderness! Oh, how desirable, and how profitable to the Christian life, is a spirit of holy watchfulness, and godly jealousy over ourselves; when we are afraid of nothing so much as that we shall offend the blessed God, whom we apprehend, to be a *father and a friend*; whom we love and long

long to pleaſe! Surely this is a temper, worthy of the higheſt ambition and cloſeſt purſuit of intelligent creatures. Oh, how vaſtly ſuperior is the peace, and ſatisfaction derived from theſe divine frames, to that which we purſue in things impertinent and trifling! Our own bitter experience teaches us, that "in the midſt of ſuch laughter the heart is ſorrowful," and there is no true ſatisfaction but in God. But, alas! how ſhall we obtain and retain this ſweet ſpirit of religion? Let us follow the apoſtle's direction, Phil. ii. 12. and labour upon the encouragement he there mentions, for it is God only can afford us favour; and he will be *ſought*, and it is fit we ſhould wait upon him for ſo rich a mercy. Oh, may the God of all grace afford us the influences of his Spirit: and help us that we may from our hearts eſteem it our greateſt liberty and happineſs, that "whether we live, we may live to the Lord, or whether we die, we may die to the Lord:" that in *life* and *death*, we may be his!

I am in a very poor ſtate of health: but through divine goodneſs, I am not diſcontented: I bleſs God for this retirement; I never was more thankful for any thing, than I have been of late for the neceſſity I am under of ſelf-denial: * I love to be a *pilgrim* and *ſtranger* in this wilderneſs: it ſeems moſt fit for ſuch a poor, ignorant, worthleſs creature as I. I would not change my preſent *miſſion* for any other buſineſs in the whole world. I may tell you freely, God has of late

given me great freedom and fervency in prayer when I have been so weak and feeble, my nature seemed as if it would speedily dissolve. I feel as if my *all* was lost, and I was undone, if the poor Heathen be not converted. I feel different from what I did when I saw you last, more *crucified* to all the enjoyments of life. It would be very refreshing to me, to see you here in this desert; especially in my weak disconsolate hours: but, I could be content never to see you, or any of my friends again in this world, if God would bless my labours to the conversion of the poor Indians.

I have much that I could willingly communicate to you, which I must omit, till Providence gives us leave to see each other. In the mean time, I rest

Your obliged friend and servant,

DAVID BRAINERD.

To his Brother John, at College.

Crosweeksung, in New-Jersey, Dec. 28, 1745.

Very Dear Brother,

——I AM in one continued and uninterrupted hurry; and divine Providence throws so much upon me, that I do not see it will ever be otherwise. May I "obtain mercy of God to be faithful to the death!" I cannot say, I am weary

weary of my hurry; I only want ſtrength and grace to do more for God.

My dear brother, *The Lord of heaven*, that has carried me through many trials, *bleſs you*; bleſs you for time and eternity; and fit you to do ſervice for him in his church below, and to enjoy his bliſsful preſence in his church triumphant. My brother; " the time is ſhort:" Oh let us fill it up for God; let us count the ſufferings of this preſent time" as nothing, if we can but " finiſh our courſe with joy." Oh, let us ſtrive to live to God. I bleſs the Lord, I have nothing to do with *earth*, but only to labour honeſtly in it for God, till I ſhall " accompliſh as an hireling my day." I do not deſire to live one minute for any thing that *earth* can afford. Oh, that I could live for none but God, till my dying moment!

I am your affectionate brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

To his Brother Iſrael, at College, written a few Months before his Death.

My dear brother, *Boſton, June* 30, 1747.

IT is from the ſides of *eternity* I now addreſs you. I am heartily ſorry, that I have ſo little ſtrength to write what I long to communicate to you. But let me tell you, my brother, *eternity*

nity is another thing than we ordinarily take it to be. Oh, how vaſt and boundleſs! Oh, how fixed and unalterable! Oh, of what infinite importance is it, that we be prepared for *eternity!* I have been juſt dying for more than a week; and all around me have thought ſo: in this time I have had clear views of *eternity:* have ſeen the bleſſedneſs of the *godly*; and have longed to ſhare their happy ſtate; as well as been comfortably ſatisfied, that I ſhall do ſo; but Oh, what anguiſh is raiſed in my mind, to think of an *eternity* for thoſe who are *Chriſtleſs*, for thoſe who bring their falſe hopes to the grave with them! The ſight was ſo dreadful, I could by no means bear it: my thoughts recoiled, and I ſaid, "Who can dwell with everlaſting burnings!" Oh, methought, that I could now ſee my friends, that I might warn them, to ſee to it, they lay their foundation for *eternity* ſure. And you my dear brother, I have been particularly concerned for; and have wondered I ſo much neglected converſing with you about your ſpiritual ſtate at our laſt meeting. Oh, let me beſeech you now to examine, whether you are indeed a *new creature?* Whether the glory of God has ever been the higheſt concern with you? Whether you have ever been reconciled to all the perfections of God? In a word, whether God has been your portion, and a holy conformity to him your chief delight? If you have reaſon to think you are *graceleſs*, Oh, give yourſelf no reſt, till God ariſe and ſave. But if the

the caſe ſhould be otherwiſe, bleſs God for his grace, and preſs after holineſs.

Oh, my dear brother, flee fleſhly *luſts*, and the inchanting *amuſements*, as well as corrupt *doctrines* of the preſent day; and ſtrive to *live to God*. Take this as the laſt line from

Your affectionate dying brother,
DAVID BRAINERD.

To a young Gentleman, a *Candidate* for the *Miniſtry*, written at the ſame time.

Very dear Sir,

HOW amazing it is, that the *living* who *know they muſt die*, ſhould notwithſtanding "put far away the evil day," in a ſeaſon of health and proſperity: and live at ſuch an awful diſtance from the grave, and the great concerns beyond it! And eſpecially, that any whoſe minds have been divinely enlightend, to behold the important things of *eternity* ſhould live in this manner. And yet, how frequent is this the caſe? * How rare are the inſtances of thoſe who live and act, from day to day, as on the verge of *eternity*; ſtriving to fill up all their remaining moments, in the ſervice of their great *Maſter?* We inſenſibly trifle away time, while we ſeem to have enough of it; and are ſo ſtrangely amuſed, as in a great meaſure to loſe a ſenſe of the holineſs, neceſſary to prepare us to be inhabitants of the heavenly *paradiſe*. But, Oh, dear Sir, a

dying

dying bed, if we enjoy our reaſon, will give another view of things. I have now, far more than three weeks, lain under the greateſt weakneſs; the greater part of the time, expecting daily and hourly to enter into the eternal world. And Oh, of what vaſt importance has a holy, ſpiritual life, appeared to me to be in this ſeaſon! I have longed to call upon all my friends, to make it their buſineſs to *live to God*; and eſpecially all that are deſigned for, or engaged in the ſervice of the ſanctuary. O dear Sir, do not think it enough, to live at the rate of *common Chriſtians*. Alas, to how little purpoſe do they often converſe, when they meet together! The viſits, even of thoſe who are called Chriſtians indeed, are frequently quite barren; and conſcience cannot but condemn us for the miſemployment of time, while we have been converſant with them. But the way to enjoy the divine preſence, and be fitted for his ſervice, is to live a life of *great devotion* and *conſtant ſelf-dedication* to him; obſerving the motions and diſpoſitions of our own hearts, whence we may learn the corruptions that lodge there, and our conſtant need of help from God for the performance of the leaſt duty. And Oh, dear Sir, let me beſeech you frequently to attend the great and precious duties of *ſecret faſting* and *prayer*.

Oh labour to be prepared and qualified to do much for God. Suffer me to entreat you earneſtly to "give yourſelf to prayer, to reading and

and meditation" on divine truths: ſtrive to penetrate to the bottom of them, and never be content with a ſuperficial knowledge. By this means, your thoughts will grow weighty and judicious; and you thereby will be poſſeſſed of a valuable treaſure, out of which you may produce "things new and old," to the glory of God.

And now, "I commend you to the grace of God;" earneſtly deſiring, that a plentiful portion of the divine Spirit may reſt upon you; that you may *live to God* in every capacity, and that you may be richly qualified for the "inheritance of the ſaints in light."

I ſcarce expect to ſee your face any more in the body; and therefore intreat you to accept this as the laſt token of love, from

Your ſincerely affectionate dying friend,

DAVID BRAINERD.

To his Brother John, at Bethel, the Town of Chriſtian Indians in New-Jerſey, written at Boſton, before his death.

Dear Brother,

*I AM now juſt on the verge of *eternity*, expecting very ſpeedily to appear in the unſeen world. I feel myſelf no more an inhabitant on earth, and ſometimes earneſtly long to "depart and be with Chriſt." I bleſs God, he has for ſome years given me an abiding conviction, that it is impoſſible for any rational creature to enjoy true

true happineſs without being entirely "devoted to him." Under the influence of this conviction I have in ſome meaſure acted: Oh that I had done more ſo! I ſaw both the excellency and neceſſity of holineſs; but never in ſuch a manner as now, when I am juſt brought to the ſides of the grave. Oh, my brother, purſue after holineſs: preſs towards the bleſſed mark; and let your thirſty ſoul continually ſay, "I ſhall never be ſanctified till I awake in thy likeneſs."

And now, my dear brother, as I muſt preſs you to purſue after *perſonal* holineſs, to be as much in *faſting* and *prayer* as your health will allow, and to live above the rate of *common Chriſtians*: ſo I muſt intreat you to attend to your public work; labour to diſtinguiſh between true and falſe religion; and to that end, watch the motions of God's Spirit upon your own heart; look to him for help, and impartially compare your experiences with his word.

Charge my people in the name of their *dying miniſter*, yea, in the name of *him who was dead and is alive*, to live and walk as becomes the goſpel. Tell them, how great the expectations of God and his people are from them, and how awfully they will wound God's cauſe, if they fall into vice: as well as fatally prejudice other poor Indians. * Always inſiſt, that their joys are *deluſive*, although they may have been rapt up into the *third heavens*, unleſs the main tenor of their *lives* be ſpiritual, watchful and holy. In preſſing

theſe

these things, "thou shalt both save thyself, and those that hear thee."—

God knows, I was heartily willing to have served him longer in the work of the ministry, although it had still been attended with all the *labours* and *hardships* of past years, if he had seen fit: but as his will appears otherwise, I can with the utmost freedom say, "The will of the Lord be done." It affects me, to think of leaving you in a world of sin: my heart pities you, that those storms and tempests are yet before you, which through grace I am almost delivered from. But "God lives, and blessed be my rock:" he is the same Almighty friend; and will, I trust, be your guide and helper, as he has been mine.

And now, my dear brother, "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." May you enjoy the divine presence, both in private and public; and may "the arms of your hands be made strong, by the right hand of the mighty God of Jacob!" Which are the passionate desires and prayers of

Your affectionate dying brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

SOME

SOME

Reflections *and* Obſervations

ON THE

Preceding *Memoirs* of Mr. BRAINERD.

I. WE have here an opportunity, in a very lively *inſtance*, to ſee the *nature* of *true religion*; and the *manner* of its *operation* when exemplified in a high degree: Particularly it may be obſerved.

1. How greatly Mr. Brainerd's religion differed from that of ſome who, depending on ſomething paſt, ſettle in a cold, careleſs, and carnal frame of mind, and in a neglect of thorough, earneſt religion. Although his convictions and converſion were exceeding clear, yet how far was he from acting as though he thought he had *got through his work*, when once he had obtained ſatisfaction of his intereſt in Chriſt? On the contrary, this was with him but the beginning of his work, his entering on the great buſineſs, his

his firſt ſetting out in his race. His obtaining reſt in Chriſt, after earneſt ſtriving to enter in at the ſtrait gate, he did not look upon as putting an end to any further occaſion for ſtriving and violence in religion: but theſe were continued, and maintained conſtantly, through all changes, to the very end of life. He continued preſſing forward, forgeting the things that were behind, and reaching forth towards the things that were before. His pains and earneſtneſs in religion were rather increaſed than diminiſhed, after he had received ſatisfaction concerning the ſafety of his ſtate. Love to God, and longings after holineſs, were more effectual to engage him to pains and activity, than fear of hell had been before.

And as his converſion was not the end of his work, or of his diligence in religion; ſo neither was it the end of the *work of the Spirit* of God on his heart; but rather the beginning; the firſt dawning of the light, which thenceforward increaſed more and more; the beginning of his holy affections, his ſorrow for ſin, his love to God, his rejoicing in Chriſt, his longings after holineſs. And the powerful operations of the Spirit of God herein, were carried on, from the day of his converſion, to his dying day. His religious experiences, his admiration, joy, and praiſe, did not only hold for a few days, weeks, or months; and then gradually die away, till they came to leave him without any ſenſible experience of holy and divine affections, for months together;

together; as it is with many, who ſoon come to that paſs, that it is again with them much as it is uſed to be before their converſion, with reſpect to any preſent views of God's glory, or ardent out-goings of their ſouls after divine objects; but only now and then they have a comfortable reflection on times paſt; and ſo reſt eaſy, thinking all well; they have had a good clear work, and they doubt not but they ſhall go to heaven when they die. How far otherwiſe was it with Mr. Brainerd! His experiences, inſtead of dying away, were evidently of an increaſing nature. His firſt love, and other holy affections, even at the beginning were very great; but after months and years, became much greater, and more remarkable; and the exerciſes of his mind continued exceeding great, (though not equally ſo at all times) without remiſſneſs, and without dwindling away, even till his deceaſe. They began in a time of general deadneſs, and were greatly increaſed in the general reviving of religion. And when a general deadneſs returned, his experiences were ſtill kept up in their height, and ſo continued in a general courſe wherever he was, in ſickneſs and in health, living and dying. The change that was wrought in him at his converſion, was agreeable to ſcripture, a great change, and an abiding change, rendering him a new creature: not only a change as to comfort; and a tranſient change, conſiſting in paſſing affections; but a change of *nature*, a change of the abiding temper of

of his mind. Not a partial change, in opinion, or outward reformation, much leſs a change from one error to another; but an univerſal change, both internal, and external, from the habits of ſin, to univerſal holineſs.

* It appears plainly, from his converſion to his death, that the great object of the new appetites given him, and thenceforward maintained and increaſed in his heart, was HOLINESS, conformity to God, living to God, and glorifying him. This was what drew his heart; this was the center of his ſoul; this was the ocean to which all his religious affections tended: this was the object which engaged his eager deſires and earneſt purſuits: he knew no true happineſs, but this: this was what he longed for moſt vehemently and conſtantly on *earth*; and this was with him the beauty and bleſſedneſs of heaven, to be perfectly holy, and perfectly exerciſed in the holy employments of heaven; to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever.

* His religious affections were attended with *evangelical humiliation*; conſiſting in a ſenſe of his own inſufficiency, and deſpicableneſs. How deeply affected was he almoſt continually with his great defects in religion; with his vaſt diſtance from that ſpirituality that became him; with his ignorance, deadneſs, unſteadineſs, barrenneſs? He was not only affected with the remembrance of his former ſinfulneſs, but with the ſenſe of his preſent vileneſs. He was not only

diſpoſed

diſpoſed to think meanly of himſelf as *before God*; but among men, and compared with them. He was apt to think of other ſaints better than he; yea, to look upon himſelf as the leaſt of ſaints; yea, the vileſt and worſt of mankind. And notwithſtanding his great attainments in ſpiritual knowledge, yet we find there is ſcarce any thing he is more frequently abaſed with, than his ignorance.

* How eminently did he appear to be of a *meek* and *quiet* ſpirit, reſembling the lamb-like, dove-like Spirit of Chriſt! How full of love, meekneſs, quietneſs, forgiveneſs, and mercy! His love was not fondneſs for a party, but univerſal; often exerciſed to his greateſt oppoſers and enemies. His love and meekneſs were effectual in expenſive and painful deeds of kindneſs; readily confeſſing faults under the greateſt trials, and humbling himſelf even at the feet of thoſe from whom he had ſuffered moſt: and from time to time praying for his enemies, abhorring the thoughts of bitterneſs and reſentment towards them. I ſcarce knew where to look for a parallel inſtance of ſelf-denial, in theſe reſpects, in the preſent age. He was a perſon of great zeal; but how did he abhor a bitter zeal, and lament it where he ſaw it! And though he was once drawn into ſome degrees of it, by the force of example; yet how did he go about with a heart bruiſed and broken in pieces for it all his life after!

Of

Of how *ſoft* and *tender* a ſpirit was he! How far were his experiences, hopes, and joys, from a tendency to leſſen conviction and tenderneſs of conſcience, to cauſe him to be leſs affected with preſent and paſt ſins, and leſs conſcientious with reſpect to future ſins, more eaſy in the neglect of duties that are troubleſome, leſs apt to be alarmed at his own defects, and more eaſily induced to a compliance with carnal appetites! On the contrary, how tender was his conſcience! how apt was his heart to ſmite him! how greatly was he alarmed at the appearance of evil! how great and conſtant was his jealouſy over his own heart! how ſtrict his care and watchfulneſs againſt ſin! how deep and ſenſible were the wounds that ſin made in his conſcience! Thoſe evils that are generally accounted ſmall, were almoſt an inſupportable burden to him; ſuch as his inward deficiencies, his having no more love to God, any ſlackneſs or dulneſs, any unſteadineſs, or wandering, how did the conſideration of ſuch things as theſe abaſe him, and fill him with ſhame and confuſion! His love and hope, though they caſt out a ſervile fear of hell, yet were attended with, and promoted a reverential filial fear of God, a dread of ſin, and of God's holy diſpleaſure. His aſſurance and comfort promoted and maintained mourning for ſin: holy mourning with him, was not only the work of an hour or a day, at his firſt converſion; but he was a mourner for ſin all his days. He did not, after he received forgive-

neſs, forget his paſt ſins, committed before his converſion; but the remembrance of them from time to time, filled his heart with renewed grief: and how laſtingly did the ſins committed after his converſion, affect and break his heart! If he did any thing whereby he thought he had diſhonoured God, he had never done with calling it to mind with ſorrow: though he was aſſured that God had forgiven it, yet he never forgave himſelf.

His religion was not like a blazing meteor, flying through the firmament with a bright train, and then quickly going out; but like the ſteady lights of heaven, that are conſtant principles of light, though ſometimes hid with clouds. Nor like a land-flood, which flows far and wide, bearing down all afore it, and then dried up; but like a ſtream fed by living ſprings; which though ſometimes diminiſhed, yet is a *conſtant ſtream.*

* Mr. Brainerd's comforts were not like thoſe of ſome other perſons, which are attended with a ſpiritual ſatiety, and put an end to their religious longings, at leaſt to the ardency of them. On the contrary, how were they always attended with longings and thirſtings after greater degrees of conformity to God! And the greater and ſweeter his comforts were, the more vehement were his deſires after holineſs. For his longings were not ſo much after joyful diſcoveries of God's love; as after greater ſpirituality, an heart more engaged for God, to love and exalt, and depend upon

upon him; an ability better to ſerve him, to do more for his glory. And his deſires were powerful and effectual, to animate him to the eager purſuit of theſe things. His comforts never put an end to his ſeeking after God, but greatly enlarged him therein.

His religion did not conſiſt only in *experience*, without *practice*. All his comforts had a direct tendency to practice; and this, not merely a practice *negatively* good, but a practice *poſitively* holy, in a ſerious, devout, humble, meek, charitable, and beneficent converſation: making the ſervice of God, the buſineſs of life, which he purſued with the greateſt earneſtneſs and diligence to the end of his days.

III. The foregoing account ſhews, that there is indeed ſuch a thing as true *experimental religion*, ariſing from immediate divine influences, ſupernaturally enlightening and convincing the mind, and powerfully quickening, ſanctifying, and governing the heart; which religion is indeed of happy tendency, and of no hurtful conſequence to human ſociety; notwithſtanding there have been many pretences to experimental religion, that have proved to be nothing but *enthuſiaſm*.

If any inſiſt, that Mr. Brainerd's religion was *enthuſiaſm*, I would aſk, if ſuch things as theſe are the fruits of enthuſiaſm, *viz.* honeſty and ſimplicity, ſincere and earneſt deſires and endeavours, to know and do whatever is right, and to avoid every thing that is wrong; love to God,

placing the happineſs of life in him ; not only in contemplating him, but in being active in pleaſing, and ſerve him ; a firm belief in the Meſſiah, as the Saviour of the world ; together with great love to him, and longing for the enlargement of his kingdom ; reſignation to the will of God, under all trials ; benevolence to mankind, reaching all perſons without diſtinction, manifeſted in ſweetneſs of ſpeech and behaviour, mercy, liberality, and earneſt ſeeking the good of the ſouls and bodies of men ; attended with extraordinary humility, meekneſs, forgiveneſs of injuries, and love to enemies ; a modeſt, and decent deportment, among ſuperiors, inferiors, and equals : a diligent improvement of time, and earneſt care to loſe no part of it ; great watchfulneſs againſt all ſorts ſin, of heart, ſpeech, and action ; and the foregoing amiable virtues all ending in a marvellous peace, unmoveable calmneſs, and reſignation, in the ſenſible approaches of death : I ſay, if all theſe things are *enthuſiaſm*, that enthuſiaſm is a deſirable and excellent thing.

And whereas there are many that are not profeſſed oppoſers of *experimental religion*, who yet doubt of it, from the *bad lives* of ſome profeſſors ; and are ready to determine there is nothing in all the talk about being born again, becauſe that many that pretend to it, manifeſt no abiding alteration in their diſpoſition and behaviour ; are as careleſs, carnal, or covetous as ever ; yea, perhaps much worſe than ever : it is acknowledged, that this is the caſe with ſome ; but they may

ſee

ſee it is not ſo with all. There are ſome indiſputable inſtances of ſuch a change, a "renovation of the ſpirit of the mind," and a "walking in newneſs of life." In the foregoing inſtance particularly, they may ſee the abiding influence of ſuch a work of converſion; the fruits of ſuch experience through a courſe of years; under a great variety of circumſtances, and the bleſſed event of it in life and death.

IV. Is there not much in the preceding memoirs to teach and excite to duty, us who are called to the work of the miniſtry? What a deep ſenſe had he of the importance of that work, and with what weight did it lie on his mind? How ſenſible was he of his own inſufficiency for this work: and how great was his dependence on God's ſufficiency! How ſolicitous, that he might be fitted for it! And to this end how much time did he ſpend in prayer and faſting, as well as reading and meditation; *giving himſelf to theſe things!* How did he dedicate his whole life, all his powers and talents to God and renounce the world, with all its enſnaring enjoyments, that he might be wholly at liberty to ſerve Chriſt in this work; and to pleaſe him who had choſen him to be his ſoldier. With what ſolicitude, ſolemnity, and diligence did he devote himſelf to God our Saviour, and, ſeek his preſence and bleſſing, at the time of his *ordination!* And how was his whole heart conſtantly engaged, his whole time employed, his whole ſtrength ſpent in the buſineſs he then undertook!

took!—And his history shews us the right way to *success* in the work of the ministry. He sought it as a resolute soldier seeks victory, in a siege or battle, or as a man that runs a race for a prize. Animated with love to Christ and souls, how did he "labour always fervently," not only in word and doctrine, in public and private, but in prayers day and night, "wrestling with God" in secret, and "travailing in birth," with unutterable groans, "until, Christ were formed" in the hearts of the people to whom he was sent! How did he thirst for a blessing on his ministry; and "watch for souls as one that must give account!" How did he go forth in the strength of the Lord God;" depending on a special influence of the *Spirit*! And what was the happy fruit at last, though after long waiting, and many discouraging appearances! Like a true son of Jacob, he persevered in wrestling until the breaking of the day.

V. The foregoing account may instruct *Christians in general*; as it shews in many respects, the right way of *practising* religion, in order to obtain the ends of it; or how Christians should "run the race set before them," if they would adorn their profession, be serviceable to mankind, have the comforts of religion while they live, be free from disquieting doubts; enjoy peace in the approach of death, and "finish their course with joy."——In general he much recommended, for this purpose, the *redemption of time*, and great *diligence in watchfulness*.

* And

* And his example, with regard to one duty in ſpecial, may be of great uſe to both miniſters and private Chriſtians: I mean the duty of ſecret faſting. The reader has ſeen how much Mr. Brainerd recommends this duty, how frequently he exerciſed himſelf in it; and of what great benefit it evidently was to his ſoul. Among all the days he ſpent in ſecret faſting and prayer, there is ſcarce an inſtance of one, but what was attended with a remarkable bleſſing.——But it muſt be obſerved, that when he ſet about this duty, he did it in good earneſt: "ſtirring up himſelf to take hold of God," and "continuing inſtant in prayer," with much of the ſpirit of Jacob, who ſaid to the angel. "I will not let thee go, except thou bleſs me."

VI. One thing more may be obſerved in the preceding account, the *remarkable diſpoſal* of divine Providence, with reſpect to the circumſtances of his laſt *ſickneſs and death.*

Though he had long been infirm, his conſtitution being broken by fatigues and hardſhips; and though he was often brought very low by illneſs, yet his life was preſerved, till he had ſeen that which he had ſo greatly deſired, a glorious work of grace among the Indians.

And though it was the pleaſure of God, that he ſhould be taken off from his labours among that people, who were ſo dear to him; yet this was not before they were well inſtructed in the Chriſtian religion, confirmed in the Chriſtian faith and

manners, formed into a church; brought into a way with respect to the education of children; collected in a town by themselves, on a good piece of land of their own; and introduced into the way of husbandry. These things were just brought to pass by his indefatigable application, and then he was taken off from his work. If this had been but a little sooner, they would by no means have been prepared for such a dispensation: and it probably would have been more to their spiritual interest, and of the cause of Christianity among them.

The time and circumstances of his illness were so ordered, that he had just opportunity to finish his journal. A foundation was hereby laid for a concern in others for that cause, and proper care and measures to be taken for the maintaining it after his death. As it has actually proved to be of great benefit in this respect; it having excited many in those parts, and also more distant parts of America, to exert themselves for the promoting so glorious a work, remarkably opening their hearts and hands: and not only in America, but in Great-Britain, where that Journal has been an occasion of some large benefactions, made for the promoting the interest of Christianity among the Indians.

He was not taken off from the work of the ministry among his people, till his *brother* was in a capacity to succeed him: who succeeds him in the like spirit, and under whose prudent and faithful

faithful care his congregation has flouriſhed, and been very happy, ſince he left them; and probably could not have been ſo well provided for otherwiſe. If Mr. Brainerd had been diſabled ſooner, his *brother* would not have been ready to ſtand up in his place; having taken his firſt degrees at college, but about that time that he was ſeized with this fatal conſumption.

Though in that winter that he lay ſick at Mr. Dickinſon's in Eliſabeth-Town, he continued, for a long time in an extreme low ſtate, ſo that ſometimes it was hardly expected he would live a day to an end; yet his life was ſpared awhile longer; he lived to ſee his brother arrive in New-Jerſey, being come to ſucced him in the care of his Indians: and he himſelf had opportunity to aſſiſt in his examination and introduction into his buſineſs: and to commit the conduct of his dear people to one whom he well knew, and could uſe freedom with in giving him particular inſtructions, and under whoſe care he could leave his congregation with great chearfulneſs.

The providence of God was remarkable in ſo ordering it, that before his death he ſhould take a journey to Boſton; which was of very happy conſequence to the intereſt of religion, and eſpecially among his own people. By this means, as has been obſerved, he was brought into acquaintance with many perſons of note and influence, miniſters, and others, belonging both to the town and various parts of the country; and had opportu-

nity under the beſt advantages, to bear a teſtimony for God and true religion.

The providence of God was obſervable in his going to Boſton at a time when not only the honourable commiſſioners were ſeeking miſſionaries, to the Six Nations, but juſt after his journal, which gives an account of his labours and ſucceſs among the Indians, had been ſpread at Boſton; whereby his name was known, and the minds of ſerious people were well prepared to receive him, and the teſtimony he gave for God; to exert themſelves for upholding the intereſt of religion among his congregation, and among the Indians elſewhere; and to regard his judgment concerning the qualifications of miſſionaries. If he had gone there the fall before, (when he had intended it, but was prevented by a ſudden increaſe of his illneſs) it would not have been to ſo good effect; and alſo if he had not been unexpectedly detained in Boſton. When he went from my houſe he intended to make but a very ſhort ſtay there; but divine Providence by his being brought ſo low there, detained him long: thereby to make way for the fulfilling its own gracious deſigns.

Thus, although it was the pleaſure of God, that he ſhould be taken away from his congregation; yet it was granted to him that before he died he ſhould ſee them well provided for every way: he ſaw them provided for with one to inſtruct them, and take care of their ſouls; his own brother whom

whom he could confide in; he ſaw a good foundation laid for the ſupport of the ſchool among them: thoſe things that before were wanting, being ſupplied; and he had alſo opportunity to leave all his dying charges, with his ſucceſſor in the care of his people, and by him to ſend his dying counſels to them.

* Another thing, wherein appears the merciful diſpoſal of Providence, was that he did not die in the wilderneſs, among the ſavages at Kaunaumeek, or the Forks of Delaware, or at Suſquahannah: but in a place where his dying behaviour might be obſerved, and ſome account given for the benefit of ſurvivors: and alſo where care might be taken of him in his ſickneſs, and proper honours done him at his death.

* I would not conclude my obſervations on the merciful circumſtances of Mr. Brainerd's death, without acknowledging with thankfulneſs, the gracious diſpenſation of Providence to me and my family in ſo ordering, that he (though the ordinary place of his abode was more than two hundred miles diſtant) ſhould be caſt to my houſe, in his laſt ſickneſs, and ſhould die here: ſo that we had opportunity for much converſation with him, and to ſhew him kindneſs in ſuch circumſtances, and to ſee his dying behaviour, to hear his dying ſpeeches, to receive his dying counſels, and to have the benefit of his dying prayers. May God in infinite mercy grant, that

we may ever retain a proper remembrance of thefe things, and make a due improvement of the advantages we have had! The Lord grant alfo, that the foregoing account may be for the the fpiritual benefit of all that read it, and prove a happy means of promoting true religion in the world. Amen.

An EXTRACT of

Miſs *Mary Gilbert*'s JOURNAL.

TO THE READER.

1. AMONG the innumerable novelties which have appeared in the world, within half a century, I do not remember to have ſeen the experience of a child written by herſelf. Herein much variety is not to be expected, nor any art or ornament at all: as ſhe ſet down from time to time, merely for her own uſe, juſt what occurred between God and her own ſoul But on this very account, perſons of underſtanding will ſet the greater value upon it: becauſe it contains only genuine Chriſtian experience, painted in its native colours.

2. The reflections occaſionally interſperſed, are always juſt, frequently ſtrong and affecting: particularly thoſe on death, or the ſhortneſs of life, eſpecially from the mouth of a child. And the language wherein they are expreſſed, altho' plain

plain and altogether unſtudied, is yet pure and terſe in the higheſt degree, yea frequently elegant: ſuch as the moſt polite either of our lawyers or divines would not eaſily alter for the better. Such language I hardly know where to find, unleſs in the almoſt inimitable letters of *Jane Cooper:* between whom and *Miſs Gilbert* there was a remarkable reſemblance, both in ſentiment and expreſſion. And had it pleaſed the all-wiſe Diſpoſer of all things, to give her a few more years on earth, and an increaſe of grace in proportion to her years, ſhe would have been another *Jane Cooper.*

Liverpool,
April 7th, 1768.

JOHN WESLEY.

A ſhort ACCOUNT of

Miſs MARY GILBERT.

THE enſuing account it is hoped may animate thoſe who are in the morning of life, to a due improvement of their time, in *remembering their* CREATOR *in the days of their youth*; ſo that they may offer him the firſt fruits of thoſe precious moments, in which they are probationers for an awful eternity: and which when paſt, whether

whether they have been employed in the important task or not, are irrecoverably gone.

If it has this happy effect, the desired end will be fully answered, which is, that God's grace and saving power may be manifested, in additional instances, both of living and dying witnesses.

Miss Mary Gilbert, was the eldest daughter of *Nathaniel Gilbert*, of the island of *Antigua*, Esq; by his wife *Elizabeth*, both persons of good families and eminent piety, whose chief study it was to train up their children in the knowledge of God and his ways, according to the established religion of the *church* of *England*.

She was born in the same island on the 28th of *February*, 1751, under the happy circumstance of having parents, who as they were wanting in no act of care and tenderness to their offspring, so took care in particular to make them like young *Timothy*, acquainted from their infancy with the *holy scriptures*. In the earliest dawn of reason she discovered an extraordinary capacity and uncommon understanding; a great willingness to learn; and a desire of being instructed, which often occasioned her to ask the most pertinent questions. Such a genius was observed by her parents with much gratitude, to him who is the author and dispenser of every good and perfect gift. Her natural disposition was a mixture of good and evil. She was a strict observer of truth, which appeared to arise from a nobleness of mind, which made her incapable of those meannesses

neſſes from whence the vice of falſhood ſprings. But as every flower in nature's garden, however blooming needs improving, ſo did this principle in her; for as it was productive of ſome virtues, ſo it no leſs occaſioned the greateſt blemiſhes in her temper; ſuch as high-ſpiritedneſs, pride and ſelf-will; which notwithſtanding the ſhining example of her parents, and their care to reſtrain, would, while ſhe was very young often gain an aſcendency.

In the year 1757, her father and mother made a voyage to *England*, (bringing this daughter and their other children with them) entirely upon a religious account, and in order to enjoy the company of ſome who were eſteemed perſons of remarkable piety and extenſive uſefulneſs, and with them to partake of thoſe ſacred privileges, with which their native iſland was not yet favoured. During their reſidence in *England*, ſhe ſhewed the greateſt delight in reading religious books, and in receiving the inſtruction of ſerious Chriſtians, who were frequently entertained at her father's houſe. So that what was recorded of the royal pſalmiſt, might be aſſerted of her, *All* her *delight was in the ſaints upon earth.* Her father's affairs calling him back to *Antigua*, he, with his family left *England*, in the beginning of the year 1759, taking with them a perſon whoſe ſentiments and abilities they approved of, to whoſe care they committed the education of their children, for whom their daughter Mary ſoon contracted

tracted a very tender affection; far from ſhunning the company of one that was to correct her faults, and whoſe preſence muſt reſtrain the little levities of childhood. She for theſe very reaſons, delighted in being conſtantly confined with her, even in thoſe hours which ſhe might have ſpent at play with her ſiſters. Theſe ſeaſons ſhe employed in improving her mind, and having the liberty of retiring into a cloſet within her governeſs's chamber, ſhe would continue in it for a long time every day reading, praying, and meditating, and her remarks upon what ſhe read, were often juſt, and inſtructive.

As ſoon as ſhe had learned to write, ſhe ſeldom failed noting down whatever appeared uſeful in any author ſhe read; and having a very retentive memory, ſhe ſtored it with ſcripture truths, ſo that many of her relatives and others, were greatly ſurpriſed at her readineſs in repeating, and finding out almoſt any text in thoſe ſacred pages. She likewiſe wrote ſeveral books of well collected texts, in proof of ſome of the *fundamental doctrines* of the church of England, ſuch as, *The fallen ſtate of man, the neceſſity of repentance, of the new birth, and of holineſs.* Before ſhe was twelve years of age, ſhe correſponded with ſome perſons in England, and her letters were much admired; tho' as ſhe grew older, her ſtile greatly improved, ſo that ſhe had acquired both an eaſy and elegant manner of addreſſing different perſons, and upon various occaſions,

tho'

tho' religion was her conſtant theme: herein, as in other inſtances, endeavouring to redeem as much as poſſible the golden moments of her contracted ſpan.

Thus ſhe gently and profitably paſſed five years of her pilgrimage, without variation, and exempt from viciſſitudes under her parents roof, till in the year 1764, they thought it moſt for her advantage to ſend her to *England*, to finiſh her education. Here ſhe arrived the 28th of May that year: from that time boarding with an aunt, and being under the care of the ſame tutoreſs, who had before gone with her to *Antigua*. This ſeparation from the beſt of parents, could not but prove an afflictive circumſtance to one of her great ſenſibility, and who was a moſt dutiful and affectionate child; but this was alleviated by the pleaſing hopes they gave her, that they themſelves would ſoon come and reſide in England, a thought which as it enabled her chearfully to bear their abſence, ſo it animated her to a more than ordinary improvement of time, in order to render them the utmoſt ſatisfaction, when ſhe ſhould have the happineſs of being reſtored to them; a period, which ſhe often mentioned with the greateſt delight; but which the infinitely wiſe diſpoſer of events ſaw right never to indulge her with. It was with great pleaſure that we obſerved, as her years increaſed, her good underſtanding, and the power of religion entirely prevailed over thoſe tempers, which have before been

been mentioned, so that she became, every day more amiable, and was more endeared to all that knew her. On the first of January 1765, she began to keep a diary, chiefly consisting of the Lord's dealings with her soul. This will give a juster conception of her understanding in the way of godliness, of her improvement of time, and the propriety of her sentiments on many occasions, than any thing that could be said upon the subject. She was one of those happy few, who are not afraid of being singularly pious, and was deeply convinced that the service of God is no impediment to, but the greatest augmentation of true happiness, in every period and circumstance of life. She had learned to disdain the follies of the world, always chusing plainness and neatness in dress, rather than gaiety and extravagance, and preferring an hour's solitude, spent in communing with her own heart, or in searching the word of God, before all those trifling amusements, which so much engross the attention, and waste the time of the generality of persons of all ages.

Thus though young in years, she contemplated her latter end, and applied her heart unto true wisdom, and is now reaping the vast advantage in a blest eternity. She was so exercised in the needful duty of self-inspection, as to discern the imperfection of her best performances, and utterly to disclaim every other hope of obtaining the divine favour than that built on the sure foundation, Jesus Christ and him crucified. An in-

terest

tereſt in his atoning blood, was what ſhe ſincerely ſought after; being truly ſenſible of the neceſſity of being born again, before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. She thought the time long ere ſhe was admitted into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and would greatly deplore her own inſtability, levity, and want of earneſtneſs, to which ſhe attributed her Lord's delay; but theſe things tho' felt by her tender and enlightened conſcience, did not appear to others. And the Lord was not ſlack concerning his promiſe, as her following experience proved, when he came ſuddenly to the temple of her heart, never to leave her more. Some weeks before her laſt ſickneſs ſhe told a friend, that ſhe had been greatly led out in the meditation of death, that ſhe formerly conſidered it as very dreadful, but had of late ſeen it in a different view: ſo that if it would pleaſe God to finiſh his work in her ſoul, ſhe could be content, young as ſhe was, to give up all that were dear below, in hope of receiving them again in that eternal day. A few days before her diſorder ſeized her, being aſked by a friend, concerning the ſtate of her ſoul, ſhe ſaid, "ſhe had a confidence that God would not long with-hold the bleſſing, that ſhe ſoon ſhould know his pardoning love, and, that ſhe was patiently waiting upon him." As ſoon as ſhe was taken ill, (which was on the 10th of January, 1768,) ſhe was aſked how ſhe found her mind? She replied, "Quite compoſed, that

ſhe

ſhe believed the Lord had viſited her in love, and that whether it terminated in life, or death, it would be greatly to her advantage." During the whole time of her illneſs not a doubt ſeemed to diſturb her, nor did ſhe ever loſe her ſtedfaſt hope, that if ſhe was taken, the Lord would perfect his work in her ſoul. She was alſo endued with a conſtant ſpirit of prayer, and to all around behaved with the utmoſt patience and meekneſs. She ſeldom complained, and declared ſhe had not a murmuring thought, tho' ſhe appeared to ſuffer exquiſitely; her diſorder being a putrid fever, with a ſore throat, which mortified ſome days before her diſſolution: it was likewiſe attended with a deafneſs that encreaſed gradually, till at laſt there was no converſing with her. She was alſo deprived very early of ſpeech, which as ſhe retained her ſenſes, rendered her ſituation very trying, as well as deprived her friends of that profit and ſatisfaction, which might otherwiſe have been expected. But on Thurſday the 14th, (before the diſeaſe had made ſo great a progreſs, tho' even then her ſpeech was thick, and her hearing dull) ſhe deſired the whole family, would come and pray with her, and to ſome of her friends made this good confeſſion: that ſhe had found Chriſt, that ſhe loved God, knowing that he had firſt loved her, that ſhe was now neither afraid nor unwilling to die; and that ſhe experienced unſpeakable, and till now, unknown happineſs. From this time ſhe ſpoke but little,

except

except about two days afterwards, when she said to one who desired her to speak to her, that she was perfectly resigned to the divine will; this she uttered with difficulty, and could add no more. But tho' her lips were thus closed to all below, it was evident, her heart was open to God in prayer, which was discernable from the frequent lifting up of her hands and eyes with great devotion; in this posture she sweetly yielded up her spirit on the 21st inst. at the age of near 17 years.

An EXTRACT from her

JOURNAL.

TUESDAY, January 1st, 1765, when I awoke in the morning, I found my heart raised in thankfulness to God for his mercies, in bringing me to the beginning of another year; and found my soul much in the same frame all the day. * O! may this year be spent more to the glory of my Almighty Maker and Preserver, than the last has been: and may every thought, word and work, tend to this glorious end.

Wednesday 2, I found a blessing while dressing, but lost it by giving way to levity; yet the merciful

merciful Lord reſtored it to me in the evening: bleſſed be his name.

Thurſday 3.. I found my ſoul in a dead, dull frame, with a great diſinclination to duty, which I did not yield to, and tho' I found no immediate bleſſing, yet I doubt not, but the Lord was pleaſed with my endeavours to wait upon him.

Friday 4. I awoke with ſome degree of comfort, and had my thoughts ſtayed on the things of God. I found a deſire, while I heard the book of martyrs read, of being like them; but could not ſubmit to die for the truth as they did; it ſeemed too great a trial to fleſh and blood: yet I truſt was the Lord to call me to it, he would give me ſtrength to bear it.

Saturday 5. I ſpent the morning in writing letters to my dear friends in Antigua, for whom I find the moſt tender affection. O! that we may all at length meet around the throne, and ſtand at the laſt day among the ſheep at his right hand!

" O that each in the day
" Of his coming, might ſay,
" I have fought my way thro'.
" I have finiſhed the work thou didſt give me to do.

Sunday 6. In the morning my thoughts were very wandering and my mind much diſcompoſed. When I came up, I read and writ my journa', and

and ſpent the reſt of the morning comfortably. In the afternoon I read the experience of Elizabeth Weſt. May I like the bee ſuck honey out of every flower, gather profit out of every book I read, every ſermon I hear, and every occurrence in life, let it ſeem ever ſo trifling. The evening text was Iſaiah lviii. 1. *Cry aloud and ſpare not, &c.* The preacher ſhewed our tranſgreſſions in the moſt glaring colours, and my own conſcience convicted me that I had done all which he had mentioned, and more too: ſo that were I to be tried by works, I could not be ſaved.

Monday 7. I found my heart raiſed in thankfulneſs for the mercies of the night paſt. O for a continuance of it! Surely had I always a deep ſenſe of the innumerable obligations I owe to my Almighty benefactor, it would keep me from falling into many of thoſe things, which are ſo prevalent over me. Lord give me a thankful heart.

Tueſday 8. I awoke in a ſerious frame, but it did not continue long; for I yielded too much to wandering thoughts, which robbed me of that bleſſing. Lord make me more watchful for the future! In the evening my uncle preached a funeral ſermon, on, *It is appointed unto men once to die, &c.* Heb. ix. 27. My ſoul was very much bleſt, and ſtirred up to ſeek the Lord, but O how ſoon do my good reſolutions die away. They are like the morning cloud, and the early dew which paſſeth away. Lord ſtrengthen, and confirm them.

Wedneſday

Wednesday 9. I found my soul in a very dead frame, and continued so all the day. I may truly say,

" My drowsy powers why sleep ye so?
" Awake my sluggish soul!
" Nothing has half thy work to do.
" Yet nothing's half so dull.

Thou God of love quicken my drooping powers! Stir up and awaken my insensible soul, and give me to seek thy face with my whole heart! And O be thou found of me!

Thursday 10. I was very cold and dead all the day, and found neither power, nor inclination, to pray or read, which I yielded to; and passed the day without performing either of these duties, O my God, pardon my sins of omission, as well as those of commission. They are both as innumerable as the hairs of my head, but thy mercies are still more.

Friday 11. I was very busy this day with setting my things in order, which were come from London, and being in a hurry, my mind was not as stayed as I could have wished. O my God, gather in my scattered thoughts, and let my mind be fixt entire on thee!

Saturday 12. I was enabled, blessed be the Lord, to be serious and watchful. In the evening, Mr. Rodda preached. His text was Mark, xii. 24. *Thou art not far from the kingdom of*

God. I was much bleſt under the ſermon, and my mind was ſtayed on what was delivered.

Sunday 13. In the evening, my uncle preached on *Iſa.* xxx. 21. *This is the way, walk ye in it.* I found my thoughts much compoſed, but being in great pain, I could not attend, as much as I found myſelf inclined to do. O how many hindrances have we while below! Sometimes from the world, ſometimes from the infirmities of the body; and very often from a corrupt heart! Lord, do thou arm me with thy Spirit's might, and enable me to combat and overcome, all the enemies of my ſalvation.

Monday 14. Our claſs met at ten as uſual, but my ſoul was in a very wandering dead frame, and afterwards I was light and trifling; this is the natural conſequence of the other, if not ſtrove againſt.

Tueſday 15. I was in a very cold indifferent frame all the day. In the evening while my uncle catechiſed us, ſuch a ſpirit of laughter came upon us, that we could hardly ſpeak. Lord deliver us from a light, trifling ſpirit, as alſo from an unloving, diſputing ſpirit.

"Mutual love the token be,
"Lord, that we belong to thee.

In the evening my uncle preached on *Hoſ.* xiv. 1, 2. My ſoul was bleſt eſpecially in ſinging the laſt hymn, in which are theſe ſweet words.

"He'll

" He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
" But raiſe it to a flame:
" The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
" Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

Wedneſday 16. I aroſe this morning with ſome degree of recollection and ſtayedneſs upon my ſpirit. It partly continued all the day; but in the evening, yielding to levity, I loſt it. Lord, give me power over a trifling ſpirit! Give me a continual ſenſe of thy preſence! Then I ſhall not eaſily yield to this or any other temptation. I retired and read the 3d chapter of *Matt.* Went to prayer, and found enlargement in it.

Thurſday 17. All this day I was in a very diſagreeable frame, which I cannot well deſcribe. I retired, read the pſalms, and the 4th of *Matthew.* O may I like our bleſſed Lord when tempted, anſwer the tempter with the word of God. The text this evening was *Iſai.* liv. 22. *Look unto me and be ye ſaved.* My thoughts were very wandering all the time. O when will my mind be conſtantly fixed on, and looking to that glorious object of our faith and love!

Friday 18. My ſoul was in a cold dead frame, and ſo it continued all the day, yea all the week. For tho' I cannot accuſe myſelf of the omiſſion of any known duty, yet ſuch a total indifferency I have not felt for ſome time. O that God would give me to ſee the fatal cauſe, the accurſed thing that keeps my heart from him!

Saturday 19. I was much in the ſame ſtate, and felt not the leaſt life in any duty till evening. Then the Lord enabled me to pour out my complaints into his compaſſionate boſom, with great enlargement. When Mrs. *L*——. met me, I told her my ſtate, ſhe adviſed me not to let my deadneſs diſcourage me, but ſtill to hold on in the ways of the Lord, who perhaps might be proving and trying me to ſee if I would do ſo or not. This gave me ſome comfort, and left me hopes that he would at length come and viſit my ſoul with his ſalvation.

Sunday 20. My uncle's text this evening was *Luke* xiii. 3. *I tell ye nay, but except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh.* The word came with power to my heart. O God, give me grace that I may not prove a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, that ſo I may be bleſſed in my deed.

Monday 21. I found a deſire when I awoke to ſpend the day to the glory of God, and I made it my earneſt prayer to him that he would enable me to do it. I bleſs God, that through his grace I was ſerious, and found my mind ſtayed on him in ſome meaſure. O that I may always have a recollected ſpirit! Thou Lord, haſt promiſed to keep him in perfect peace whoſe mind is ſtayed on thee.

Tueſday 22. My mind was in ſome meaſure ſerious, but not as much as the day before. The text to night was *Hab.* ii. 4. *The juſt ſhall live by his faith.* My thoughts were much drawn off on

on account of my being to ſet the tune, leſt I ſhould forget it. O how eaſily doth the enemy get an advantage over me, when I am not ſtanding upon my guard! Lord, give me a watchful ſpirit!

Wedneſday 23. My ſoul ſeemed like a barren wilderneſs, where nothing but weeds and thorns grow; nothing but evil did I find in my heart. O my God, give me thyſelf; then ſhall this wilderneſs become like a watered garden which thou haſt planted.

Thurſday 24. I found my mind kept in a ſerious frame all the day, bleſſed be God.

Friday 25. I continued in a ſerious frame, which I bleſs God, laſted all the day. O how much ſweeter is it to be in ſuch a ſtate, than to enjoy all that the world calls pleaſure! But indeed it is only they who term it ſo. The people of God ſee there is no pleaſure in theſe fooliſh things; for ſurely nothing can ſatisfy an immortal ſoul created for the enjoyment of God, but God himſelf.

Saturday 26. I have reaſon to praiſe the Lord, that I found my ſoul ſtill ſerious; this I account a great bleſſing, eſpecially to me, who am naturally of ſuch a trifling ſpirit.

Monday 28. When I awoke, my thoughts were ſtill ſtayed, and I bleſs God, I was in a ſerious frame all the day. O my ſoul, if thou hadſt always an awful ſenſe of the divine preſence, thou wouldeſt be always ſerious and recollected,

for it is impoſſible that a ſoul which conſiders God is preſent ſhould dare to behave in a trifling manner before his awful majeſty.

Thurſday 31. The evening text was *Mat.* xi. 28. *Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, &c.* My mind was taken up with obſerving a gentleman and lady who were laughing and talking together all the ſermon time. Lord forgive my ſin and lay it not to my charge.

Friday *Feb.* 1. My mind was much ſtayed on the things of God when I awoke and it continued ſo all the day.

Saturday 2. My ſoul was much alive this day, and I was given to ſee more clearly than ever, the myſtery of iniquity which is in my heart. O thou who ſearcheſt and trieſt the reins of the children of men, give me to ſee more and more of the ſinfulneſs of it, and do thou waſh and cleanſe it in the blood of *Jeſus*.

Monday 4. This morning we experienced God's providential care over us; for the chimney of the little parlour took fire, and might have done great miſchief had it not been diſcovered in time. Thus the Lord took care of us when we knew of no danger, and could not take care of ourſelves.

Thurſday 7. This day my uncle, and Miſs H—e ſat out haſtily for Briſtol, were my Aunt B—ly was in great diſtreſs, Mr. B—ly having died ſuddenly, and left her among ſtrangers, with whom ſhe was quite unacquainted till within three

or

or four weeks. O how many unforeſeen troubles are we liable to, which are all ſo many calls to us, to lay up our heart and treaſure above.

Sunday 10. Mr. Rodda preached on *Mat.* iii. 10. The diſcourſe, bleſſed be God, came with power to my ſoul. O Lord give me the hearing ear, the ſeeing eye, and the underſtanding heart.

Monday 11. This morning being to be taken meaſure off for our mourning, we were obliged to go out, which diſſipated my thoughts very much. O what a little ſerves to draw our minds from God! But alas they are not ſo eaſily drawn off other things; ſuch enemies are we to ourſelves.

Tueſday 12. My thoughts were pretty much ſtayed this day, and I was enabled to reſiſt a temptation not to go to prayer becauſe the weather was cold, and I was unwilling to leave the fire.

Wedneſday 13. In the evening I read Miſs Cooper's life and letters. Then we all joyned in prayer. My ſoul was bleſt and enlarged in that duty. When I was in bed, I took a review of my paſt life, and found reaſon to humble myſelf before God, for my unfaithfulneſs in not making a better uſe of his many mercies to me. But O may I now begin and ſerve and love him all my days.

Monday 18, Tueſday 19. My ſoul was in a ſerious and yet dead frame theſe days. O may I improve every ſtate I am in; and make the very

temptations of the enemy, ſerve as as weapons to fight againſt him with. Thus ſhall I by throwing his darts back upon his own head, force him to fly from me.

Thurſday 21. I was in a comfortable frame of ſpirit this day. In the evening whilſt I was converſing with my ſiſters and couſins upon religion, I found my ſoul greatly bleſt; and I was much enlarged afterwards in praying with them, bleſſed be God.

Sunday 24. I finiſhed writing the life of that excellent man, Mr. Blackerby; O may I live his life, die his death, and be in the place where doubtleſs he now is. There I ſhall be free from all impurity, all ſorrow, all ſin, and be eternally out of the reach of death.

Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday. I was in a ſerious, tho' dead frame. Lord, quicken, ſtrengthen, and comfort me by thy word, and ſpirit.

* Thurſday 28. Was my birth-day. I found a deſire, and reſolution, to be more devoted to God the enſuing year, than I was the foregoing. O may the Lord enable me to perform my reſolutions. I alſo found ſerious reflections on the ſhortneſs of life, and thankfulneſs to God, for ſparing me to ſee fourteen years. O may I let theſe reflections have their due weight, and influence on all my conduct for the time to come. And always conſider that

" My

" My life is a dream,
" My time as a ſtream,
" Glides ſwiftly away:
" And the fugitive moments for no one will ſtay."

Lord, do thou give me *ſo to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wiſdom.*

Saturday, March 2. My uncle returned home, and with him my aunt B——ly, whom I was much rejoiced to ſee.

Saturday 9. This evening poor Mrs. L——, was taken extreamly ill. It brought many ſerious reflections to my mind. Well may we ſay, in the midſt of life we are in death. O may I always conſider this and never yield to levity, or any thing which is diſpleaſing to a God of the ſtricteſt purity, who may ſtrike me dead in a moment; and ſince I may die this day, let me ſpend this and every other as tho' it were my laſt.

Sunday 17. At night as I ſat by the fire-ſide, I found my ſoul bleſt, and many ſerious reflections brought to my mind, which continued till I went to bed.

Monday 18. I awoke in much the ſame ſtate, and continued ſo all the day, bleſſed be God.

Tueſday 19. The text this evening was John v. 8. *Wilt thou be made whole?* My heart ſeemed to to reply, Yea, Lord, I will if thou wilt: and of this I need not doubt; for thou art always more ready to give, than I am to receive. O that thou would'ſt ever

" Make me willing to receive,
" All thy goodneſs waits to give."

Saturday 23. My ſoul was much bleſt, and my heart raiſed in thankfulneſs for the many mercies I have received at the hands of my merciful God: at the ſame time I was humbled under a ſenſe of the ungrateful returns I have made him.

" When all the mercies of my God
" My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
" Why, my cold heart, art thou not loſt,
" In wonder, love, and praiſe."

Sunday 24. Mr. Murry, preached from *Num.* xxiii. 10. *Let me die the death of the righteous*, &c. O may I not only die his death, but alſo live his life; for indeed 'tis impoſſible to do the former, unleſs we firſt do the latter.

Saturday 30. Mr. F——l, in the evening preached on *John* xx. 19. *Peace be unto you.* Tho' I was much tempted with drowſineſs under the word, yet ſome parts of it were greatly bleſt to me. He afterwards met the ſociety, and told them, that in ſeveral places both in this round, and others, numbers were convinced and brought to Chriſt. O may I be one!

" Into that happy number, Lord,
" A weary ſinner take,

" Jeſus

" Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
" For thy own mercy's sake."

Sunday 31. I spent the morning in reading the eight last chapters of *Romans*, and Mr. *Wesley*'s notes upon them. Indeed I think they are a most beautiful part of the scripture. O that they and every other part of that holy book may be written upon my heart.

Sunday, April 7. Was Easter-day. I was prevented from hearing the sermon by a violent tooth-ach. O how many pains are we subject to while in this mortal life! But when this mortal shall put on immortality, what a glorious change shall we undergo? *Lord, let this change pass upon me, and to that end let me now rise from a death of sin unto a life of righteousness.*

" Thy resurrection's power impart,
" And rise triumphant in my heart."

Thursday 11. At noon, we had the pleasure of the Rev. Mr. *John Wesley*'s company to dinner; and in the evening he preached on *Jer.* viii. 22. *Is there no balm in Gilead*, &c. His conversation was very edifying, and God blest it to my poor soul.

Friday 12. At five in the morning, Mr. *Wesley* preached on *Psalm* lxxxiv. 1. *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.* At night we took leave of him, and of my uncle, aunt, and

Mrs. L—. Theſe at one in the morning ſet out for *Liverpool*, and he at five for *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*.

Sunday 14. I found my mind much oppreſſed with perplexing thoughts concerning my dear parents. But why, O my ſoul, doſt thou ſuffer theſe anxious cares to oppreſs thy troubled breaſt? Is not the God who gave me theſe tender parents at liberty to take them from me? And is he not able to raiſe me up friends in their room? Beſides, this is caring for the morrow. Is it not time enough to make myſelf uneaſy when the trial comes, without anticipating what may never be? Then, O my ſoul, truſt thou in God: for he will be the help of my countenance, and my God.

Saturday 20. I was all this day in a fretful frame, which I too much yielded to. O God, give me power over this, and every other eaſily beſetting ſin.

Sunday 21. I read a letter of Miſs B——ts to Mr. *Weſley*, concerning the manner of her bringing up the poor children that ſhe has taken. In which I could not help obſerving the power of faith. How has ſhe ſurmounted every difficulty that ſtood in her way. O may I like her live by faith, till I ſhall go to live

"Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
"And hope in full ſupream delight,
"And everlaſting love."

Monday

Monday 22. Expecting our friends home from *Liverpool*, Miſs H——e, and I ſat up to receive them; about twelve at night they came very much fatigued. They informed us of a narrow eſcape they had met with; the coach they were in was overturned with ſix people in it, and ſome on the outſide: yet not one was hurt. Surely the providence of God was over them for good. I ſoon got to bed ſleepy enough, and when aſleep, I dreamt a very particular dream: * I thought Mrs. L—— bid my couſin A——, and me look out at a window, and we ſhould ſee an angel, who would tell us comfortable news. We did, and after ſome time we ſaw a bright ſtar, which grew brighter and brighter, till an angel appeared exceedingly beautiful and majeſtic. As he came nearer I was quite overwhelmed at his preſence, and could ſcarce look at him, his luſtre ſo dazzled my eyes. When he approached me, I thought I faintly uttered theſe words; "Speak, Lord, thy ſervant heareth." At this he ſaid, "The "Lord has ſent me to tell you, that all your ſins "are forgiven, and will never be remembered "againſt you any more, unleſs you fall again in- "to ſin. He has blotted out your tranſgreſſions, "and caſt them behind his back." I immediately ſaid, How can theſe things be? Can I, who am ſo great a ſinner, and have never truly repented be forgiven? He anſwered, "With God "nothing is impoſſible. Continue waiting upon "God in his appointed way, and you will ſoon

"find

" find the truth of theſe promiſes:" He ſpoke much to me concerning my unbelief, and then ſuddenly diſappeared, leaving me quite overwhelmed, but much comforted. O that my dream may be ſhortly fulfilled.

Saturday 27. I was in a very cold dead frame all the day, and when I retired to prayer in the evening, I found no life, but ſtill I had the bleſſing of waiting upon God, and an earneſt deſire and panting in my ſoul for faith, tho' I could not utter a word. Lord, let me never reſt till I get this pearl of great price into my poſſeſſion; then ſhall I be truly happy, and not till then.

Sunday, May 5. My uncle met the ſociety, and informed them of his being to leave them ſoon. The ſorrow that ſat on every countenance would have drawn tears from any ones eyes, who could in the leaſt ſympathize with another's grief. O Lord what is man! How various, how unforeſeen, often are the changes of this ſhort life! Lord, prepare me for whatever thou haſt in thy wiſdom prepared for me.

Monday 6. We were in a great hurry in packing up all the day, and at night ſat up till twelve o'clock. Having a violent cold, I was quite diſordered all the next day, ſo as not to be able to read or pray, or do any thing elſe as I would. O how does this corruptible body preſs down the ſoul! But when it ſhall eſcape from this priſon of clay, and wing its way to the manſions of eternal joy; how will it exult in the glo-

rious

rious change, and rejoice in being delivered from this dungeon which has ſo long clogged it with its manifold infirmities!

Thurſday 9. In the afternoon we went with Mr. and Mrs. W—h to the old caſtle on the top of the hill, where it ſeems Lady *Catherine Parr*, the laſt wife of King Henry the VIII. was born. Indeed it is a venerable ruin, and ſtrongly ſhews what all worldly grandeur muſt come to. O that I and all that are near and dear to me, may never deſire ſuch fading tranſitory enjoyments! But may we ſeek for and obtain a houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

" *Jeruſalem*, the ſaint's abode,
" Whoſe founder is the living God."

Monday 13. I bleſs God, I found my ſoul in a very ſerious frame this day, having a meaſure of the ſpirit of prayer. O may it always continue! In the afternoon we took a walk to the mount, which was thrown up to batter down the old caſtle on the top of the hill. It was delightfully pleaſant to ſee all the green fields and the little lonely houſes that ſtand there. I could have liked to ſtay there all the afternoon, the weather was ſo calm and ſerene, and all nature ſeemed lively and ſprightly. O was my ſoul but illuminated by the Sun of Righteouſneſs as this earth is by the material ſun! How happy, how unſpeakably happy,

happy, would it be in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a bleſſing!

" If this felicity were mine,
" I every other would reſign,
" With juſt and holy ſcorn:
" Chearful and blithe my way purſue,
" And with the promiſed land in view,
" Singing to God return."

Tueſday 14. I found my ſoul in a ſerious frame all the day long, bleſſed be God who kept me ſo.

Thurſday 16. I found my ſoul alive. My uncle's text was *God is love.* 1 *John* xvi. 4.

Friday 17. I ſtill continued in ſome meaſure bleſt. Lord increaſe the ſpark and let it grow into a flame!

Saturday 18. I was much tempted to levity, which I gave way to. But while Mr. C——k was preaching in the evening from theſe words, *O Iſrael thou haſt deſtroyed thyſelf: but in me is thine help.* Hoſ. xiii. 9. My ſoul was much refreſhed, and afterwards I was enabled to watch againſt every thing that might deprive me of it, ſo that I lay down, and roſe with it again the next morning, all thanks be aſcribed to God, for had I been left to myſelf, I ſhould undoubtedly have loſt it immediately.

Sunday 19. I awoke in the ſame watchful ſpi-

rit,

rit, and an eager desire for faith, which I was enabled to pray for with great earnestness.

Monday 20. I yielded so much to levity, that it was with difficulty I forced myself to duty, and when I did, I was quite cold and dead, and my thoughts were wandering on some foolish thing or other. O God deliver me from a trifling spirit.

Tuesday 21. I found myself thoughtful and serious in the morning, but in the afternoon I was overcome by levity. O how soon am I drawn off what is good? But how difficult do I find it to prevail with myself to forsake the evil? For often when the Lord shews me the error of my ways, though for the present I feel sorrow and regret, yet the next temptation that offers finds me ready to comply with it; and this doubtless I should always do, did not God in that moment step in and hinder me by his restraining grace; such a propensity have I to do that which grieves my God and wounds my own conscience.

Saturday 25. In the evening I retired, and entering into a strict self-examination, I found I must own with the royal Psalmist, *my inward parts are very wickedness.* I saw clearly that I had broken every commandment, therefore were I to be tried by the law of works I must eternally perish. I must come with the *Publican*, crying, God *be merciful to me a sinner.* How truly might I say,

"No

" No good word, or work, or thought,
" Have I to buy thy grace,
" Mercy I accept unbought,
" Thy profer I embrace."

* Sunday 26. In the afternoon we went to Mrs. *C——s* to see the corpse of her daughter. I was not at all shocked at the sight, but it brought many serious reflections to my mind. How is she who not many months ago was in all the bloom and vigour of youth, cut down like a flower! So, just so, thought I, must I shortly be: I must die, be stretched in a coffin, and laid in the silent grave, and shortly it will be forgot even by my nearest and dearest friends, that there was ever such a person. O may this awful thought never be absent from my mind! How will it lessen my esteem for all these perishing enjoyments! How will it make me spend every precious moment, in preparation for a never-ending eternity! May the Lord grant that when death comes, he may not appear as a king of terrors, but like a welcome messenger sent to carry me to my Father's house.

Sunday June 2. In the evening my uncle preached his farwell sermon on *Acts* xx. 27. *I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.* He repeated briefly the doctrine which he had taught them, and exhorted them to take heed, least the word should rise up in judgement against them in the last day. O may

it

it not againſt me! For alas as yet I have been a barren fig-tree. Well may I ſay,

" Long have I ſat beneath the ſound
" Of thy ſalvation Lord,
" But ſtill how weak my faith is found,
" And knowledge of thy word."

Lord let it be no longer ſo with me, but may I now bear fruit to thy glory.

Tueſday 4: We were called up at half an hour after one, and at a quarter paſt two, ſet out on our journey to *Cheſter*. When we came near *Lancaſter*, our coachman had like twice to have overturned us. At ſeven we breakfaſted there, at one dined at *Preſton*, and at nine in the evening reached Mr. *A——s* houſe in *Warrington*. We ſoon got to bed truly fatigued, and I ſlept till ſix in the morning without ever waking, or moving out of the poſture I lay myſelf in when I went to bed. About eight on Wedneſday morning, we ſet out again, and had a delightful journey the reſt of the way to *Cheſter*, where we arrived about noon. In the afternoon we took a walk round the walls. You have here an extenſive proſpect of a fine open country, far unlike the barren *Kendal* mountains. We then walked to the dock, and from thence to the preaching-houſe. Mr. *G——d* preached on *Matt.* ix. 22. *Daughter be of good comfort*, &c. I found my ſoul humbled under a ſenſe of my own vileneſs,

and

and fixed a resolution to set out a fresh in the narrow way of holiness, if the Lord will give me strength; for without he does, all my resolutions will be in vain.

Sunday 9. Mr. *G——d* preached, met the society and spoke to the children. I found my soul blest. O may it be a lasting blessing, and not like a guest which tarrieth but a day.

Monday 10. In the afternoon we went to see the infirmary. Every thing is neat and clean about it. I found a thankfulness to God, that he had kept me from all these disorders that others have. O may my life be singularly good, as he has been so singularly merciful to me. I experience mercies that very few others have; which it would be almost impossible to enumerate. How few have such parents, who from my earliest days have instructed me how to fear and love God! How many are tortured with broken limbs, and deprived of their sight, whilst I am preserved from all these, and kept in health, strength, and the full exercise of my reason. Many more mercies I am indebted for to my gracious Benefactor; how truly may I say,

"Not more than others I deserve,
"Yet God hath given me more,
"For I have food whilst others starve,
"Or beg from door to door."

Thursday 13. In the afternoon I set out with my uncle, aunt, Mrs. *L——*, and some other friends,

friends, to go to a little village called *Crislington*, about two miles out of the town, where my uncle was to preach. We had a very pleasant walk, and went to see the delightfullest, though oddest contrived garden that I ever saw. The owner of it is the Rector of that place, but one would think by the manner of his laying it out, that he had very little else to think of. Some part of it represents a field of battle, a general's tent, with cannons all round it, a mount, a tower, a draw-bridge, and every thing to resemble a camp of soldiers. The other parts of the garden are laid out in the same peculiar taste.

Tuesday 18. At private prayers in the morning, I had power to pray particularly against my besetting sins, and blessed be God, I do in some measure overcome them. Indeed he is a God, both hearing and answering prayer. In the afternoon we had a deal of company, and they being good singers, past away the time very agreeably. Mr. *B——t* persuaded my aunt, Mrs. *L——*, Miss *H——* and myself to go to his class, which we did upon his promising not to speak to us. I like his manner much, and I think I was profited by it.

Friday 21 In the evening I went to the chapel; there was no preaching, but a private meeting. Having been much refreshed, especially in the singing that hymn *Wrestling Jacob*, I had no reason to repent going. My desires were much enlarged

after

after God, with a hatred to sin. O that I may indeed forsake it, and hate it as deadly poison!

Sunday 23. In the morning we went to the new chapel. Mr. *H*—— opened it, his text was in 2 *Chron.* vi. 41. *Let thy Priests O Lord God, be cloathed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness.* He concluded with saying, that as God had given us a more convenient place to worship him in, we ought in gratitude to let our lives and conversations be more exemplary than ever before.

Monday 24, and Tuesday 25. I spent most part of these days in retirement, my mind was much composed, and my thoughts stayed on the things of God.

Wednesday 26. This afternoon we came to our own house. I spent the evening in a little room by myself. I found enlargement in prayer, and my soul much blest.

Thursday 27. When I retired in the morning to private prayer, I experienced great power and sweetness in the duty. My mind was kept in a serious frame, till I went out of my chamber, when I gave way to fretting. O how many temptations are we liable to! And while we endeavour to shun one, we often fall into another. When I avoid levity, I too often fall into fretting. We have need to have the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

Friday 28, and Saturday 29. Were spent comfortably.

fortably. I had great ſweetneſs in prayer, and much of the ſpirit of it.

Sunday 30. I taſted the good word of God in reading the 11th chapter of the *Hebrews*. O how much did thoſe excellent ones of the earth endure for their bleſſed Maſter, while I who have every means of encouragement I can deſire, (and far more than I deſerve) am careleſs and ſupine in working out my own ſalvation. But ſince thou haſt convinced me of my error, O Lord, do thou help me to amend it, and let me now turn to thee, with all my heart and ſoul.

Tueſ. July 2, and Wed. 3. Both theſe days I was ill and in violent pain. On Thurſday morning I endeavoured to look to God, and was relieved. O how good is he to me, the unworthieſt of his creatures. Lord give me a thankful heart. I was hindered going to preaching all this week, by reaſon of a violent cold. But if that was ſanctified, I have need to be thankful, and to bleſs God for afflicting me.

Saturday 20. Tho' I was very buſy all the morning, my mind was kept in a ſerious praying frame. Lord make me truly thankful for this mercy!

Sunday 21. We went to St. *John*'s church. I found my ſoul bleſt at the ſacrament, and felt an earneſt deſire for faith. O may it always continue! "Lord give me faith;" Be all my cry; and he that gives me the deſire, will fulfil it.

Wedneſday 24. In the evening we went down

down to my aunt *B——s*, where we parted with my dear friend Miſs *H——*. I was much concerned at taking leave, but I comforted myſelf with the hope of ſeeing her ſoon again: if we ſhould not meet again in this vale of tears, may we meet where crying, and pain, and death are over.

Tueſday 30. I was in a lukewarm frame all the day, but in the evening as my uncle and others were ſpeaking their ſtates to one another, I could ſcarce help ſhedding tears, to think I had made ſo little uſe of all the means I enjoy. When I came up to bed, I found a great earneſtneſs for faith, which I prayed for with ſomething of a confidence that I ſhould receive, till unbelief ſtept in; then I thought I had not repented enough, had not forſaken my ſins long enough, and at laſt I yielded, roſe from my knees, and loſt the bleſſing which I might have received, had I held on. May I learn more wiſdom for the future, and when I get ſuch a precious moment, improve it, and not ſo ſhamefully yield to the enemy of my ſoul.

Sunday, Auguſt 4. I went to church, and was much bleſt, particularly at the ſacrament.

Friday 16. We had the pleaſure of the Rev. Mr. *John Weſley*'s company to tea, and in the evening he preached on 2 *Cor.* vi. 2. *Now is the accepted time: now is the day of ſalvation.*

Sunday 18. In the morning Mr. *Weſley* preached on *Mark* ix. 23. My ſoul was exceedingly bleſt.

bleſt. He ſeemed to ſpeak as exactly to my ſtate, as if I had mentioned it to him. He anſwered every objection that has oftentimes occurred to my mind againſt believing, and then gave me encouragement to come to Chriſt, and believe in him. But when I came home, my mind was much hurried, ſo that I loſt the bleſſing I had received. O! how unfaithful have I hitherto been, to the manifold favours God has beſtowed on me! Lord pardon the paſt, and make me more faithful for the future.

Monday 19. I was much diſordered with a violent cold in my head, and ſo I continued all Tueſday and Wedneſday, that I ſcarce could read, or pray, or do any thing elſe, as I would have done. But praiſed be God, my mind was kept in a ſweet compoſed frame, and I had much of the ſpirit of prayer. O the goodneſs of God to me, the moſt unworthy of his creatures! Me, who have ſo often ſinned againſt him! Lord write the law of gratitude on my heart! On Wedneſday our claſs met for the firſt time. Altho' it was ſomething of a croſs, I experienced the goodneſs of God.

Wedneſday 28. In the evening our claſs met again: thanks be to God, I was in a compoſed frame, and had my mind ſtayed on him; as indeed it had been all the day, and all the week.

Thurſday 29. In the afternoon we went with Mr. and Mrs. *B——t* to *Eaton* by water, to ſee Lord *Grofvenor*'s ſeat. We had a parcel of ob-

ſtinate men in the boat, who knew nothing of the ſea, and yet would have their own way, which rendered what might have been otherwiſe pleaſant, very diſagreeable. The gardens are extremely pleaſant, and far ſurpaſs any thing I have ever ſeen. My mind was fixt on God, while I was in the boat, and I had ſuch a confidence in him, that I don't know I felt fear ariſe once the whole time.

Sunday, September 1. At church I felt great earneſtneſs for the bleſſing.

" Author of faith, to thee I lift
" My weary, longing eyes:
" O let me now receive that gift,
" My ſoul without it dies."

Wedneſday 4. In the evening I was very cold and dead. O my God, let me never give way to a lukewarm ſpirit, for this of all things, I find hurtful to my ſoul, and it too often brings on levity, which to me is ſlow poiſon. It does not appear heinous as ſome other ſins do, but ſteals upon me unawares. And when I am once down, it is not an eaſy matter to riſe again. Therefore let me be

" Always ſtanding on my guard,
" And watching unto prayer."

Monday 9. I was much bleſt this day, and my deſires after the bleſſing much quickened; thanks be

be to God. In the evening we went to chapel, Mr. *M*—— preached from *Luke* vi. 19. He is but a young preacher, yet I like him much better than many others, and some parts of the sermon were blest to me.

Wednesday 11. At night while I was meeting in class, my soul was much refreshed, and I thought I would not give up that spark, small as it was, for all the world's riches. And if the foretaste be so sweet, O what must the full enjoyment be? Lord as thou hast given me this desire, O fulfil it! Let me never rest, till I am made a joyful partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Thursday 12. Blessed be God my soul was much alive this day also, and I was much quickened under my uncle's preaching in the evening.

Sunday 15. This morning Mr. *M*——*s* made an exceeding fine discourse upon *Phil.* iii. 7. *But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for* Christ. My soul was much comforted and encouraged, while he was inviting sinners to come and taste the sweetness that is in Christ, and to forsake all those things, which before we counted gain, in order to partake of those hidden treasures.

Monday 17. I was overcome by a trifling spirit, and also gave way to wandering thoughts: for which the Lord in mercy gave me to feel much remorse. While I was at preaching in the evening, He also gave me a fervent desire to

look to that Jesus whom his servant was pointing out to us from *John* iii. 14, 15. O that I may ever look to him, to heal the wound which sin has made!

" Stung by the scorpion sin;"
" My poor expiring soul,"

O that I could add

" The balmy sound drank in,"
" And was at once made whole."

I staid at the bands as I could not go home by myself, and my aunt chose to stay. I experienced that it was good for me to be there, for my soul was exceedingly blest. Lord make me truly thankful for this, and all thy other mercies daily conferred upon me, the chief of sinners.

Tuesday, October 1. In the evening I found my soul quickened under religious conversation, and continued so all Wednesday and Thursday, having great enlargement in prayer, and free access to the throne; blessed be God.

Monday 14. My mind was in a serious frame most part of this day. In the evening we had a comfortable love-feast, at which my soul was much comforted, and found a great wrestling and agonizing for the blessing.

Saturday 19. I was rather cold all day, but glory be to God, I had great enlargement in prayer, especially in the evening.

Sunday

Sunday 20. Mr. *M*——*r* preached on *Matt.* v. 22, 26. *Agree with thine adverſary quickly*, &c. He earneſtly exhorted and intreated every one to agree with God by forſaking their ſins and turning to him, leſt he ſhould ſwear in his wrath, they ſhould not enter into his reſt. The word came with power to my ſoul, and I felt a reſolution never to reſt, till I had made my peace with God. O may the Lord confirm it, or it will be like the morning cloud.

Monday 21. I aroſe this morning with an earneſt deſire, and a determination by the grace of God to give myſelf up to him. O may I never, never reſt, till I fully reſt in him.

Tueſday 22. My ſoul was in a ſerious frame, but in the evening I gave ſo much way to an inordinate deſire after a fooliſh thing, that my mind was quite drawn off from God. When I went to bed, I was greatly humbled, and aſhamed on account of it, and I truſt I ſhall never ſo yield again to the enemy of my ſoul.

Wedneſday 30. I was in a very indifferent ſtate all the day, but in the evening in claſs-meeting I was much quickened, and ſtirred up by a young perſon's giving an account, how ſhe found peace the day before in private prayer. I was, and am ſtill determined by the grace of God never to reſt till I alſo find him whom my ſoul deſires to love. My ſoul continued much bleſt all the evening, and I dropt aſleep with earneſt deſires to be brought into that glorious liberty of

the ſons of God. Deareſt Jeſus, how long will it be before thou wilt manifeſt thyſelf to me, as thou doſt not unto the world? O come and take up thine abode in my longing heart, and live and reign in me without a rival.

Thurſday 31. My ſoul was greatly bleſt all this day, and my heart much drawn out after God. I alſo found enlargement in praying for faith. O thou Son of God, do thou now impart to me this great and ineſtimable bleſſing, and make me truly happy in thy love. Do thou now ariſe upon my poor ſoul with healing in thy wings, and keep me continually.

Friday Nov. 1. I ſtill continued in a comfortable frame, finding a great hunger and thirſt for faith. I could truly ſay from heart-felt experience,

" Thou haſt pronounced the mourner bleſt,
" And lo for thee I ever mourn:
" I cannot, no I will not reſt,
" Till thou my only reſt return:
" Till thou the Prince of peace appear,
" And I receive the Comforter."

Saturday 2. I found my ſoul in a very watchful frame, from a great concern I felt upon my conſcience for ſin, and the fear I had of falling into a careleſs lukewarm ſpirit again. Lord do thou always let me retain,

" A ſpirit

" A ſpirit ſtill prepared,
" And armed with jealous fear,
" For ever ſtanding on its guard,
" And watching unto prayer.

Monday 4. I was overcome in ſome meaſure by levity, but the gracious God gave me to feel much remorſe for it, and alſo encouraged me to truſt that he who had ſhewed me the evils of this, and all other ſins, would pardon them.

Saturday 9. My ſoul was not ſo lively to-day, as it was ſome days ago. When I retired to prayer, I felt a great backwardneſs to it, which was heightened by a conſideration of my own unfaithfulneſs to God. But the thought was immediately checked by this, if I am unfaithful, will my keeping from him make me more faithful? No ſurely: it is the Lord alone that can impart the bleſſing of a faithful heart; then I will wait upon him for it, and he has promiſed, *Thoſe that aſk ſhall receive.*

Monday 18. I was in a ſerious praying frame. In the evening Mr. *M*—— preached on *John* ix. 25. My ſoul was exceedingly bleſt, and I ſeemed juſt ready to lay hold on the bleſſing. How I loſt it, I am not ſenſible.

Sunday 24. Mr. *M*———*e* preached in the morning on, *Do all to the glory of God.* When I came home and retired, I found ſome liberty in prayer. O how good is God to me, and how undeſerving, how unfaithful a creature am I?

Lord pardon the paſt, and give me ſtrength for the time to come.

Tueſday Dec. 3, and Wedneſday 4. I was rather in a cold frame. O that the Lord would deliver me from a lukewarm ſpirit! For I find *that* an inlet to all wrong tempers, and therefore it muſt be hurtful to me, and diſpleaſing to God.

Saturday 7. I was much caſt down on account of having yielded to many wrong tempers the day before. In the evening, I went to preaching without the leaſt expectation of a bleſſing; however as I was under the word, bemoaning my helpleſs condition, the Lord in a meaſure comforted and encouraged me to truſt in him. Indeed I am often pained that my pain is over ſo ſoon, and grieved that I can grieve no more!

Sunday 8. In the morning Mr. *M*—— preached on *Rom.* i. 17. *For the juſt ſhall live by faith.* My thoughts were wandering under the word, and when I came home and retired, I found no life nor liberty in prayer. O when ſhall I be enabled to come with boldneſs to the throne of grace through *Jeſus* the Mediator of the new covenant, and to call him, *my Lord and my God.*

Thurſday 12. My uncle's text was *Prov.* xxiii. 23. During the firſt part, my mind was pretty much ſtayed, but towards the latter end it was much drawn off by a thing which probably may never happen. O for a ſtayed, and compoſed

poſed mind in waiting upon God! Surely it is a great ſin to have the mind wandering upon fooliſh things, when ſo immediately in the preſence of God.

Saturday 14. This day, as well as the day before, my body was much diſordered. In the evening when I retired, I was humbled under a ſenſe of paſt mercies received, and my own unfaithfulneſs to God. Sometimes I am all alive, I am ſo in earneſt, ſo diligent in the means, and take ſuch delight in them! Then one thing, or another ſteps in, is yielded to, and deprives me of all my life and earneſtneſs. And though I do not neglect the means, yet how are they hurried over, and how ſlightly performed! And indeed I am often glad when they are finiſhed. Lord, what is man? What am I? What a poor unſtable creature! Lord, quicken me! Make me more alive, more in earneſt. Lord make me, and keep me, what I ought, what I want to be.

Saturday 21. All this week, I have experienced a ſtayedneſs of mind, and a degree of recollection for which I deſire to be thankful. But alas! I do not find that earneſtneſs, that hungering and thirſting which I did. Lord what is the cauſe? O remove it whatever it be! Remove the accurſed thing, which ſeparates between thee and my ſoul. On Saturday night, the Lord was pleaſed to ſhew me the thing which had quenched that earneſtneſs, and I am not ſenſible that I have this week yielded to it. O what a good God is

ours! He ſhewed me my ſin: he gave me to feel remorſe for it, and then imparted power to ſubdue it. Lord give me a thankful heart.

Sunday 22. This morning I was much affected in reading the 15th ver. of the 4th chap. of the *Heb. For we have not an high prieſt who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: for he was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without ſin.* O what comfortable words, eſpecially when the enemy is pouring in floods of temptation upon us; at ſuch a time how ſweet is the meditation upon ſuch words! How comfortable the reflection that our God knows, and not only knows but ſympathizes with us in all our afflictions, diſtreſſes, and temptations; and will aſſuredly deliver us out of them! O may this ſcripture be ever preſent with my mind, and may it prove a comfort to me in trials, while it alſo hinders me from yielding to my ſpiritual enemy; by aſſuring me that Jeſus is ever able and willing to help me.

Wedneſday 25. I was impreſſed with a ſenſe of gratitude to God for ſending his Son into the world, to be born of a pure virgin, and in a mean manger, and all to reſcue me from endleſs woe. O that my heart may never for one moment, loſe the ſenſe of this great and ineſtimable bleſſing.

* Sunday 29. I was not very well, and ſtayed at home with my friend Miſs *H*—— who was in great affliction for the loſs of poor, or rather happy little *Ned H*——. He died of a ſcarlet-fever a week

a week ago. O that I was as ſafely landed on the happy ſhore! But alas! I am ſtill in an evil world, and liable to croſſes and temptations: Yea liable to fall from grace when I get it, and perhaps to be loſt for ever? Lord preſerve me, and when I die, O let me die unto thee.

Tueſday 31. The watch-night was to laſt till half paſt twelve: but we came home between ten and eleven. I would not go to bed till near twelve, ſpending the time in prayer and meditation. Lord make me truly thankful for thy mercy, in bringing me to the concluſion of another year, and grant that I may ſpend the enſuing year to the glory of thy bleſſed name, through Jeſus Chriſt.

Wedneſday Jan. 1. I awoke in a lukewarm ſtate, and though I endeavoured to pray, yet it was not with that life and fervency I deſired. O how many have been cut off in the laſt year, and I am yet upon praying ground! Lord ſpare me yet another year, and O let it be ſpent ſo, as will ſhew my gratitude to thee, for this undeſerved mercy.

Thurſday 2. I was to my great concern overcome by a trifling ſpirit. O how is it that I am ſo ſoon off my watch, that the enemy ſo frequently gets the better! O God give me, I beſeech thee for thy Son's ſake, a recollected, ſerious, praying ſpirit.

Friday 3. My ſoul was in a more recollected

frame than the foregoing day. Lord make me thankful even for this mercy.

Saturday 4. I continued much in the same state as the day before. In the evening Mr. *R——s* preached on *Lam.* iii. 22. *It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.* Had it not been for this, Lord where should I and all the rebellious sons of *Adam*, have been at this day?

* Monday 6. I found my mind in a serious frame, but it is seldom that it continues. O that God would make me more stable, that I may not be like the sea continually fluctuating, and driven about with every wind of temptation: but like the sun which constantly rises and sets at the appointed times, and never fails to bring a regular succession of day and night, according to the command of that God who made him, when he sent him forth with a commission to rule the day, and to be for signs, and for seasons, for days, and for years.

Tuesday 7. This day I found great enlargement in prayer, which made me perform that duty with much pleasure: but when my soul is dead, it is a most burthensome task.

Thursday 9. I went to chapel. Mr. *R——s* preached on *Psal.* xxxiv. 14. *Seek peace and ensue it.* The sermon was tedious, and I so cold, that I was quite tired under it, and found myself growing impatient. O how soon am I tired of what is good! The world are not so soon weary

at the play-houſe, or in the ball-room, as I am in God's houſe, and under his word. Truly the children of this world, are wiſer in their generation, than the children of light.

Friday 10. I was oppreſſed all this day, with that tormenting paſſion, the fear of death, in ſo much that I had not comfort in any thing. I was overwhelmed in an inſtant with ſuch horror and dread, as plainly told me I was unfit to die; unfit to appear before the awful judge of quick and dead. O my God, do thou give me the pardon of my ſins, and remove this bondage, (the fear of death) from my conſcience! Lord prepare me, make me meet to ſee thy face.

Saturday 11. At night Mr. *M——s* made an excellent diſcourſe upon the barren fig-tree. I fear this character belongs to me. O may I at laſt bear fruit!

Tueſday 14. This, as well as the three following days, my ſoul ſeemed to be much in earneſt, and preſſing forward after the bleſſing; and altho' I was much tempted on Friday to anger, yet I found power to reſiſt it, and alſo great enlargement in praying for faith. O how gracious is God! Lord make me truly thankful for thy numberleſs mercies beſtowed on me, the unworthieſt worm thy hands have made! My uncle preached on *Iſa.* xix. *If ye be willing and obedient, ye ſhall eat the good of the land.* He ſaid many people were willing enough to be ſaved, but few were willing to be ſaved in God's way, which was

was to confeſs and forſake ſin, and turn to God, by uſing all the means which he has appointed. But I think God has brought me ſo far, as to make me truly willing to be ſaved in his own way; and were it poſſible to be ſaved in ſin, I had rather be ſaved from it. For heaven would be no heaven to me, while pride, anger, and ſelf-will have poſſeſſion of my breaſt; wherefore Lord, deliver me from the guilt and power of theſe things now, and finally deliver me from the in-being of them.

Saturday 18. I ſtill found my deſires after God very earneſt, and was much enlarged in wreſtling for the bleſſing, both in private prayer, and under the word. In the evening, while Mr. *M——e* was diſcourſing on theſe words, *Let him that nameth the name of Chriſt depart from iniquity*, 2 *Tim.* ii. 19. I found much enlargement in private prayer. In the afternoon I was admitted to meet in band, which I found bleſt to me, and truſt to find it ſo conſtantly, as I ſhall, if it is not my own fault.

Monday 20. I did not find my ſoul ſo much alive this day, as I did all laſt week. O what a changeable creature am I? Never, never, at one ſtay. Lord ſtrengthen, ſettle, and ſtabliſh me.

Tueſday 21. Bleſſed be God, he fought me even when I was ſtraying from him, and did not ſuffer me long to continue in a lukewarm ſtate. This day he gave me back that wreſtling ſpirit which I had loſt the day before. I can ſay my

ſoul

ſoul is a thirſt for God, even for the living God. I am willing, yea, Lord, I am deſirous, to forſake all my ſins, and to return unto thee. O my God, make me in earneſt, and take me for thy child. Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord, and never let me go.

Wedneſday 22. I ſtill found earneſt deſires, and my ſoul to be all on a ſtretch for God. Lord continue this bleſſing, till thou impart to me that which my ſoul deſireth, even thy bleſſed ſelf. Then ſhall I be poſſeſſed of all that is deſirable in earth or heaven.

* Friday 24. Upon a ſtrict ſelf-examination, I truſt, I may ſay, I have made ſome progreſs in the heavenly journey, within this laſt three months; for theſe reaſons, I find more power over ſin, even my beſetting ſins have not dominion over me. And if thro' unwatchfulneſs I yield to them, my heart is broken on account thereof, and I endeavour to be more watchful for the future. I find more delight in the ordinances of God, and a more ſtayed, compoſed mind in waiting upon him; and when wandering thoughts aſſault me, I find power to reſiſt them. I have more power to plead the promiſes in prayer; my deſires are more earneſt, and I have a more watchful ſpirit during the day: if I deceive myſelf, the Lord knoweth it is not willingly. I ſincerely deſire to be tried, and to know the worſt of my ſtate. Lord, ſearch well if there be

be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.

Thurſday 30. I was rather cold and dead this day. O what is the cauſe of this inſtability? Lord ſhew it to me for Jeſus's ſake, tho' not for mine, and make me in earneſt. I found my ſoul ſomething quickened at night, while my uncle was preaching on theſe words. *Only believe. Mark* v. 36.

Friday 31. I was much tempted to fretfulneſs this morning, but thro' mercy was reſtrained from letting it break out into words or actions, thanks be to God for this; as alſo that I found a degree of liberty in prayer.

Monday, February 3. When I awoke this morning, I found an earneſt deſire to ſpend the day to the glory of God. I ſoon found myſelf ſtripped of all my ſtrength, and a trifling ſpirit prevailed over me. Lord, I bring this beſetting ſin to thee. Thou knoweſt 'tis my grief, my burden. Lord give me power over it.

Saturday 8. All this week I have been hindered going to chapel by reaſon of a bad cold. And as to the ſtate of my ſoul, I know not what to ſay. Sometimes I have been groaning under my unbelief; ſometimes cold and dead, yet I find a hope left, that I, even I, ſhall yet rejoice in the God of my ſalvation: that I ſhall find his favour, and taſte an earneſt of eternal bliſs; *Amen*, Lord Jeſus. But Lord make me in earneſt, make me alive

alive to thee. I cannot bear this inſtability, this halting between two opinions. Lord, I am convinced thou art God, O then let me ſerve thee.

Sunday 9. This morning being hindered attending the public means, I ſpent ſome time in private, and I found the Lord was willing to hear and anſwer prayer, for he enlarged my heart in that duty, and enabled me to pray with life and fervency; bleſſed be his name.

Sunday 16. This day I found much ſweetneſs and enlargement in private duty, and my mind was in ſome meaſure ſtaid on God. O for an heart to praiſe and love him for this, and all his mercies! The reſt of the week I found my ſoul bleſt at different times, with a deſire to wait upon God in private: it was profitable to me: which indeed I need never doubt, ſeeing he has promiſed that they that wait upon him ſhall renew their ſtrength.

Friday 28. When I awoke this morning, I felt a thankfulneſs to God for ſafely bringing me to ſee the end of my fifteenth year, and for an earneſt deſire to ſpend the remainder of a ſhort life to his glory. How time flies? It was but the other day ſince I was but a little infant, utterly unable to help myſelf: in this tender ſtate the Lord provided me good parents and kind friends, whoſe conſtant care it has been, to train me up for heaven, and to dedicate me to him betimes. Now I am come to years of reaſon, ſhould it

not

not be my one endeavour, my conſtant aim to glorify God in my body and in my ſpirit, which are his by creation and redemption, as alſo by the early dedication which my dear parents made of me to him? Should I not from my heart ratify and confirm by my own act and deed, that which they promiſed on my behalf? Lord I am willing, I am truly willing ſo to do. *Jeſus* Lord lend me thine aid, and I will devote myſelf to thee, body, ſoul, and ſpirit, a living ſacrifice. Lend me thine aid, and I will take thee for my prophet, to teach me; my prieſt to atone for my ſins, and my king to reign over me. Come dear Lord, and take me for thine own? Thine in time, and thine to eternity.

Monday, March 3. This week I have been confined by a ſevere cold, however I have not been remiſs in private duties, though I have found little life in them. A ſort of ſtupidity has overſpread my mind, which has made me unfit for any duty. This I can account for no other way than by my diſorder, which always throws me into this dull frame. O how this vile body weighs down the ſoul! How happy are thoſe who are delivered from it!

Sunday 16. This week as well as the former I have found my heart as cold, dead, and hard as it was poſſible; nor even has it been broke or ſoftened while waiting upon the Lord either in private prayer, or under the word. On Friday evening at the watch-night, I found my mind very

very wandering, but towards the latter end it was more composed, and I really believe the Lord waited to be gracious to me, but my unbelieving heart put the blessing away, by thinking I was not worthy! O my God, when shall I be worthy?

Sunday 23. I found my heart greatly melted in the afternoon while I was meeting my band, and at some liberty afterwards in private prayer, but my old companion coldness returned in the evening.

Thursday 27. As we were going to chapel this evening, a parcel of genteel well-dressed boys set upon us, throwing dirt in such a manner as almost blinded us, and hallowing and hooting after us. O what enmity is in the heart of man against every thing that is good even when children? O how gracious has God been to me, that I have never been taught to despise and treat any person ill, either on account of any natural infirmities, or of the religion they profess; but from my earliest infancy have I been trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: how will this enhance my condemnation, if I make not a right use of these privileges!

Friday 28. Being Good-Friday, I spent more time than usual in reading and prayer, in which duty I found my soul very much blest and enlarged.

Wednesday, April 2. The Rev. Mr. *Wesley* gave us his company to tea, and afterwards preached

preached on *Rom.* viii. 33, 34. I found my mind very wandering. The next evening he preached again on *John* v. 8, 9. Jesus *saith unto him, rise take up thy bed and walk.* I found a blessing this evening though I fought it not as I ought. O what a good God is ours!

Friday 4. This day I was very light and trifling; but in the afternoon the Lord was again pleased to stir me up, by the means of our maid, who this day found the Lord in communicating with a sick woman. O my God, what a slow progress do I make? Others find Jesus, but alas! for me, I find him not. I was also much blest in the evening while Mr. *Wesley* was preaching on these words, *John* xvii. 3. *This is eternal life,* &c.

Saturday 5. I set apart this day, in order to seek the Lord by prayer and meditation; and although I did not find him, so as to enable me to rejoice in him, as a pardoning God, yet I found him enlarging my heart in prayer, enabling me to plead his promises, and to cry to him for mercy, without which I clearly see I am undone for ever. "I give up every plea beside, Lord I am damned, but Christ has died." Lord, thou hast said, I *came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* I am then one thou camest to save. O save me for thy mercy's sake!

"No need of thee the righteous have,
"Thou cam'st the lost to seek and save."

I found

I found the word very ſweet in the evening, while Mr. *Weſley* was inforcing the words, *Mat.* ix. 5. *Whether is it eaſier to ſay, Thy ſins be forgiven thee? Or to ſay, Ariſe and walk?*

Sunday 6. This morning I found my deſires very earneſt for the bleſſing, while Mr. *Weſley* was preaching on *Iſa.* xxxv. 8. *And a highway ſhall be there, and a way,* &c. And alſo afterwards while he was adminſtring the ſacrament. In the evening I was again encouraged to come to the Lord, while Mr. *Weſley* was inviting us to *come and drink of the water of life freely*, but ſtill I had not power to accept the invitation. We afterwards had a comfortable love-feaſt.

Sunday 13. I aroſe pretty early and went to the preaching. I afterwards found great ſweetneſs, in meditating on the love of God to ſinners, and his willingneſs to receive them upon their ſincere repentance, as alſo in private prayer.

Wedneſday 16. All this day I was very melancholy, which was chiefly occaſioned by recollecting the ſorrowful ſcene I ſaw that day two years; when I had the laſt ſight of thoſe whom I love as my own ſoul. O how many unforeſeen events have happened in that time! Some of them have been very trying to me, and made me repent leaving my native land: yet now I ſee they were all working together for my good, and I truſt I have no cauſe to repent, ſeeing my ſoul has much proſpered ſince I have been at this place, whereas I did not gain, but rather loſt ground

ground, while I was in *London* and *Kendal*. How wisely does God order all things for the benefit of his poor undeserving creatures: and how ungrateful are we, not to render him the tribute of an heart and life devoted to his service!

Friday 18. Mr. *M*—— kept a watch-night and preached on these alarming words. *At midnight there was a cry made: Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.* *Mat.* xxv. 6. I found my soul much blest under one of his prayers. O may I have oil in my lamp when the bridegroom comes that I may not be shut out with the *foolish virgins*, but enter with the wife into the joy of my Lord.

Sunday 20. This morning Mr. *R*—— preached on those comfortable words of our Lord's *Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.* *John* vi. 37. I found myself much encouraged to come to the Lord, especially when he was inviting the young to come, and close in with Jesus.

Tuesday 22. This day I found great backwardness to private duty, but was enabled to break through and found the Lord as good as his word, *They that wait upon* him *shall renew their strength.*

Wednesday 23. I found much sweetness and enlargement in private duty this day, and was in a measure blest, while meeting my class in the evening. O how good is it to draw nigh to God, and yet how backward am I so to do!

Friday

Friday 25. I found myſelf much grieved upon account of having given way to levity. O how prone am I to this evil! Lord, help me againſt it, or I fear it will ſink me lower than the grave. I ſpent my evening comfortably, and I truſt profitably in reading the *book of martyrs*. O what did they go through for the ſake of their Lord! While I cannot take up the leaſt croſs without murmuring.

Saturday 26. This day I found great enlargement in praying for my friends and relations, as alſo for the whole world, and for my own poor ſoul. Lord, help me ever to continue herein.

" Help me to believe, obey;
" Help me to repent and love;
" Help me to take the bleſſing given,
" Help me quite from hell to heaven."

Sunday 27. Mr. *M——s* preached on *Matt.* xi. 20, 30. *Take my yoke upon you*, &c. O what would I not give to be enabled ſo to do! But alas as yet I am like a bullock unaccuſtomed to the yoke. O Lord, help me this day to take thy ſweet yoke upon me, and learn of thee, for I am truly convinced that till then, I ſhall never find reſt to my poor ſoul. I have no objections to make, take me as I am, and let me be thine for ever.

" Take

"Take my body, ſpirit, ſoul,
"Only thou poſſeſs the whole."

Thurſday 29. I went to five o'clock preaching. As I went my heart was raiſed to God, that he would pleaſe to bleſs his word to my ſoul; and indeed Mr. *M*—— gave a very profitable diſcourſe on *Eph.* vi. 10. Lord, help me ſo to put on the whole armour of God, that I may be able to withſtand in the evil day, and having done all to ſtand.

Wedneſday 30. I found my heart much broken on account of ſin this evening in meeting my claſs. Lord, give me a broken and contrite heart, for ſuch thou wilt not deſpiſe.

Thurſday May 1. Going a little earlier than uſual to preaching, I took out my little bible, and found a peculiar ſweetneſs in reading the lv. chap. of *Iſaiah.*

Friday 2. I found great ſweetneſs in reading and prayer. O for a watchful ſpirit to keep it.

Saturday 3. I had a great ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity upon my mind this morning, which continued all day, (bleſſed be God.)

Sunday 4. I was much caſt down by hearing that my poor papa was in a bad ſtate of health; but was comforted by this conſideration, that if I made God my father and my friend, nothing but my own unfaithfulneſs could ever ſeparate me from him.

Monday 5. I roſe this morning with a deſire

to

to ſpend the day to his glory, and bleſſed be his name, he did enable me to keep a recollected ſpirit, and alſo to ſeek him in his appointed ways, in doing which I found great ſweetneſs.

Wedneſday 7. I was diſappointed going to preaching, which was a croſs to me at firſt; but I was ſo bleſt while meeting my claſs, that the loſs was abundantly made up; my heart was ſoftened and melted for my paſt offences, and at the ſame time a comfortable hope ſprung up, that the Lord would have mercy even upon me.

Friday 9, and Saturday 10. I can't ſay, that I found my ſoul ſo much bleſt thoſe two days, as it had been the two preceding. What is the cauſe I know not, but whatever it is, I truſt the Lord will diſcover it to me, and remove it. On Saturday evening I was greatly ſhocked at the melancholy account of the death of two of my uncles; and Satan ſtrongly ſuggeſted that my dear Papa would ſoon follow. This hindered me from ſleeping great part of the night. Every ſuch alarming providence ſhould loudly ſound in our ears, *Be ye alſo ready, for at ſuch an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.*

Sunday 11. I broke the matter to my couſin by degrees, thinking it would ſhock her to tell it to her at once. But O how her cries and lamentations pierced my heart! I endeavoured to comfort her, but all in vain; all her cry was, if ſhe did but know his ſoul was happy, then ſhe ſhould be eaſy. At laſt ſhe ſeemed to take ſome comfort

in the conſideration that he had religious friends about him in his illneſs. Surely it is a grievous thing to loſe a tender parent. O may I not by my ſins, provoke God to lay the ſame affliction upon me. Alas! it would be a heavy ſtroke. I know not how I ſhould bear it; I fear I ſhould murmur againſt the hand that inflicted it, unleſs preſerved therefrom by the reſtraining grace of God. My mind was now far from the comfortable frame it was in the laſt week; it was ſo confuſed, that I could not for one quarter of an hour keep it ſtayed on God. But notwithſtanding this, I took up my croſs, and uſed private prayer conſtantly. Indeed I was often tempted to think, I had better let it alone, for I was only mocking God by drawing near to him with my lips, while my heart was far from him. If this was the caſe it was not with my deſire or approbation. The Lord knoweth, I would have prayed better if I could. I would fain have my lips, and heart, and life go together in his ſervice; and therefore ſince he has put this deſire into my heart, he will graciouſly pardon what has been amiſs, and enable me to do better for the future.

Thurſday 22. This morning I went to my aunt *B——s*, where I ſpent the day very agreeably. In the evening I was much bleſt, while my uncle was preaching on *John* i. 11, 12. *He came unto his own, but his own received him not: but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become*

come the ſons of God. O would he now himſelf impart, that I may become the child of God.

Sunday 25. In the evening Mr. *M*—— made a ſweet Diſcourſe on *Acts* xvi. 30. *Sirs, what muſt I do to be ſaved?* Indeed I thought I had power to believe, I found the bleſſing nigh; but O my faithleſs heart drew back and loſt the precious pearl. Unbelief again prevailed and left me helpleſs, but bleſſed be God, not a hopeleſs ſinner. I ſtill have a hope, and I truſt it is not the hope of an hypocrite.

Thurſday 29. This day I was much beſet by wandring thoughts, and to my grief and ſhame, yielded but too much to them. How long ſhall vain thoughts, which are often the forerunners of vain words, lodge within me. O for power to reſiſt and overcome!

Saturday 31. I found great power this day over that evil, with which I have been ſo much beſet, bleſſed be God.

Sunday, *June* 1. This morning my ſoul was in a meaſure bleſt while Mr. *R*——*s* was ſhewing how we had deſtroyed ourſelves, from *Hoſea* xiii. 9. He had not time to ſhew us where our help lay: but bleſſed be God, he has ſhewed this to me. May I ſeek for it where it only can be found. In the evening I was ſtirred up to aſk the bleſſing, and I truſt with ſome importunity.

Monday 2. This morning my ſoul was exceedingly bleſt while Mrs. *L*—— was ſpeaking to me, encouraging me to come, and lay hold of

the bleſſing, aſſuring me, that even now the Lord was willing to impart it. My deſires were alſo very ſtrong in the afternoon; although I was in company, and the converſation not very edifying; (ſo gracious was the Lord to me.)

Tueſday 3. I found my ſoul exceedingly bleſt this day, eſpecially in the evening: ſuch hope and confidence I had that the Lord would reveal himſelf that I had no doubt of it, and ſuch a ſweet calm was upon my ſpirit till I went to bed as I never experienced before. I was alſo greatly encouraged by accidentally opening the bible upon theſe words, *Then ſhall we know if we follow on to know the* Lord. Amen! Let it be according to thy word, Lord Jeſus.

Wedneſday 4. I experienced a meaſure of the ſame confidence as the night before. Lord continue it, and alſo increaſe it, ſo that I may never doubt more.

Thurſday 5. I was not altogether in ſuch a ſweet frame as the two preceding days; nevertheleſs my mind was ſtayed on God, and my deſires earneſt for the bleſſing, while my uncle was diſcourſing upon theſe words, *Except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh. Luke* xiii. 5.

Friday 6. My mind was diſtracted with wandering thoughts, but the gracious Lord ſoon gathered them in again, and I experienced a ſweet calm upon my ſpirit, and liberty in prayer.

Sunday 8. I went to church expecting the Sacrament, but there being none, we had a ſermon on

on *Gal.* vi. 9. It was a very pretty discourse, shewing what well-doing was; but nothing of a change of heart was mentioned. O, thought I, how many may go thus far, and perish at last. Lord, let me not be one of this number.

Monday 9. This afternoon we set out for *Eaton* to see Lord *Grosvenor*'s gardens; they are the most elegant and pleasant I ever saw. I do not find the sight of such things to draw my mind from God: but am rather led to meditate on the vanity of all worldly enjoyments, and to desire to have substantial pleasures, even those which are at God's right-hand. The rest of the week, my mind was in much confusion, by reason of removing; but still I have found power to be constant in private duty, and to resist all temptations to the contrary. By thus doing I was enabled to keep a greater watch over my words, and thoughts, and to avoid my beseting evil, levity. O Lord, make me truly thankful.

Monday 16. I was much cast down, by receiving a letter from my dear mamma, containing a melancholy account of the situation of my dear papa's health: but in the midst of my anxiety, I found a great confidence in God: so that most of my uneasiness was upon his account. Lord, strengthen, comfort, and bless him for Jesus's sake. The two following days my mind was much hurried by the confusion the house has been in; nevertheless I have been constant in private duty, and have generally found it good to draw

nigh to God. O what a God have we to deal with, and yet I cannot find a heart to love him. Lord, soften this obdurate heart, and give me an heart to love thee; for this thou knowest is all my desire.

Tuesday 24. All this week I have been in a very disagreeable frame, being neither in earnest for my soul, nor quite forgetful of it. I have been constant in private duties, tho' I am often fearful that I am only drawing nigh to God with my lips; but on Saturday, my soul was much blest under Mr. *R*——s preaching: his text was in *Rom.* viii. 17, 18. *And if children then heirs*, &c. My desires were exceedingly earnest to be made a partaker of those glorious privileges of the sons of God. O Lord, when shall I be one of thy children?

Sunday 29. In the morning Mr. *R*——'s text was in *Rom.* viii. 32. *He that spared not his own son*, &c. O these encouraging, these heart reviving words! Why, O my soul art thou so backward to believe the promises of God? Surely he is not a man, that can deceive thee. O then believe the record true. Then, and not till then, shalt thou experience real happiness.

Monday, July 7. All this week my soul has been cold and dead, and I (to my shame and grief) have been too negligent in private duties. How truly may it be said the way of sin is down hill? I was hindered from prayer one day at my usual hour, and almost every day afterwards, something

ſomething happened juſt at that time to keep me from that duty. I obſerve that if I neglect it one day, I am ſure to do the ſame for ſeveral days running. Lord, help me to be watchful, ſeeing my ſubtle adverſary is ever watching to betray me into ſin, either of omiſſion or commiſſion.

Sunday 13. I found a ſmall degree of life in private prayer, which was the only duty I was quickened in this day. Lord help me out of this ſtupid ſtate! On Thurſday evening my uncle preached on *Matt.* xiii. 46. *Who when he had found one pearl of great price*, &c. O that the Lord would enable me inſtantly to part with all, and purchaſe this pearl! All this week my ſoul has been in the ſame lukewarm ſtate, and yet generally quickened in private prayer, eſpecially one evening I had ſuch a diſcovery of the love of God to ſinners, that I was almoſt enabled to believe he died for me.

Sunday 20. This morning Mr. *M*—— gave us a ſweet diſcourſe on 2 *Pet.* i. 4. *Whereby are given unto us exceeding great promiſes*, &c. I found my ſoul bleſt under it, and afterwards at the ſacrament in St. *John's* church, bleſſed be God.

Monday 21. I was too neglectful of private duty this day, and therefore 'tis no wonder if my ſoul was dry and barren in other duties. While we were at preaching in the evening, my dear friend Miſs *D*—— arrived from *Ireland*. I was much rejoiced to ſee her, and ſhe ſeemed to be

ſo at ſeeing me. May we all at laſt meet round our Father's throne!

Friday 25. In the afternoon we walked to *Criſſington*; and went to ſee the rector's garden, who is for ever altering it. After being at great expence to have it done to his mind, ſtill it does not pleaſe him. O how reſtleſs is the mind of man! Ever ſeeking after reſt, he cannot find it nigh, nor ever will, till he finds it in Jeſus.

Friday, Auguſt 1. The ſtate of my ſoul this week has been much as uſual. O that the Lord would ſtir me up! That he would make me in earneſt, and then I ſhould ſoon attain the prize. I ſhall one day periſh by the hand of ſin, unleſs a miracle of mercy interpoſe. Lord, ſave or I periſh! Save, or I muſt inevitably fall a prey to the evil that lies in this rebellious heart.

Sunday 3. I found myſelf much encouraged while Mr. *G——k* was deſcribing the reſt that remained to thoſe who were ſeekers after God, that I might include myſelf in that number; but I ſometimes fear, even this appellation does not belong to me. Lord, ſuffer me not to deceive myſelf for thy mercy's ſake.

Tueſday 5. My poor heart ſtill continued dead; no life, no power in drawing near to God. Still my ſoul is as a barren wilderneſs. Lord, water me with the dew of thy grace, then the wilderneſs will become a fruitful land, and the deſert, ſprings of water.

Sunday 17. In retirement, both before and after

after preaching, I found my ſoul greatly led out to pray for faith, for myſelf, and my dear parents, and a meaſure of confidence, that God would hear my prayer: but alas for me, in the afternoon levity again prevailed, and I loſt both the confidence, and power to pray for it.

Sunday 17. Mr. *M——r* preached on *Acts* xxiv. 16. *Herein I exerciſe myſelf, to have a conſcience void of offence towards God, and towards man.* On his mentioning his going away, I could not forbear burſting into tears; I am ſure all the people (would they ſpeak the truth impartially) muſt acknowledge he has exerciſed himſelf to have a conſcience void of offence.

* Wedneſday 20. In the evening Mr. *M—r* gave us a ſweet diſcourſe, on *Col.* iii. 11. *But Chriſt is all, and in all.* My concern at parting with him, ſtole away all the benefit I might have reaped from the ſermon. Alas! that I ſhould be ſo fooliſh as to look more to the ſervant than to his Lord, and think becauſe he is going away, I ſhall never more be bleſt under preaching; as if God could not bleſs me, as well by one as another. Lord, I beſeech thee, to forgive this ſin.

Thurſday 21. This morning I aroſe to hear Mr. *M——s* laſt diſcourſe, which was very affecting, and drew tears from many eyes. I found much cauſe for lamentation, that I had not profited more by him, and a determined reſolution to ſet out afreſh in the ſtrength of divine grace, that I may not have the ſame complaint to make, when

we part with the next. Lord, ſtrengthen this reſolution.

Sunday 24. I was ſome part of this day employed in reading Mr. *Morgan's crucified Jeſus*. O that I could copy after my afflicted, ſelf-denying Maſter! He never ſought to pleaſe himſelf; but alas for me, how ſeldom is it I ſeek to pleaſe any other! Lord, forgive me: let me learn to deny myſelf, take up my croſs and follow thee.

Thurſday 28. In the evening Mr. *J*—— who is the aſſiſtant preached his firſt ſermon on 1 *Cor.* iii. 22. *All are yours*. I think him a good preacher; but I cannot yet give up Mr. *M*—— for any other.

Friday 29. Mr. *G*——*d* preached on 1 *Cor.* i. 23. *We preach Chriſt crucified*. It was a good ſermon, but I thought ſo much of Mr. *M*——, that I was quite tired becauſe it was not him. Lord forgive me my too great attachment to the creature, and fix my heart more upon the Creator.

Sunday 31. This morning Mr. *G*——*d* preached from *Hoſea* vi. 1. *Come let us return to the Lord, &c.* He ſpoke exactly to the ſtate I ſeemed to be in, and I was determined to ſet this day apart, to examine myſelf, and to ſeek the Lord in good earneſt. But as ſoon as I came home, Satan prepared ſomething to draw my mind off, and render me unfit for any duty, whether reading, praying, or any thing elſe. Lord, make me more careful for the time to come, that I may

not

not so easily let slip the things which I have received.

Tuesday, September 2. My soul was in a measure blest in meeting class, and I found a resolution to set out afresh. Lord, let it not prove abortive as all others have done, but do thou bring it to good effect for thy mercy's sake.

Wednesday 3. I think this day I found more solidity, and not so much levity of spirit as I did the day before. I also found my soul in a measure quickened both in private prayer, and in meeting band, for which undeserved mercies, Lord make me truly thankful, and let me shew my gratitude by endeavouring to retain, and improve them, that so I may have more.

Friday 12. In the evening at preaching, I found my soul in a small degree quickened. Lord, continue even this spark, and blow it into a flame!

Monday 15. I met our class to renew the tickets; but I missed Mr. *M*——*r*'s lively manner of examining and exhorting each one, according to their various states.

Sunday 21. I went to the sacrament at St. *John*'s church, but all the time I was there, I was so beset with a particular temptation, that I had hard work to keep from yielding to it. In the evening Mr. *J*——*n* preached and met the society; but I sadly missed Mr. *M*——'s close and sweet applications and exhortations, which under

God were exceeding profitable to me. This week my poor unſtable mind has been much toſſed with vain and wandring thoughts. O when ſhall my heart and treaſure be laid up in heaven! Then, and not till then, will my mind alſo be fixed, ſtedfaſtly fixed in that thrice happy place. I have alſo been dry and dead in every means, which indeed is no wonder, when fooliſh thoughts are given way to; they neceſſarily damp the work of God in the ſoul. Lord, make me more watchful.

Sunday 28. I ſpent the day comfortably, and found a degree of ſweetneſs in prayer. O for a thankful heart!

Thurſday Oct. 10. This day being the quarterly meeting, we had a number of ſtrange preachers in town; and in the evening one Mr. *S——t* preached. He is not a very connected preacher, but one of the moſt lively and powerful, that I ever heard. I was more ſtirred up and quickened under this ſermon, than I have been for months before. There ſeemed to be an awful ſolemnity, reſting upon the whole congregation.

Monday 26. In the evening it rained much; but I ventured out, and was well paid for ſo doing, by Mr. *M*———'s diſcourſe upon 1 *Cor.* vi. 11. *But ye are juſtified in the name of the* Lord Jeſus.

Sunday Nov. 2. I went to the ſacrament at *Trinity* church, but found no particular bleſſing in

in that ordinance, or indeed any other; my mind being much exercised, as it had been great part of the last week, in which nothing seemed sweet or profitable to me, but private prayer.

Sunday 9. All this week my mind has been much diverted from God, by a circumstance which befel me, not very pleasing to flesh and blood. Lord, give me wisdom, grace, and prudence to guide me through the trials I am liable to meet with here: and O at last receive my poor soul to the peaceful haven of everlasting rest; where all the storms of this tumultuous life are over, and all is quietness and assurance for ever!

* Monday 17. Mr. *J——n* dined with us this day; I think he is one of the most agreeable men I know. On Thursday evening my uncle preached upon *Matt.* xx. 32. *What will ye that I shall do unto you?* My soul was more blest under this discourse, than under any since Mr. *S——t* preached. In the application, he desired each to ask their own soul, what is my most prevailing desire? Riches, honour, or pleasure? But my heart rejected all these, and replied,

"None but Christ to me be given,
"None by Christ in earth or heaven."

Sunday 23. I found my soul much quickened in private duty to day. O how good is it to draw

draw nigh to God, and yet how loath am I to do it!

Sunday 30. In reading the ſcripture, and one of the volumes of the Library, I found a degree of enlargement, and alſo in private prayer, tho' I had felt a great backwardneſs to it.

Tueſday Dec. 2. After I was in bed, my mind was much employed in meditating on death, and the vanity of all earthly things, occaſioned by hearing that poor Miſs *L——y* was extreamly ill, whom I had ſeen in perfect health the laſt *Friday*. O may I ſpend every moment of life in preparing for a never ending eternity!

Sunday 7. In none of the duties of the day, did I find any life; my ſoul was as a barren wilderneſs unwatered with the dew of heaven. Lord, how long! When ſhall I taſte and ſee that the Lord is gracious, by his giving even to me the knowledge of ſalvation by the remiſſion of my ſins? Monday evening Mr. *J——n* preached on *Matt.* ix. 12. *The whole have no need of a phyſician, but they that be ſick.* Lord, I am ſick; ſick of ſin, and truly ſick of ſelf. Lord, heal me; be thou my phyſician, and I ſhall need no other.

Sunday 14. Mr. *J——n* preached this morning upon *Iſa.* lv. 1. *Ho, every one that thirſteth*, &c. Lord, I do in ſome meaſure thirſt. O give me to drink of this living water! * I was ſo affected when I came home at hearing that poor Miſs *L——y* was not likely to recover, that I could

could not read or pray as I desired; but I found many serious, and I trust profitable reflections. O may this providence be productive of good to my soul, and to the souls of all her friends and relations, to whom it will certainly be an affecting stroke, if it does please God to require her soul at this time. On Monday evening at four o'clock, it pleased God to take to himself the soul of my dear Miss *L——y*. Although I found the affection I had for her in her life-time, as strong as ever, I could not shed a tear, when I first heard of her departure: I had such a sight of her in glory, that, instead of wishing her back, I almost rejoiced at her happy change, and longed for the hour to come, wherein I also shall be released and carried by the angels into *Abraham*'s bosom, where I shall be eternally happy in the enjoyment of his love, who lived and died for me, a poor miserable sinner. But afterwards I found nature recoil, and had the cruelty to think, that could a wish restore her to her aged parents, particularly her poor distracted mother, I should be tempted to do it. But O blessed be God, nothing, nothing can recall us, when once we are landed on the happy shore. Lord, grant that whenever death calls me hence, I may be prepared to meet it. Let the king of terrors be changed into the prince of peace; let the sting of death be drawn, and O give me a victory over the now terrible and victorious grave.

Thursday 18. This day I with my aunt, Mrs.

Mrs. *L——*, and Miſs *H——*, were invited to the funeral of Miſs *L——y*: the two former declined going, but Miſs *H——* and I accepted the invitation; and with four other young women, were her bearers. O what an impreſſion did this ſolemn ſcene make on my now thoughtful mind, to ſee her, whom not three weeks ago, I had ſeen in all the bloom and vigour of youth, now cut down, and her ſweet agreeable tabernacle conſigned to the ſilent grave! Lord, thought I, how ſoon may this be my caſe; how ſoon may I alſo be cut down in the morning of my life, and my parents alſo be lamenting my untimely end! And am I ready? Can I ſay with an aſſured confidence, *O death, where is thy ſting; O grave, where is thy victory?* Alas, alas! it is not ſo with me! The approach of this formidable foe makes me tremble! O ſuffer me not to reſt in this ſtate, but enable even me to look with triumph on the mouldering tomb!

Sunday 21. I did not go out in the morning, but ſpent the day very comfortably, finding great ſweetneſs in prayer, and much ſerioufneſs and ſolidity upon my mind all the day. The two following days alſo my mind was much buſied about the things of eternity, and my own latter end.

Thurſday 25. (Being *Chriſtmas-day.*) In the evening my uncle preached with much life and power, on *Luke* ii. 10. *Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.* The enemy ſtirred up the mob

mob to make a disturbance while we were singing the last hymn; but in spite of them, we concluded singing, and after waiting some minutes they were dispersed, and we returned home in peace.

* Friday 26. This day and the next my soul was not in so sweet a frame as a few days before: it might be occasioned partly by a violent cold, which weighed down my body very much. O happy day when the soul shall be released from its prison, and freed from its bodily-chain; when the disembodied spirit shall be received with shouts of joy, into the paradise of God.

Sunday 28. This morning the family went to the house of God, but a violent cold confined me at home; however, the Lord was present there also, for my soul was greatly refreshed in private duty. Indeed all the day I found great sweetness and comfort in my soul, though my cold unfitted me for any set waiting upon God.

Wednesday 31. This night I determined to sit up till I had begun the New-Year, which I accordingly did, spending the time in reading, meditation, and prayer, and I found it comfortable and profitable to wait upon God in the stillness of the night. O may the resolutions which I this night made, be brought to good effect!

Thursday, January 8, 1767. This day blessed be God my soul was much alive, and my desires

fires and expectations quickened by hearing that Mrs. *M——n*, a person in our class had found the peace of God. I found much attention and sweetness likewise under Mr. *R——s* sermon in the evening.

Saturday 10. Mr. *R——s* preached upon *Isa.* xliii. 25, 26. *I, even I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake.* My soul was in a waiting, expecting frame. Lord, how long shall it be e're thou satisfy my longing heart with thy love, the thing I desire above all others. I can truly say,

" Of all thou hast in earth, or heaven,
" Let love alone be mine."

Sunday 11. We went to church, had a sermon on *Eccl.* ix. 10. It was an exceeding pretty discourse, but not a word of Christ in it. The minister exhorted us to improve our time in works of piety, charity, and the duty of our respective callings, but never told us how we were to be enabled to do all these things, presuming, I suppose that his auditory needed no such information. Towards the latter end he allowed us a little innocent diversion, and concluded with saying that by a diligent improvement of our time in all the duties he had recited, we should recommend ourselves to God, and be accounted worthy to be admitted into heaven. I found much thankfulness that I was better instructed. I was at preaching

ing in the following fortnight but twice: all this time I was sometimes in earnest, then too careless. Lord, pardon what is past, and O let me for the future give all diligence to make my calling and election sure.

Sunday 25. I did not go out in the morning, but I spent the time very comfortably, in reading the blessed word of God; and in the afternoon I read Mr. *Hervey's meditations*, which were also exceeding sweet and profitable.

Sunday, February 1. I went to the sacrament this day at *Trinity* church. This being the place where the remains of my dear Miss *L——y* were deposited, it brought many serious reflections, but they did not draw me off the duty, in which I was more immediately engaged. For this week past I have at times found a measure of seriousness and enlargement in private duty. I scarcely know what state my soul has been in this fortnight past, not having had time to write. I fear I am falling into the former Laodicean spirit. Lord Jesus, quicken me; O save me for thy mercy's sake.

Saturday 28. This being my birth-day, I would have spent in retirement, but was prevented; however I spent two hours herein exceeding comfortably. O may I spend each day and moment in the service of him, who has so graciously preserved me to this time! Surely it is of the Lord's mercies that I have not long since been consumed,

consumed, because his tender compassions fail not.

Sunday, March 8. My heart was much drawn towards God this morning, both before and at church. Friday evening a young stranger who appeared quite illiterate, agreeably surprised us with a connected sensible and profitable discourse on, *Behold God is my salvation.* O when shall I experimentally say these words? Lord, why not now?

Sunday 15. I spent the morning very comfortably in reading the scripture with Mr. *Wesley*'s notes; in the afternoon Mr. *Hervey*'s sweet meditations on the starry heavens. I found my soul in a serious thoughtful frame, till I was discomposed by a trifling incident.

Sunday 29. I found my soul much led out in prayer, even while I was reading, as I did during the latter end of the last week; blessed be God for it.

Sunday, April 5. I was greatly distressed at church, and afterwards, upon account of my sins, and at times was even ready to believe that the Lord would cast me off for ever. All I could say was,

" Guilty I stand before thy face,
" I feel on me thy wrath abide,
" 'Tis just the sentence should take place,
" 'Tis just—but O thy son hath died."

In

In the evening we had a profitable and lively love-feaſt, at which my poor ſoul found ſome refreſhment. O may it be daily fed with the bread of life!

" This manna to my ſoul be given,
" Sent from the tree of life in heaven."

Friday 17. This day being Good-Friday, we went to the ſacrament at the Cathedral, but in no means whether public or private, was my ſoul bleſt, tho' I found great attention to the ſermon preached by Mr. *G——d* in the evening, upon the words with which our once dying, tho' now ever living Saviour cloſed his ſuffering, painful life! *It is finiſhed.* John xix. 30. Amazing truth!

" 'Twere bold to think it true,
" If not far bolder ſtill to diſbelieve."

That the author and poſſeſſor of life eternal, ſhould himſelf become a prey to death! And for whom? For angels? No, when they left their firſt and bleſt eſtate, it was irretrievably loſt. For his friends? No, but for enemies, for rebels, for vile apoſtates, for ungrateful ſinners! Well might the apoſtle cry out, " O the length and breadth, the depth and height of this ſtupendous love! This day was the ſad anniverſary on which I parted from the tendereſt, beſt of parents, and took

took a long, if not a laſt farewel of my native land; whether I ſhall ever ſee that, or my deareſt parents more, the Lord knoweth.

" But O may we all meet on that peaceful
ſhore,
" Where pain, and death, and parting are no
more!"

Sunday, May 3. For this fortnight my ſoul has been in general in a lifeleſs, inactive frame; and I have found little bleſſing in any means, except private prayer; in this I have been frequently quickened and refreſhed.

Sunday 24. Bleſſed be God, I found my ſoul refreſhed in private prayer this day, but I had hard work in the evening to keep my mind ſtayed on God, and attentive to the ſermon.

Tueſday 26. My ſoul was very cold and dead all day, but at the claſs meeting, I found my deſires greatly quickened; eſpecially during the laſt prayer. This laſted all the evening; O may it ſtill continue. Lord, let not my fooliſh heart rob me of the bleſſing.

Sunday, June 7. I went to the ſacrament this morning at the *Cathedral*, but found no particular bleſſing, tho' my heart was afterwards refreſhed, while waiting upon God in private duties.

Sunday 14. My ſoul was much bleſt in private prayer this morning, but the reſt of the day I was ſo weighed down with drowſineſs that I could

ſcarce

ſcarce read or pray with any ſatisfaction: however, my mind was in a ſerious frame moſt of the day.

Sunday 21. I went to the ſacrament at *Werburgh*'s church, and found my heart affected with a lively ſenſe of God's love to my ſoul in ſending his Son to die for me. O that this his love might ſtir me up to love him again, for altho' he is in himſelf altogether lovely, yet nothing but a deep heart-felt conviction that Jeſus loved me, and gave himſelf for me, can induce us to love him again. But ah! I cannot, cannot love.

" This is my ſhame, my grief, my hell,
" I do not love the bleeding Lamb;
" The Lamb that loved my ſoul ſo well,
" This is my grief, my hell, my ſhame."

Sunday 28. In private prayer this morning my ſoul was greatly bleſt, and I found ſweet enlargement in praying for the bleſſing, both for myſelf, and for my deareſt parents; likewiſe I found liberty to pray for all my relations and friends, for the church, and for all the world. Bleſſed be the Lord for this undeſerved mercy. In the evening I was ſtirred up by Mr. *G——s* diſcourſe from *Heb.* ii. 3. *How ſhall we eſcape, if we neglect ſo great ſalvation?* Lord, how ſhall I eſcape? Only by flying to the wounds of Jeſus; that is the only city of refuge. O may I eſcape thither, as *Lot* did to *Zoar*, e'er the ſtorm of di-

vine

vine vengeance be poured on this guilty head.

* Monday, July 6. My mind was much diſtreſſed this day by that fear which love alone caſts out, (the fear of death.) What particularly brought me to reflect upon it at this time, was a dream which Mrs. *L——r* had had concerning me; at firſt I prayed earneſtly that the Lord would ſpare my life, being exceſſively frightened at the thought of dying: but afterwards I began to conſider, what if my requeſt ſhould be granted in wrath, as the *Iſraelites* prayed for meat? What would become of me then? Perhaps the Lord ſees, if I live I ſhall diſhonour him; be a ſcandal to my profeſſion; a reproach to the people among whom I am; and a grief to my parents. Now if the Lord ſhould take me from the evil to come, ſhould prevent me from doing, as well as ſuffering evil, by taking me to himſelf, what cauſe of complaint ſhould I have? Surely none, nay it would be matter of rejoicing to all eternity: beſides ſhould none of theſe things happen, but were I ſure of gliding thro' this world eaſily and pleaſantly; would it not better to reach the deſtined haven, without putting to ſea at all; or at leaſt with a very ſhort, and as yet a pleaſant paſſage! Did any ever think it was too ſoon to go to heaven? Surely no. No ſuch complaints were ever made by one ſoul that got thither at all. But alas! I am unwilling to part with life, becauſe I know not where I ſhall go. O!

" Who

" Who can tell me if this ſtrife,
" In heaven or hell ſhall end?"

Lord ſhall my ſoul be carried by angels into *Abraham*'s boſom, or hurried by fiends into endleſs torments! Lord 'tis true, I am a great ſinner; but Jeſus is an Almighty Saviour. I entirely renounce all dependence upon myſelf.

" This all my hope, and all my plea,
" For me the Saviour died."

Yes, my deareſt Jeſus thou did'ſt die for me: then I may be ſaved. Lord *I believe*; *help thou mine unbelief*. In the evening Mr. *H—n* gave an account of the life and death of Mr. *P—l G—d*, an eminent and uſeful preacher; and then gave out theſe lines, in which I joined with my whole heart:

" O may we thus our parting breath,
" Into the Saviour's hand reſign:
" O Jeſus, let me die his death,
" And let his latter end be mine."

We came home twenty minutes before ten, and I fell aſleep with the ſame ſerious impreſſions on my ſpirit, which alſo laſted moſt part of the next day, and for ſeveral days after.

Sunday, Auguſt 2. In the evening Mr. *F—l* took his leave of us from theſe words in *Luke* iv.

42. *And he said I must go and preach the kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore am I sent.* The next evening Mr. *J—n* took his, from *Rom.* viii. 17. *And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.* He was exceeding lively. I found concern in parting with them. O may I profit more by the next!

* Thursday 6. Hearing this day of a very melancholy affair, concerning a person whom I knew only by sight: I was exceedingly stirred up to thankfulness, for being so situated, that it was almost impossible the like should befal me: I am surrounded with tender and careful friends, who continually watch over me in love: I am blest with parents, who by words when present with them, and by letters now absent,

"Warn me to shun the world's delusive snares;
"Teach by their lives, and guard me by their prayers."

And he has inclined my heart to listen to the instructions and advice, I daily receive from one or another. I went to our private meeting on Friday, and found my soul blest, and heartily joined in Mr. *B—*'s prayer for the poor unhappy creature to suffer the ensuing day. Also I was greatly stirred up to pray for her, when in private at night.

Saturday 15. About one o'clock my aunt *P—r* and

and little couſins, arrived in *Cheſter*; I was extreamly glad to ſee them. O when will my dear parents come? Lord, thy time is beſt, only let me be reſigned to thy will.

" Since none can doubt thy equal love,
" Unmeaſurably kind,
" To thy unerring, gracious will
" Be every wiſh reſign'd."

Sunday 16. The enſuing week I was much indiſpoſed, and did not go out till the next Saturday ſev'night: during this time, my ſoul was kept in a calm reliance upon God, tho' at times I found deadneſs; which I partly imputed to my diſorder (a ſevere cold.)

Saturday, September 13. Mr. *P——n* going to *Ireland*, gave a very profitable diſcourſe upon *John* xvi. 31. *Do ye now believe?* Indeed this was a very comfortable day to my poor ſoul; which bleſſed be the Lord, was much refreſhed in all the means of grace, both at ſacrament, private prayer, and the preaching. This evening Mr. *T——r* arrived in *Cheſter*. O may his coming amongſt us be productive of much good to this people, and to my poor ſoul!

Friday 18. This was a faſt-day kept to intreat the Lord to revive his work in this land. Mr. *T—r* and my uncle prayed alternately, and with much power. O that it may be ſuch a faſt as the Lord approves of, and an acceptable day to him.

On Saturday evening, Mr. *T—r* preached from *John* xii. 22. *Sir, we would see Jesus.* Lord I would see him too. O may it be now.

Monday 21. Mr. *H—n*, who had accompanied Lady *M—* to town, with her and her brother, dined with us. She is the most affable lady I have ever seen, and dresses almost as plain as as we do.

Sunday, October 4. In the evening my soul was quickened while Mr. *T—r* was preaching on the parable of the dry bones.

* Tuesday, November 17. On this day were united, my uncle *F—*, and my truly dear and respected friend Mrs. *M--- L---*. With unspeakable pleasure I embraced her, as a most dear loved relative. With the same satisfaction she was received by those of my aunts, who reside in this place, as their sister; and I doubt not will be by those who are now absent, when they hear the surprising tidings. My heart's desire and prayer to God for them is, that they may be long blest with each other; that this union may be a means of uniting them more closely to the blessed bridegroom of the church; and that finally, they and we may be received into the family of heaven, with a *Well-done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.*

Thursday 19. The committing a known sin, threw me into exquisite distress, so that I hardly dared to go to prayer, and Satan making the best of his opportunity sorely wounded me; yea, had

slain

ſlain me, had not the ſinner's friend ſtept in to reſcue me, and given me hope. This hope was confirmed in meeting my claſs on Tueſday. Bleſſed be his name for this! But ſtill this can't ſuffice, unleſs he give me his dear ſelf which my ſoul truly longeth for.

Sunday 29. I ſpent the day profitable, and comfortably, thanks be to God. Mr. *T*----*r* preached in the evening on *Iſa.* lv. 1. *Ho, every one that thirſteth, &c.* O how ſweet an invitation to the thirſty ſoul! Lord, give me grace to accept it. Thurſday evening my uncle preached on *Mark* vii. 24. *But he could not be hid.* After ſermon he informed us of Mr. *P*----*n's* being taken to reſt on Sunday, November 22, who about two months ago was ſtanding in that pulpit, inviting ſinners to come to Chriſt in the moſt earneſt manner: he then dined with us, and after dinner ſung a hymn very ſuitable, (as it has proved) for himſelf, who was ſo ſoon to enter into the joy of his Lord. It was a funeral hymn, and begun with theſe lines,

" Away with our ſorrow and fear,
" We ſoon ſhall recover our home,
" The city of ſaints ſhall appear,
" The day of eternity come.
" From earth we ſhall quickly remove,
" And mount to our native abode,
" The houſe of our Father above:
" The palace of angels and God."

*My mind was much taken up all the evening, and the following day, with the thought of death; which occafioned many ferious reflections. I think if the Lord would make me meet for glory, I could (young as I am,) quit the world, and not leave a wifh behind: but the Lord's will be done!

Thurfday, Dec. 10. My uncle gave an exceeding comfortable and profitable difcourfe from *Ifa.* xl. 1. *Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people, faith your God.* My foul was much refrefhed, herein God fulfilled that promife, *Before they call, I will anfwer*, for I went without the leaft expectation of a blefling, and fcarcely dared to pray for one, knowing my great unworthinefs. However the Lord met me, and gave frefh hopes and defires, for which may I blefs his name, while I have breath.

*Sunday 13. In the evening Mr. *C----k* preached a fermon on thefe awful words, *Rev.* vi. 17. *For the great day of his wrath is come, and who fhall be able to ftand?* Who indeed but thofe who have wafhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who have made the judge their friend! Thefe and thefe only fhall ftand with boldnefs in that day. Lord, fhall I be one of that number?

Friday 25. I found a blefling at the Lord's table, where I folemnly dedicated myfelf to him, who gave himfelf for me. O may it be unrefervedly and irrevocably! Lord, here is my heart; O take and feal it; feal it for thy courts above.

Sunday

Sunday 27. Our houſe being in ſuch confuſion, as it has been for ſome days paſt, by reaſon of the ſickneſs which has been in it, my mind has not been in that compoſed ſweet frame as I could wiſh: but one bleſſing I have experienced, which is, I have been enabled to exercife patience, ſo as not to murmur and fret, tho' every thing has gone croſs with me. Nay thro' the mercy of God, I have rejoiced in it: and been thankful for having an opportunity of chearfully bearing the croſs; for all which I deſire to praiſe my God.

Monday, December 23. In the evening Mr. *T.....r* made a uſeful diſcourſe on *Lam.* iii. 22. *It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not conſumed, becauſe his compaſſions fail not.* He ſhewed the many ways whereby we might have been conſumed; and the many mercies we have received from God. When I firſt went into the chapel, my mind was exceedingly diſturbed by many evil tempers. But in ſinging this verſe,

" From anger ſet our ſpirits free,
" It worketh not thy righteouſneſs:
" In patience let us wait on thee,
" And quietly our ſouls poſſeſs:"

The thought croſs'd my mind: ſhall I thus mock God; pray to him to compoſe my mind, while I am yielding to theſe tempers? I reſolved to ſtrive againſt them: thro' his ſtrength I overcame them, and found a bleſſing tho' entirely unexpected.

* Friday 29. I was confined to my bed, being much indiſpoſed. O what a ſhort tranſition from time to eternity! I thought much of dying, but felt no fear: not becauſe I was now ready, but I firmly believed the Lord would cut ſhort his work in righteouſneſs if he called me.

[This illneſs, after a day or two, much increaſed, and appeared to be a putrid fever: but her mind continued ſtayed upon God. About a fortnight, after ſhe was taken, ſhe expreſſed a full confidence in him, being wholly delivered from the fear of death. A few days after, her ſpeech and hearing were taken away, by the violence of her diſtemper. But it was eaſy to diſcern, that her underſtanding remained, tho' ſhe could converſe with none but God. Her eyes and hands almoſt continually lifted up, ſhewed her heart was ſtill with him. In her greateſt agonies of pain, there was not the leaſt mark of impatience: till on *January* the 21ſt, 1768, about four o'clock in the afternoon, ſhe quietly reſigned her ſpirit to God.]

An Extract from the JOURNAL of

ELIZABETH HARPER.

To the READER.

1. TO set the doctrine of Christian perfection too high, is the ready way to drive it out of the world. Let a man only describe it, as implying a freedom from mistakes and human infirmities; and whoever knows there is no such freedom in this life, naturally concludes, "There is no perfection." Hence we should always carefully guard against this, by insisting, it is no more and no less, than giving God all our heart: loving him with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves.

2. This is well consistent with a thousand infirmities, which belong to every soul while in the body. To place this in the clearest and fullest light, I have published the following extract from the artless journal of a plain woman, wrote mere-

ly for her own uſe. I have no doubt, but God had all her heart. But yet how many were her infirmities! And theſe are the more apparent, becauſe ſhe was a perſon of no uncommon endowments; one that had juſt plain, natural underſtanding, without any advantage of education, and who wrote down daily juſt what ſhe felt, with all poſſible artleſſneſs and ſimplicity. The chief of theſe are, wandering thoughts (whether natural or preter-natural:) liſtleſſneſs in private prayer (I believe, entirely owing to bodily diſorder:) hurry in buſineſs (it ſeems, not apparent to others, though frequently felt by herſelf:) want of a ſteddy, invariable advertence to the preſence of God: ſpeaking too many words, more than were ſtrictly neceſſary: ſpeaking through ignorance, a word not ſtrictly true: ſpeaking ſometimes too quick, ſo as to have the appearance of anger: omiſſion of things which had better be done. Perhaps one might mention likewiſe under this head, ſuch vehement temptations to anger, to impatience, to fretfulneſs, to immoderate ſorrow, and to follow her own will, that at divers times ſhe eſcaped with the ſkin of her teeth, and ſcarce knew whether ſhe eſcaped or not. So particular a detail of theſe things, may be of ſingular uſe to thoſe who find the ſame temptations: and who may be encouraged hereby, to *hold the beginning of their confidence ſtedfaſt unto the end.*

3. But it may be objected, "If perfection means

means only that love which is consistent with all these infirmities, then how does it differ from what is experienced by every believer?" I answer, 1. Many are delivered from these infirmities, in a far greater measure than she was. I judge her to have been a real witness of Christian perfection, but only in a *low degree*. 2. Whom do you know that experiences even what she did, that never-failing love of God and man, that uninterrupted calmness of mind, that invariable meekness, gentleness, humility? That continual hunger and thirst after righteousness after the entire image of God? Above all, that absolute, unreserved dependence upon Christ, as the fountain of every good and perfect gift, of all holiness and happiness? Does every believer experience this? I will be bold to say, not one in a thousand. I suppose not one upon earth, unless he has received another gift, widely different from what he received when he was justified. At least I know no one in the three kingdoms, who comes up to this experience, (besides a few in their first love,) unless after justification he has found a second change wrought in a moment. However, concerning that circumstance we need not dispute, whether it be wrought gradually or instantaneously. Only let the change be wrought. Only let our souls be renewed in the whole image of God. Only let all that mind be in us, which was also in Christ Jesus: let him reign in our hearts without a rival; at all times and in all

places. Let us be all devoted to him in ſoul and in body: and let all our thoughts, and words, and actions, be continually offered up to God, as holy ſacrifices acceptable to God through Chriſt.

4. A few more circumſtances relating to this amiable woman, may not be unacceptable to the reader. *Elizabeth*, the daughter of *William* and *Joan Tuck*, was born at *Penzance*, *Dec.* 20, 1734. She was brought to *Redruth*, when about four years old, and as ſhe grew up, lived as other harmleſs people did. *June* 30, 1755, ſhe was married to one *Andrew Harper*, a ſhopkeeper of *Redruth*; and three or four years after, ſhe became weak and ſickly. At the ſame time ſhe grew diſtreſt in her mind, which ſhe ſtrove to remove by various ways; but all to no purpoſe. In the latter end of the year 1763, a fever brought her to the brink of eternity. She was greatly afraid to die: and hearing there were ſome in the town, who had no fear of death, ſhe intreated her huſband, without delay, to ſend for one of the preachers. Converſing with him, ſhe ſaw the way of conquering the fear of death. She ſoon recovered her health, and from that time ſought the Lord with her whole heart, till on *Eaſter-day* (having joined the ſociety before) as ſhe was receiving the Lord's ſupper, theſe words were ſtrongly applied to her ſoul, *It is God that juſtifieth: who is he that condemneth?* She went home, called her huſband, and ſaid, "Now all

all my ſins are forgiven. I am not afraid to die now: for I love God, and I know he loves me."

5. From this time ſhe walked cloſely with God, and was hearty and zealous in his cauſe. There was nothing in her power, which ſhe was not ready to do for the ſervants or children of God. She was exceedingly tempted, after ſhe believed God had cleanſed her from inbred ſin. Of this ſhe gives a large account in her journal: but ſhe did not caſt away her confidence. When ſhe ſaw death approaching, ſhe was not moved, but calmly looked up to God. She exhorted her huſband, and all near her, not to love the world, or the things of the world. A little after ſhe ſaid, "*Lord, thou knoweſt all things: thou knoweſt that I love thee.* Thou knoweſt, it hath been my only deſire, to pleaſe thee: Come, Lord Jeſus! Come, and ſanctify me throughout, ſpirit, ſoul and body! O come quickly." In a little time ſhe cried, "He is come! He is come!" And preſently fell aſleep.

An EXTRACT from her

JOURNAL.

AUGUST 8, 1765. After breakfaſt, as I was at prayer, the Lord broke in upon my ſoul. O may he haſten the happy time, when I ſhall

I shall be filled with his fulness, and assist me to believe to full salvation! O that he would *make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me!*

Friday 9. Blessed be his name, he has kept me this day, amidst all the hurry of business. I long to get into the glorious liberty of his dear children. May the Lord increase my faith, and confirm my hope, for my dear Redeemer's sake!

Saturday 10. I was with some who do not hold "sinless perfection," as they call it, to be attainable here. Afterwards I found, the talking about their opinion was not of use to me. It only damped my spirit. May the Lord of his great goodness lead me *into all truth!*

Sunday 11. We were talking of Christian experience, which is useful in its place; but I fear, I talked too much. Lord, give me a tender conscience, "the slightest touch of sin to feel."

Monday 12. To day, glory be to his name, I have had power over my besetting sin. I hope, it will not be long before I have an evidence, that he has made an end of my inbred sin. May he ever keep me humble, and fill me with love, *more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.* * Afterward I was talking with a Christian friend concerning this blessing; and we saw, that none can receive it, till they feel the want of it first, and that then it must be received by simple faith alone. I said, "Suppose I begin to live now, and believe from this time?" She said, "That

"That is the right way." *Lord I do believe: help my unbelief*, and increaſe my faith more and more. When I was going to bed, I found great confidence in the Lord. May he increaſe it to the perfect day!

Tueſday 13. Glory be to God, this has been a day of marrow and fat things to my ſoul. May he keep me low at his feet, and humble me in the very duſt before his glorious Majeſty!

Wedneſday 14. I waked with, *Now is the ax laid to the root of the tree.* May the Lord root up whatever is not of his own planting! Glory be to his name for what he has done. I have not found any anger riſe in me this day. But I was ſurpriſed at private prayer two or three times, with ſomething ſtriking me between the ſhoulders as with a dart. Whatever it is, may the Lord give me power over it, and take it from me in his own due time.

Thurſday 15. I was much diſtreſt for a clearer evidence, and cried to God, to increaſe my faith. In reproving a perſon, I found ſomething riſe as quick as thought. But I looked to the Lord, and it was gone.

Friday 16. Bleſſed be God, he has ſhewn me to-day my weakneſs and helpleſſneſs more than ever. I am amazed to ſee the greatneſs of God, as well as his unbounded love in Chriſt Jeſus, I ſee, that unleſs he ſave me by free grace, I muſt periſh for ever. This morning I can believe he

ha-

has given me the bleſſing. Glory be to God for ever and ever!

Saturday 17. Bleſſed be his name, that I deſire nothing, but to *know* Jeſus Chriſt, *and him crucified*; and that I feel, he ſuffered and died for *me*. May my heart be ever melted down into the profoundeſt humility and ſelf-abaſement before his awful Majeſty!

Tueſday 20. For two or three days I have been confined to my bed, but my mind is ſtayed upon God: and I loath the very appearance of ſin; I would not deceive myſelf for the world. Lord, give me to try myſelf by thy word, weigh myſelf in the balance of the ſanctuary!

Wedneſday 21. I told one to-day, "If you die in the ſtate you are in, you will go to hell." I ſpoke it purely for the good of her ſoul. Yet the minute I ſpoke, ſomething ſhocked me, and I was afraid, it was too harſh. May the Lord pardon what was amiſs in it, and enable me to ſpeak in a more proper manner for the time to come!

Thurſday 22. O what have I felt this day by anger! May the Lord ſpeak peace anew to my ſoul, and fill me again with his love, and make an utter end of ſin in me, for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake!

Friday 23. I was greatly tempted with anger this day: but glory be to God, it did not break out. May the Lord deſtroy it, root and branch, for it is the trouble of my ſoul. May I never be

at eaſe till he roots up this and every bitter root beſides!

Saturday 24. Glory be to God, it is ſtill my deſire to be cleanſed from all ſin. And is he not able and willing to do it now? May he enable me to believe, bleſs me with his love, and keep me ever in it!

Monday 26. Bleſſed be God, I deſire nothing but to be freed from every thing contrary to his love, and to be wholly dedicated to his ſervice. This day I ſtrongly cried to God, to be delivered from all ſin, and to have his Spirit witneſs it to my ſpirit: and I could plead the promiſe for it. And whatever ſin he ſaves me from, may I give him all the glory!

Tueſday 27. Glory be to God, this has been a day of longing deſire to be filled with his full ſalvation; and I felt more pain for want of this, than ever I did when under conviction, for want of pardon. I have felt a very ſore heart, to be cleanſed from the in-being of ſin; bleſſed be God for it. I believe, he is able and willing to do this: I believe, *His will is* my *ſanctification.* O that I may believe he will do it now! The Lord enable me, to believe it from this time! And may I watch always, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks! May my life be one continual looking-up to Jeſus the captain of my ſalvation!

Wedneſday 28. My heart is ſtill ſore, becauſe I cannot yet believe, that the Lord has made an

end

end of in-being ſin. But I hope to ſee the happy moment, and to have the divine evidence within me. May I be determined to wreſtle for it in mighty prayer, and expect it every moment!

Friday 30. How ſhall I praiſe the Lord, for what he has done for my ſoul? O the love of a dear Redeemer to ſinful duſt and aſhes! Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name.

Sunday, September 1. Lord, enable me to believe. *Help my unbelief! Cleanſe* me *from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit*, that I may *perfect holineſs in the fear of God.*

Monday 2. Glory be to God, tho' I am tempted; I do not now find any thing in me, to ſide with the temptation. If the Lord has caſt out my enemy, may he keep him out for ever!

* Tueſday 3. Glory be to God, that he has increaſed my faith. Temptations aſſault; but they have no place in me. Yet I was jealous over myſelf, leſt I ſpoke too much, with ſome of our Chriſtian friends. How careful ſhould we be, particularly among Chriſtians! For then we are too apt to be moſt off our guard.

Wedneſday 4. I find I am ſolemnly ſtaid on God: and my one deſire is, to *comprehend the length, and breadth, and depth, and height* of that *love which paſſeth knowledge.* Yet the enemy preſſes ſore at me with temptations; but I have power from God to ſtand againſt them. O how

ſhall

ſhall I praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs? May ſilence ſpeak his praiſe!

Saturday 7. Glory be to God, he does increaſe my faith. But I have been much troubled with wandering thoughts. The Lord give me power to overcome them all, and look every moment to my dear Redeemer!

* Sunday 8. Glory be to God, that we have once more ſeen thy ſervant, Mr. *John Weſley* in the body. But this morning, being glad to ſee our friends, I doubt, I was carried away with over-much joy. May the Lord keep me on ſuch occaſions upon my watch-tower for the time to come!

Monday 9. Bleſſed be God, I can ſtill believe. Satan thruſts ſore at me with his fiery darts. But they have no point: they cannot enter my ſoul: the Lord keeps me in the trying hour.

Thurſday 12. I roſe with new deſires to ſeek the Lord, and I found him at the morning preaching. After dinner, ſome of our neighbours were talking of one that had wronged them, and I thought it was better I ſhould be reading my bible. So I withdrew. Glory be to God who gave me light to ſee, and power to take the ſafer path. In the evening ſome were pleading for a wilderneſs-ſtate. I told them, that was not the Lord's will concerning us: and I found freedom to tell them what he had done for my ſoul. O may he keep me low at his feet, depending upon him every moment for freſh ſupplies of grace!

Friday.

Friday 13. Thanks be to God, I am at peace with God and all men, and love them all for Chriſt's ſake. I ſee, I am myſelf all weakneſs: yet *I can do all things through Chriſt's ſtrengthening me.* His mercies are new unto me every morning. O may he give me a thankful heart!

Sunday 15. I was much tempted with wandering thoughts at church, and to anger about the children: but, glory be to God, I perceived the enemy in his firſt approach, and looked for ſtrength, and received it. May the Lord give me a watchful, praying ſpirit, and fill my ſoul with humble love!

Monday 16. Was the quarterly meeting, and Mr. *W.* was there. I wanted to go; but continually another and another buſineſs interpoſed. I was often tempted to impatience; but I ſaw the temptation juſt as it came, and it fled away. At the love-feaſt, I ſtood up to ſpeak: but I had only ſpoke two or three words, when Mr. *Furz* (I ſuppoſe not hearing me) concluded. I was tempted to be diſpleaſed; but it took no place, the Lord giving me ſtrength.

Tueſday 17. What a ſolemn morning was this! Dear Mr. *W.* preached his farewel ſermon. May the Lord graft it on my heart, and brighten my evidence more and more. I have had reaſonings to-day, whether the work was done: but glory be to God, I cannot doubt of it. I cannot doubt, but he has caſt out ſin. May he keep it out for ever!

* Wedneſday

* Wedneſday 18. I am afraid, leſt I ſhould think ſomething of myſelf. O may the Lord keep the foot of pride from me! It is of his free mercy that I am out of hell, and that I am preſerved to this hour. And I muſt ſtill periſh, if he were extreme to mark my miſdoings, and if he did not waſh my moſt holy things in his blood.

Thurſday 19. Bleſſed be God, I have been ſtayed upon him this day, and deſiring to be filled with all his fulneſs. O for this ſpirit of prayer at all times, and in all places, to *ſet the Lord always before me!*

Saturday 21. My whole deſire, is to have every thought, word and work, brought into the obedience of Chriſt, and to have my ſoul always aſcending to God, wherever I am, and whatever I am about. This evening he was pleaſed to brighten my evidence. May he waſh and keep me clean every moment!

Wedneſday 25. This has been a day of temptation and trial on every ſide: but glory be to God, I could rejoice in the midſt of it. May the Lord always give me to ſee the difference between ſin and temptation!

Thurſday 26. I often feel a foreneſs of heart, as ſore as if it had been cutting. May the Lord give me to know, whether it is from him, or from any thing I have done amiſs! If it is, may he bring it to my mind, that I may bring it to him and have it done away!

Sunday

Sunday 29. I have found this a ſolemn day to my ſoul: eſpecially at church in the morning, at the noon preaching, and in the afternoon, while three of us were converſing together on ſpiritual things. O may we meet, where we ſhall caſt our crowns before the Lamb, and praiſe him to all eternity!

Monday 30. I know what the foreneſs of heart means. Truly *I am ſick of love. Come into thy garden, my love, my dove, thou chiefeſt of ten thouſand!* O what amazing love, that thou and thy Father ſhould condeſcend to dwell with duſt and aſhes! Thou God of love, make me truly thankful for all thy benefits!

Thurſday October 3. This morning the body craved reſt; but I forced myſelf to riſe. Indeed, my *delight is in the law of the* Lord, *and in his law do I exerciſe myſelf day and night.* It was an happy day. But toward evening I was not ſo lively. My body ſunk under me. And the enemy of ſouls is ready at every turn. But, bleſſed be God. I was more than conqueror.

Friday 4. I was greatly bleſſed with the love of God. O how happy is it, to love him *with all our heart?* Yet in the afternoon, thro' hurry of buſineſs, I was much tempted to peeviſhneſs. But glory be to God, he ſaved me from it. Let me die rather than offend him!

Saturday 5. I went to bring home my little child from my mother-in-law's. On the road I called to ſee a neighbour, who aſked for my huſband

husband and mother. I said, without thinking, they gave their service to her. But how was I surprised, as soon as the words were out of my mouth! I cried to God for pardon, yet continued in heaviness all the day, and at night was almost afraid to go to sleep. In the morning, while several of us were at prayer, it pleased God to set me at liberty.

Tuesday 8. I had great freedom in prayer with my friends, before I came away. I had a solemn sense of God all the way home, admiring his wisdom and greatness and goodness in all his works. But I am afraid, when I said, "Put the best cloth on my pillion, not the maid's," lest there should be pride in it. If there was, Lord, take it all away, and save me from it for the time to come!

Friday 11. I was much out of order in body, yet happy in soul. But at noon I spoke a word unadvisedly, which afflicted me much. The Lord pardon me, and give me power to watch over my every thought, and word, and action!

Saturday 12. This being the fair-day, was a time of much hurry: but, blessed be God, I was kept in peace. And often I enjoy blessed communion with God, and can, as it were, grasp my Saviour with earnest affection. Indeed he is precious to my soul. He is all I desire in earth or heaven.

Sunday 13. Thinking of going to *Truro*, I cut a piece of oil-cafe, and pinned on my bonnet,

to

to keep off the rain. But it came to me ſoon after, "Have not you been doing work on the Lord's-day?" I was affrighted, and cried to God: and quickly his peace flowed back into my heart.

Tueſday 25. I was aſſaulted by a ſtrong temptation to lightneſs. But, glory be to God, I was not overcome. Afterwards I was roughly accuſed, for ſpeaking a word that was not took well. If I ſinned therein, may the Lord humble me for it, and teach me to guard my words. May I live no longer, but to adorn the goſpel of God my Saviour.

Friday 18. I was tempted to ſet my heart on our garden. But I cried for help and was delivered. I hope to uſe both this, and every thing elſe, with a ſingle eye to the glory of God. Bleſſed be God, I have ſolid, ſettled peace; and find my heart enlarged, to promote his glory as far as lies in my power. May he aſſiſt me, and keep me to the end!

Saturday 19. Glory be to God, I ſee and feel my own weakneſs more and more. My ſoul is greatly drawn out after God, for a larger meaſure of grace. O may I be throughly

"Willing to receive,
"What thy goodneſs waits to give!"

Tueſday 22. This has been a day of trial, even from my neareſt friend. But, glory be to God,

God, I have been kept in peace; though without Chriſt I cannot ſtand a moment. I long to be nearer Chriſt, and to have a more awful ſenſe of God's preſence in my wordly buſineſs. Lord, take away the ſpirit of forgetfulneſs from me, and let me ſet thee always before me.

Friday 25. I was waked this morning by the cries of my little child, who was very ill. I aſked the maid to get up, and light the fire. She was unwilling, and ſpoke quick. I anſwered quick, "I wonder you can lie by the child, and hear him cry ſo." Immediately I felt a danger of anger, and ſtopped ſhort, glory be to God.

Saturday 26. I kept my bed moſt part of the day, and was likewiſe heavy in ſpirit, and had hardly any power to pray. But in the evening I was greatly comforted, in thinking how glorious the change would be, *when this mortal would put on immortality, and death be ſwallowed up in victory.*

Monday 28. My little boy continued exceeding ill: I was quite reſigned concerning him, only deſiring it might pleaſe God, to eaſe his pain, either by life or by death. But I want more patience: I want a more feeling ſenſe of the ſufferings of our Lord, which he endured for *me*, though he knew no ſin. And ſhall I, who deſerve hell, complain of any thing?

Saturday November 2. My child being very unruly, I had a ſtruggle to avoid anger in correcting her. May the Lord enable me, to keep

my watch every moment; otherwiſe I cannot but fall.

Monday 4. This has been a bleſſed day of communion with God, particularly in private prayer. And yet I feel ſin and Satan always near. But I find Chriſt nearer ſtill.

Wedneſday 6. Glory be to God, my whole deſire is, to know more of myſelf, and more of God: to ſee more of God in every thing, and to be filled with a deeper awe of his conſtant preſence.

Thurſday 7. Bleſſed be the Lord for patience, under the unkind treatment of my neareſt and deareſt friends. I have been this week much drawn out in prayer, for the ſouls of all people. But I longed moſt of all for the proſperity of *Sion*, and that the Lord might ever reign ſupreme in mine own heart.

Tueſday 12. Some part of the day, I was dull and heavy; till I cried to the Lord, and he quickened me. In the afternoon, when the maid ſpoke, I felt lightneſs flaſhing on me as quick as lightning. But the Lord lifted up his ſtandard againſt it: and it went as quick as it came. May he keep me from it as from the greateſt of ſins; for indeed there is no little ſin in the ſight of God.

Wedneſday 13. This has been a day of ſtrong prayer, and God has bleſſed me in a glorious manner. Yet the powers of darkneſs ſurrounded me in private prayer, ſo that ſometimes I was

I was almoſt afraid. But I cried to the Lord, and he refreſhed my ſoul; and I could ſay with clear confidence, *Though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil.*

Monday 18. I ſpoke a word unawares, which I was afterwards afraid, was not true. Then it came to me, "Where is your clean heart now?" But immediately I cried to God, "Lord, give me power to watch over my words, and always to think before I ſpeak."

Wedneſday 20. Bleſſed be God, he has kept me this day alſo, and refreſhed me with the ſhowers of his grace. Yet the enemy queſtioned my evidence, and ſaid, it was only juſtification which I experienced. But I know him to be a liar from the beginning. Afterwards, in the hurry of buſineſs, he ſtrove to ſow peeviſhneſs in me: but I begged the Lord to keep me from it, and he heard me.

Saturday 23. I was heavy in ſoul, and had many profane words brought before me. Sometimes alſo it was ſuggeſted, "Thou wilt deſtroy thyſelf:" at other times, "Thou haſt committed the unpardonable ſin." The Lord keep me in the hour of temptation, and from the hour of temptation!

Monday 25. This was a bleſſed day to my ſoul. My mind was ſolemnly ſtayed on God. All the clouds were diſperſed, and the ſun of righteouſneſs ſhone upon me again.

Tueſday 26. Our leader not coming, I was

desired to lead the band. It was a cross to me, for fear I should not discharge my duty. But the Lord gave me a word to speak to each, and power to wrestle for them in prayer. Yet at night, I had much reasoning, whether I had spoken right: and then it was suggested, I had done well. The Lord give me power to flee from pride, in every kind and degree!

Thursday 28. Blessed be God, Christ was exceeding precious to me this morning. O what love had I for Christ! The Lord fill me with love every moment!

Saturday 30. I find my short-comings daily, and am amazed at the goodness of God. I was much distressed this evening, because, did not take up my cross, and give thanks after tea, though we had strangers. The Lord pardon me for it, and make me bolder for the time to come!

Tuesday December 3. Blessed be God, he raised me up to hear his word. And it was spirit and life to my soul. O what has he done for me, a sinner? He has saved me from guilt and from in-bred corruption, and has filled me with love. Now let *patience have its perfect work!*

Wednesday 4. Pride has presented itself today: but I looked unto God, and there was nothing in me to join with it: glory be to his name! I found great love to my sisters, and to some in particular. Sometimes I think, whether it is only a natural love: but I am soon assured, I love them only for Christ's sake. Indeed my heart

heart is inlarged toward all mankind; though particularly the people of God. But I want more faith and patience. I want to be more humble and meek. O may I be all like a little child!

* Friday 6. I uſed abſtinence; and mourned, that I could not deny myſelf more. When I think, what my Lord ſuffered for *me*, what a little is it, to ſuffer the loſs of an ordinary meal for him? O may it be *my meat and drink, to do his* bleſſed *will* on earth, as it is done in heaven!

Saturday 7. I adviſed with ſome of my friends, about dreſſing meat on Sunday. So I dreſſed meat to-night for our dinner to morrow, according to their advice, and reſolved hereafter (whoever was pleaſed or diſpleaſed) to obey God rather than man. I had afterwards ſome ſharp words concerning it: but *a ſoft anſwer turned away wrath.*

Tueſday 10. We had ſharp words again to-day, but, glory be to God, I had patience. I did not make any reply, and found nothing but love in my heart. May God give me the whole mind which was in my bleſſed Lord!

Thurſday 12. Amidſt the troubles and trials of the ungodly, I had the refreſhing ſprings of my Lord's love and grace. At night I was dull and ſleepy before family-prayer: but then the Lord quickened my ſoul. I have been begging of him to-day more faith, more watchfulneſs, more humility: more underſtanding in his word, more knowledge of Satan's devices, and power to ſhun

them at the firſt approach. And O may he waſh my beſt performances in his precious blood! May I ſtill take great delight in the law of the Lord, and *keep his commandments with my whole heart!*

* Sunday 15. After I went to bed, I was much diſtreſt, for cutting a ribband to wear. I was never till now convinced, that it was prophaning the Lord's-day: bleſſed be God for convincing now! O what trouble was I in for a quarter of an hour! But I cried to God, and he roſe on my ſoul again. May he abide therein, till time ſhall commence a glorious eternity!

Tueſday 17. I had a difficult taſk in the evening, being obliged to lead the band. O how inſufficient am I for ſuch a work! I did not think it was ſo great a thing before. The Lord pardon whatever I ſaid amiſs. There ſeemed to be a cloud over us in prayer. If the cauſe was in *me*, the Lord reveal it, and take it away, for Chriſt's ſake!

Sunday 22. The enemy preſented pride to me: but, bleſſed be God, I looked to him, and it fled away. I hope, he will never be able any more to ſow this ſeed in my heart.

Monday 23. Glory be to God, I have found more love to my dear Saviour to-day than ever I did. O what hungering and thirſting did I feel, to do his will, as it is done in heaven?

Wedneſday 25. This has been a bleſſed day to my ſoul; though I was grieved for the ſloth of ſome

ſome of our family, who would not riſe to the early preaching. The Lord ſtir them up to redouble their diligence. The enemy accuſed me to-day, of going with too much boldneſs to the Lord's table. But I know it is only free grace that has enabled me ſo to do.

Friday 27. This has been a day of trial: but bleſſed be God, I was kept in perfect peace. Yet I could not but feel heavineſs for my dear friends, to think of their precious, never-dying ſouls. The Lord give me a tender concern for them, and enable me to pray for them, and never ceaſe.

* Tueſday 31. I ſpoke an improper word, which threw me into great heavineſs. But I cried to God, "Lord, thou knoweſt, I would not offend thee willingly: I would ſooner put my hand in the fire." And he was graciouſly pleaſed to bleſs me that inſtant. But I ſaw, while I was at prayer, that I had been talking about religion in too light a manner. The Lord pardon me, and give more awe and reverence, for the time to come!

Wedneſday January 1, 1766. I found an increaſe of love to God and his people. In the evening the power of God was upon the congregation, in a glorious manner. We *ſat under the droppings of his ſanctuary*, and rejoiced in him with joy unſpeakable.

Thurſday 2. Glory be to God, my heart was inlarged, to love him with every faculty of my

foul, with moſt ardent love to the children of God, and tender affection to all men.

Tueſday 7. My dear *M*— raged againſt me much. Lord lay not the ſin to her charge! And ſay to the enemy, "Hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no farther." I am much out of order in body, and do not find my ſpirit ſo lively as it was; perhaps through bodily weakneſs. But I can ſtill rejoice in God, and love him with all my heart.

Thurſday 9. I was tempted to peeviſhneſs this morning; but I prayed, and it found no place in me. I had likewiſe thoughts about my huſband, becauſe he did not come home ſo ſoon as I expected. But I looked to the Lord, and was reſigned to whatever he would pleaſe to lay upon me.

Saturday 11. This has been a day of ſore temptation: yet mine enemy gained no advantage over me. But I want to bear the croſs more chearfully; for to-day I wept under it: though it was only, to think one who profeſſed religion, ſhould act ſo contrary to it.

Sunday 12. The enemy was let looſe upon me inwardly, as well as outwardly. He ſuggeſted, "What will become of thee? Thou wilt make an end of thyſelf, and be caſt away at laſt." I had ſcarce power to look to God, and thought it did not ſignify to ſtrive any more. But, before I ſlept, he returned and healed my ſoul. May he give more liberty, love and power!

Saturday

Saturday 18. I have been much out of order for feveral days, and have not rofe to the morning preaching. If there is any floth in me, the Lord give me to fee it; I am not fenfible of it. And I hope the Lord accepts of the will, as the power is taken from me. In the evening, my brother-in-law being with us, and my hufband being unwilling to pray, I delayed praying till my brother was gone to bed. But it came to me afterward, "*Who art thou that thou art afraid of a man that fhall die?*" The Lord pardon me for it. I hope whether my hufband prays or no, I fhall not omit it for the time to come.

Monday 27. Glory be to God for his unbounded mercies to fuch a rebel as me! What bleffings has he given me this day? How happy have I been in his love? May he *keep the door of my mouth*, that I may never more fpeak unadvifedly with my lips! And above all, may he keep my heart, that I may no more *reafon* againft him.

Wednefday 29. Bleffed be God, Chrift has been exceeding precious to me to-day. O how my heart was enlarged to poor fouls! If I could have my liberty, I would fpend all the time in the fervice of God, and have nothing to do with the world. Yet I fee my own helplefnefs more and more, and that it is of pure love I am out of hell.

Friday 31. To day I had a folemn fenfe of God, while I was in my bufinefs, and had much watchfulnefs over my words, faying continually in my

heart, " *The* Lord *ſees me!*" Glory be to his name!

Monday, February 3. Glory be to God this has been a ſolemn day to my ſoul. In the evening my poor M— raged greatly: but I was enabled to ſtand in the hour of trial.

Sunday 9. Bleſſed be God, my evidence was as clear as the ſhining of the ſun. Yet in the evening I was much tempted by the enemy, cauſing many wicked oaths to paſs before my mind. But in the midſt of all I could rejoice in God, knowing in whom I had believed.

Monday 10. Bleſſed be God, I deſire nothing, but to drink deeper and deeper of his ſpirit. I ſee my evidence clear; but I ſee more and more of my own weakneſs, and long to live more to his glory. I am jealous over myſelf, becauſe I do not riſe in the morning as I uſed to do. Surely it is not becauſe I ſhun the croſs: for I do love him with all my whole heart. May he deepen his work of grace in my ſoul, and ſtamp his whole image upon my heart!

Friday 21. Two men coming in, one of whom was in drink, as we were going to drink tea, I thought it would be more form than devotion, to aſk a bleſſing openly. So I ſhunned the croſs. But I ſuffered for it afterward. The Lord be praiſed, that he did not enter into judgment with me, but gave me time to draw near him through the Son of his love. May he make me more fruitful for the future.

Saturday

Saturday 22. I was twice tempted to-day to anger in the ſhape of zeal. But I ſaw the ſnare, bleſſed be God, and fled from it. In the evening I was much diſtreſſed with wandrings in the public ſervice: all which I believe, proceeded from my omiſſion yeſterday. The Lord help me to watch and pray more, leſt I enter into temptation!

Monday 25. At the love feaſt, I was in pain moſt of the time, longing to break through: and yet I could not declare what God had done for my ſoul. The Lord pardon me for my omiſſion! I believe he is deepening his work in me. He does *ſit upon* me *as a refiner's fire.*

Thurſday 27. Glory be to God, he diſcovers more and more of his love, to me the unworthieſt of his creatures. Yet, I doubt, I was not ſo watchful as I ought, ſome part of this day. And I fear, I lay in bed too long this morning. The Lord help me to uſe more violence to myſelf!

Monday, March 3. Glory be to God, I enjoy perfect peace amidſt the ſtorms of an ungrateful world. In trials from the world, and trials from them of my own houſhold, he is my ſtrong hold, to which I always reſort. Yet I find the company of the world a great burden, when I am obliged to be with them in my buſineſs. I want power to reprove them more. The Lord help me in this alſo!

Thurſday 6. Glory be to God I am amazed when I think of his goodneſs and my unworthineſs. How did he bleſs me this evening at the

room? I found I was all light in the Lord. How pure has he made my heart through faith! It is all of grace, free grace. This was a day of trial: but, bleſſed be God it was no trial to *me*, becauſe the Lord took off the burden. Only I was concerned for their ſouls. Lord, ſave them, for thy dear name ſake!

Monday 10. Glory be to God for the bleſſings of this day. O how did he bleſs me this evening? I wept to ſee the goodneſs of God in Chriſt Jeſus toward me and all poor ſinners. I find indeed a buſy foe. But his grace is ſufficient for me. I have my evidence ſtill clear. The Lord give me to pray always: make me thankful, keep me humble, and keep me to the end!

Thurſday 13. I was attacked with a light ſpirit to-day, which I dread and abhor. And all the company was aſſaulted with it at the ſame time: but the Lord ſent us help in the time of need.

Friday 21. I roſe to the preaching this morning, though my body complained. Still, in the midſt of trials, my deſire is, to know more of God and to live nearer to him. I had peace all this day, and power to look to God, in all the hurry of my buſineſs. Glory be to his holy name, for all is bleſſings, temporal and ſpiritual.

Sunday 23. I was much grieved at church, to hear people mocking God, by ſaying what they do not believe, and what they will flatly deny, as ſoon as they are out of church.

It

It made me doubt, whether I ought to go to church or not? But I conſidered, I am not to look to them: I am to look to God only.

Monday 31. Bleſſed be God, that I am out of hell, that I have hope of ſeeing him in glory, and that he gives me now to commune with him, even as a man with his friend. Yet I want to be more watchful over my words. I believe it is my privilege to ſpeak no more words than are neceſſary, and to the glory of God. The Lord pardon me for ſpeaking amiſs to-day, and keep me every moment watching unto prayer!

Tueſday, April 1. This has been a day of bleſſed humiliation to my ſoul, on account of my paſt life. I ſtand amazed at the goodneſs of God toward me. Bleſſed be his name, for giving me this evenneſs of mind. But I have need, to come out of myſelf more, and to rely more on Chriſt: the Lord increaſe my faith, and enable me ſo to do!

Friday 11. Bleſſed be God, for the peace I ſtill enjoy amidſt a world of buſineſs: But I want to ſink down continually into the depths of humble love. I have not to-day ſo much comfort as I often enjoy. But I can rely upon my God: and I can appeal to him, it is my one care, to pleaſe him in all things.

Sunday 13. Glory be to God, for a peace that paſſeth all underſtanding. But I have not felt ſo much of his quickning power to-day as in time paſt. I have examined myſelf, and beſought the Lord to ſhew me, if there was any evil in me.

I do

I do not find any; and it came to me, *Stand ſtill, and ſee the ſalvation of God.* I have a ſolid peace: and though I have not ſo much livelineſs in duty as uſual, yet I find more watchfulneſs over my words and actions. But ſtill how ſhort am I of what I would be?

Sunday 20. Bleſſed be God, for giving me a reſigned will, in the hour of trial. It has been expected theſe three days, that every moment would be the laſt with my dear little boy. Yet he keeps my mind in perfect peace. But the enemy is very buſy, accuſing me of hard-heartedneſs, for not weeping more. However, I am kept in the fire and in the water. And the Lord prepare me for whatever I have to go through!

* Friday 25. I am at preſent much fatigued in body, and very low in ſpirits. The Lord was pleaſed to take my dear little *George* to himſelf on Wedneſday morning. He ſupported me in a wonderful manner: but I have found the trial nearer to-day than ever. The Lord grant I may not grieve his holy Spirit! And whatever thy purer eyes have ſeen amiſs in me already, cover with the mantle of forgiving love! May we humble ourſelves under thy mighty hand! May it be a means of preſſing us cloſer to thee! And may we follow on, to meet our dear infants, in the upper and better world!

Saturday 26. Glory be to God, that I am ſtill on praying ground. His grace is ſtill ſufficient for me, though I find a trying world, and a tempting

ing enemy: ſometimes I feel my child very near. The Lord pardon me, if it is wrong! Give me more of the life and power of God in my ſoul, and keep me from a dead form of religion!

Sunday 27. Since laſt night, I have been in heavineſs through temptations againſt my huſband. O Lord, be pleaſed to diſperſe the cloud and ſhine on thy own work! Beſides, we have been expoſed to-day, to the company of carnal friends. Lord, pardon our backwardneſs in reproving, and give us more courage for God, and make us thankful, that he hath made us to differ and give me more of that fire of love in my heart!

Tueſday 29. Glory be to God, he returned to his temple this evening. The meeting of the bands was a bleſſed means of grace to me. When our brethren and ſiſters ſpoke of the goodneſs of God, it was ſpirit and life to my ſoul. Yet I was myſelf backward to ſpeak, and when I attempted it, was ſeized with trembling all over. But at laſt, bleſſed be God, he opened my mouth, and then all my burden dropt off. Lord, help me always to tell of thy goodneſs, and keep me in thy laws, till grace end in glory!

* Thurſday, May 1. I have kept my bed moſt of the day, being in much pain. O how unfit are we at ſuch a time, for ſo great a work as working out our ſalvation! Let none poſtpone their repentance to a ſick-bed: it is work enough then, to ſtruggle with ſickneſs and pain. But how pleaſant

fant is a ſick-bed, when perfumed with the love of God, and when we have a precious Chriſt in our boſom? Come life, come death, with my dear Jeſus, and life or death is ſweet.

Tueſday 6. Lord, I beg this one thing at thy hand, the ſalvation of my dear mother! She is now under thy afflicting hand. Be pleaſed to ſanctify her affliction: and let it be to the ſaving of her ſoul, for thy dear Son's ſake.

Wedneſday 14. Glory be to God, he has given me to-day a ſight of myſelf and of my numberleſs infirmities. But he has not been extreme to mark what was done amiſs: bleſſed be his name for Jeſus Chriſt! O that I may have more of the mind that was in him, more of a meek, quiet, teachable ſpirit. May I now begin! May I now ſet out with double diligence! May I run, and not be weary; walk, and not faint!

Friday 16. I had reaſoning about going to church, whether it was *neceſſary* to go ſo often? But when I brought it to the word of God, I ſaw, after we have done all, we are unprofitable ſervants. Lord let me reſiſt him ſtedfaſt in the faith.

Thurſday 22. Yeſterday I was troubled concerning one of our brethren; but reſolved to tell no one what I heard, unleſs himſelf or his wife. This afternoon they came to my houſe, and I told them all I had heard. They told me juſt how the thing was, and I found it was a meer miſtake.

So,

So Satan was disappointed of his aim, and our love to each other confirmed.

Sunday 25. Hearing of the distress of some of my neighbours, my heart overflowed with thankfulness, to think God had provided me and mine with temporal blessings also. His care was over me in my youth likewise, not leaving me to my own choice. But I praise him above all, for his pardoning love, and for full redemption through the blood of Jesus.

Thursday 29. Glory be to God, I found an unspeakable blessing at the morning preaching, and again in private prayer; but above all, at the meeting of the select society. And, I think, so did every one present. I was at first unwilling to speak; but I knew, not to speak would be grieving the Spirit of God. So I broke through, as did several others: and we were all so filled with consolation, that we could only say,

"Enlarge our heart, to make thee room."

Thursday, June 5. Glory be to God, that he hath given me a thankful heart, for his love toward me even in my early days! How did his kind hand preserve me, when I did not know him? How did it carry me through the heedless steps of youth, keep me from the malice and intrigues of all my enemies, and at last bring me to his dear self, and to the knowledge

ledge of his love! And though the ſtorms now riſe high, yet bleſſed be his name, all is calm within. Lord, be pleaſed to have pity upon Satan's inſtruments, and ſave their dear ſouls. I find nothing riſes in my heart againſt them: but I am conſtrained to mourn for them: eſpecially for thoſe who have known God, and do not live to his glory.

Tueſday 10. I find it a heavy burden to be in the company even of thoſe that are called civil people. But as I am called to take up this croſs, may the Lord enable me to bear it. Lord, let me rely wholly on thee. I feel thou art all in all! Thou art my ſtrength, as well as my righteouſneſs. Without thee I can do nothing.

Tueſday 17. I did not enjoy ſo large a meaſure of love as I have ſometimes done. What is the reaſon I know not: the Lord pardon me for it, and give me to ſee that all my doings are as filthy rags in the ſight of a pure God: and that I want the precious blood of my Redeemer to interpoſe for me every moment. I feel the ſame want of him that ever I did: I believe I am written on the palms of his hands. But ſtill I want more of the life and power of religion: I am hungry and thirſty after this.

Wedneſday 18. I was tempted this morning to reſentment: but, glory be to God, it could not enter. Lord, ſearch me and prove me, empty me of myſelf and fill me all with God. For ever

ever wash, and keep me clean, and let Christ be all in all.

Wednesday 25. I found indifference about going to church. I begged of the Lord to direct me, and immediately the reasonings disappeared. In the afternoon I poured out my soul before him, and prayed till I could scarce speak. I long for a closer communion with God, and for more wisdom and understanding in his ways.

Tuesday, July 8. Glory be to God, I am still the monument of his free mercy. Amidst a world of business and hurry, I still enjoy peace, and commune with God, as a man with his friend. I have not so much joy as in time past; but my faith is strong, and I enjoy a calm peace. And when temptation comes as a flood, his spirit lifts up a standard against it. Meeting in band at night, I was quite stript, and felt my nothingness. Glory be to God, that I am out of hell, because his compassions fail not.

* Tuesday 22. Glory be to God, I am still assured that the Lord has given me a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within me; and I can have no doubt of it, though I am not so overflowed with joy in the means of grace as I have been. But I have a calmness and power which I never had in so great degree, in the midst of the closest trials. Only I am grieved for sinners, and pray that the Lord would pluck them as brands out of the burning.

Friday

Friday 25. This evening I have been at the interment of an acquaintance. What nothings we are, and how ſoon turned to our mother earth? Should not this thought cauſe us to live in love and peace with all men? And to live as expecting the meſſenger of death every moment?

Saturday, Auguſt 2. I have been for ſeveral days much diſordered in body. In my illneſs I had hardly power to pray, or to do any thing. O may I prize health more, and make full uſe of it, when the Lord ſends it. Glory be to God, I had no fear of death, and no anxious care for my children. I only wanted more power to praiſe God. And will he not give that and all things? *O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults!* And let no ſin ever more prevail over me!

* Wedneſday 6. Bleſſed be thy name, I do not find any thing within to cloſe with temptations. Yeſterday anger preſented as quick as thought; but it found no entrance. Yet ſhame covered me, for fear any that were preſent might diſcern the appearance of it. And I begged the Lord to ſhew me, if there was any evil root left? As far as I know myſelf, I do not find there is: I do firmly believe, he hath purified me from all ſin. But I am big with the deſire of living nearer God: O how dear was he to me this night? Thou art altogether lovely: thou art fairer than the ſons of men.

Thurſday 14. Glory be to God, there has been a cry in my dear mother's ſoul all this day. Lord,

Lord, increaſe it! Thou haſt ſet her ſins in array before her. May ſhe never reſt till ſhe reſts in thee!

Friday 22. I went three or four miles this evening to the preaching: My mind was ſolemnly ſtayed on God; but I was not very lively: my huſband being talking moſt of the way about worldly affairs. O Lord, direct him in all his ways, and let nothing hurt his precious ſoul.

Saturday 30. I have been much diſordered in body all this day; but, glory be to God, have enjoyed calmneſs of ſpirit. Yet I have been grieved to ſee ſome of my family, ſo buſy about the world, and ſo little concerned for their poor ſouls, but trifling away their precious moments. Lord, let me redeem the time! Let me never reſt in any thing I have attained: but ſtill preſs on, till I know all that love of God that paſſeth knowledge!

Thurſday September 4. Bleſſed be God for the comfort I had in hearing dear Mr. *W.* at *Penryn*. I was tempted to impatience, both in the morning, when my huſband ſtayed long before he ſet out: and at noon, when I was diſappointed of being in Mr. *W.*'s company. But I looked up, and felt nothing but calmneſs and quietneſs of ſpirit.

Tueſday 9. I waked between four and five, with praiſes in my mouth. Glory be to God, I find an inlarged heart, to run the ways of the Lord with great delight. His love is ſweeter than honey

honey to my taſte, and my will is ſwallowed up in his.

Sunday 14. A cold almoſt diſabled me from ſpeaking, which gave me to ſee the great bleſſing of ſpeech. Lord, help me to uſe it more to thy glory! This afternoon, bleſſed be God, we had the happineſs of having dear Mr. *W.*'s company. Lord imprint his exhortations deep on my heart! And may all the words he delivered be watered with the dew of thy heavenly grace!

Tueſday 16. Glory be to God, he has kept me in the hour of ſtrong temptation. The enemy bears me a tyrannous hatred, and ſtirs up my boſom friends againſt me. Lord, thou knoweſt they lay to my charge things I know not. But thou art to me a place of broad rivers. And *theſe light afflictions will work out for* me *an eternal weight of glory.*

Wedneſday, October 1. Bleſſed be God, he keeps me in trials from thoſe who are neareſt and deareſt to me. What a powerful energy has love? It keeps my ſoul in perfect peace, while all around me is ſtorm and tempeſt.

Saturday 25. I have the greateſt reaſon to bleſs God of any creature: for he gives me great hope, that my dear huſband will not proceed on his intended voyage. He ſeems at length to ſee the ſtrength of the objections againſt it. I wept over him laſt night, and reaſoned with him in much love, till one o'clock in the morning. And,

glory

glory be to God, whatever it was to *him*, it was a bleſſed means of grace to *me*.

Monday, November 3. At night I was much frighted between ſleeping and waking, I believe, by the enemy. I was afraid I had offended my Lord, by not going to church yeſterday in the afternoon. I beſought the Lord to pardon me for the omiſſion; and he ſoon ſpoke the anſwer to my heart.

Wedneſday 5. Glory be to God for the bleſſings of this day, and for giving me more patience and more watchfulneſs. Indeed I was tempted to anger againſt my huſband, and afterwards to lightneſs. But help was at hand. O that I may be more thankful! Lord, may thy pure love always fill my ſoul: and do thou water me every moment!

Monday 24. I was calm and ſerene all this day, and had power to reſtrain my words. But in the evening I was much tempted, when one told me, Mr. *Maſon* deſigned to make me leader of a band I found it hard to leave my ſiſters, and harder ſtill to undertake ſo important a charge. When he gave me the paper the next day, I was cloſely exerciſed. And when I came to the band, it was a great mountain, and I was full of ſhame and confuſion. But when I began to ſpeak, I found a little freedom, and, bleſſed be God, he helped my infirmity. Afterwards I found the ſame power to pray, as if we had been together ſome time. Lord, bleſs us together, and

and let me be always little, and base, and vile in my own eyes!

Friday 28. Glory be to God, this has been a blessed day. My soul has been full of love to the people of God, my band in particular. And the Lord gives me more light into myself, more freedom from wanderings and evil reasonings, and more power to check my own spirit. But O! the mighty void I saw in myself! I never saw it so before. This constrained me to wrestle with the Lord. And he did not send me empty away.

Monday, December 1. Glory be to God, the Sun of Righteousness shone on my soul all the day long. Whenever Satan was nigh, I looked to him, and was instantly saved. He gave me a clear sight of the work of my soul, and a brighter evidence than ever, accompanied with the pure streams of his love pouring down into my heart.

Friday 5. Glory be to God, I found a tender conscience, and power to set the Lord always before me. And I can now enjoy my God in my business, as well as in my duty. My heart is constantly stayed upon him, and I long for more of that living principle within. O that thou wouldst fill me with heaven, with love, with God!

* Saturday 6. I find my soul is, as a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. But I thirst for more. Blessed be God, he does keep my soul in perfect peace, and in the midst of fire

and

and water, give me patience, with an hope full of immortality. But I feel a great foreneſs of ſpirit, for thoſe of my family. Lord, give them to know themſelves, and direct them in all things! Take the cauſe into thine hands, and enable me, to ſtand ſtill, and ſee the ſalvation of God.

Tueſday 12. Glory be to God, I enjoy peace and power, in the midſt of multitudes and hurry of buſineſs. My eye is ſtill ſingle toward the mark of my high calling, and my one deſire, to live more to God.

Friday 19. It was a croſs to me to riſe in the morning, but I was well rewarded for taking it up. I was very lively all day; but in the afternoon was ſuddenly tempted to lightneſs; ſo were all of us who afterwards met in band; but the temptation ſoon fled away. My ſoul is alive to God, and only longs to fathom more of the depths of humble love.

Monday 22. My ſoul's deſire this day has been, to ſink down into the depth of humility. I ſee my helpleſſneſs, and feel the want of my Redeemer's merits every moment. But how often does my own will preſent itſelf! Yet it prevails nothing. I want to be always as clay in the hands of the potter, and to be all moulded into love! As far as I know, I do love the Lord with all my heart. But I want to have all vain reaſonings deſtroyed.

Saturday, January 3, 1767. I was greatly

bleſſed to-night, in a weeping ſtate, and mourned before the Lord for the ſins of others. Yet at ſome times, quickneſs preſented itſelf, but only as a flying cloud. I found a great reverence to-night, while I ſaid, Our Father. May this awful ſenſe of his Majeſty reſt upon me, whereſoever I go!

Thurſday 8. I was tempted to think lightly of my huſband, as if he was always aſking, but not watching. I was much diſordered in body, which weighed down my mind when I waited on the Lord in private. But, on reading the ſecond chapter of *Zechariah*, my ſoul revived greatly: and I had a lively ſenſe of his ſparing mercy; but ſtill more, in talking with a dear friend. I could then ſee, what a ſinner I had been in times paſt, in wiſhing for my own will; and could bleſs the Lord, that not my will, but his, had taken place. O, may a due ſenſe of the love and mercies of God be ever engraven on my heart!

Tueſday 13. Glory be to God for ſhewing me, I had done amiſs, in reproving my huſband before company, and for giving me to be humbled on the account, and to acknowledge my fault. And bleſſed be God for the Chriſtian converſation we have had together this evening, wherein we have ſeen, what advantage Satan had gained over us in time paſt. We had power to ſpeak to one another with all freedom, of the ſtate of our ſouls; and I truſt this will be the beginning of happy days between us.

Sunday

Sunday 18. Bleſſed be God, I have to-day found much life and light in my ſoul at church. And I had a ſolemn time, in accompanying the relicks of ſiſter *Harris* to the grave. We fulfilled our promiſe, in ſinging her body to church, as we did her ſoul to glory. I was afterwards tempted both to lightneſs and to impatience; but I bleſs God, I remain in peace and love. My deſire is, to know myſelf as I am known of God, and to live no longer than I live to him.

* Friday 23. Glory be to God, though the enemy rages, I enjoy a calm peace in my ſoul. But this evening I found little power to pray. I believe it was owing to diſorder of body. Yeſterday I kept my bed all day. I am ſtill much indiſpoſed. But I was much delighted with the amiableneſs of Chriſt. And I ſaw the great need we have of him, and ſhall have, when we ſtand naked before God. I ſaw the worth of Chriſt exceedingly, and loathed myſelf and all my own performances: yet being perſuaded, that neither life, nor death, nor things preſent, nor things to come, ſhould ever ſeparate me from his love.

Tueſday, February 3. I have been confined to my bed by a fever, from Saturday till to-day. I found not much joy, but patience and peace, and ſweet tranquility of mind: eſpecially when ſiſter *Pearce* prayed with me. I found a longing deſire to ſee ſome of my other ſiſters. But, when one of them came, I could not ſpeak to her at firſt, I was ſo overcome with joy. The Lord

bleſſed us in the afternoon alſo, when Mr. *Storey* prayed with us. Glory be to his holy name, for chriſtian converſation; and for all the other helps we enjoy, to make our calling and election ſure.

Monday 23. All yeſterday and to-day, I have been much diſordered by the cholic. At ſix this evening I bowed before God in prayer, and gave myſelf up to him. I then reſolved to try, whether I could not go to the preaching. I went, and was better after it than before. While I was in ſtrong pain, the enemy thruſt ſore at me: But I did not give place to him for a moment. Bleſſed be God for a tender conſcience! I find, if ever I ſpeak a word unawares; if it is not right, I ſee it immediately, and am grieved that I was not more on my guard. Lord, help me to watch and pray every moment, that all my words may be to edification!

Monday, March 2. Bleſſed be God, for the love I have felt yeſterday and to-day, under the preaching of Mr. *Haim*. O may it ſink deep in my heart, and ſpring up into eternal life! I find Satan is continually tempting; but he has no ſucceſs. I want to be more of a child-like ſpirit; to live more in Chriſt, and always near to God.

Thurſday 5. My huſband and maid both being ſick, my body has been much exerciſed this week. But, glory be to God, I have enjoyed conſtant peace, and many bleſſed refreſhings.

Nor

Nor have I found one anxious thought concerning their living or dying.

Sunday 15. God was pleafed this week to afflict my body with ficknefs. I moftly kept my bed. Sometimes I had doubts. Is it not, becaufe I do not fpeak more to my poor mother? Or becaufe I have taken too much upon me, in being leader of a band? But thefe doubts did not trouble me fo much as the clofe reflections I had from my hufband. Twice I wept concerning it; but then I thought, *the forrow of the world worketh death.* I looked to the Lord, and he delivered me. And I faid to him, Shall I one day fee thy face, without a veil between? And fhall I ftand at thy right hand, in the great day of accounts? And how clear an affurance of it did he give me! I find earneft defires to drink deeper of his Spirit, that I may be always the fame, all of a-piece at all times and in all places, and may have a folemn awe refting upon me, in bufinefs and company, efpecially among profeffors of religion.

Thurfday 25. I was much grieved this evening at the ftubbornnefs of my child. Lord, blefs the correction, and give her thy grace, whatever thou with-holdeft from her! And help me to difcharge my duty toward my children, in this and in all things.

Thurfday, April 2. I faw more than ever the neceffity of fimply following my bleffed Lord:

And the great need of grace rather than gifts; although gifts alſo are great bleſſings. Lord, on whomſoever they are beſtowed, may they beg thy aid, to uſe them ſingly to thy glory. I find an encreaſing zeal for God and his people. I long to live more to God, and to have leſs to do with the world; and am ſometimes tempted againſt my huſband, for incumbring himſelf ſo much with it. Yet I am thankful to God for theſe outward bleſſings: But my whole aim is, to be more devoted to God.

Wednesday 8. I want to have every thought brought into obedience to Chriſt: And to feel continually the awful ſenſe of the preſence of the great God! I have had a thankful and a melting heart, to think what bleſſed helps my children have in their tender years; and indeed, in looking back on my own life, and on the bleſſed ſhowers of grace, which God has poured upon me, from time to time, in chriſtian converſation. Lord, give me a thankful heart, and fulfil in me all the good pleaſure of thy will!

Monday 20. Glory be to God, that I am out of hell, and that I ſtill find, God is a God of love. My deſire is, to begin now; to live this moment, and believe for the next. I have been for ſome time confined to my bed, and am ſtill confined to my room. But all is well, while I am enabled, in every ſtate, to be content. I have had a week of cloſe trials and temptations; but of deep conſolations likewiſe. But I ſee I

am

am ſtill ſhort in bearing all things, and in diſcerning the enemy's firſt approach. Yet glory be to thy great and holy name, for what I do enjoy. O help me to prize my bleſſings more, and to believe and love to the end!

Sunday 26. In the morning, before I roſe, wandering thoughts were thrown into my mind. I begged the Lord to give me power to drive them out; and he heard my prayer. He gave me likewiſe a thankful heart, to think how richly he had provided for me, in temporals (while ſo many were in preſſing want) as well as in ſpirituals: I could not help weeping before the Lord, and aſking, "Why me, or mine? Why haſt "thou given *me* this compoſure of mind, more "deſirable than all this world? Lord, give me "to preſs after more inward ſolitude, and keep "and water me every moment!"

Sunday, May 3. Glory be to thy great and holy name, for all thy bleſſings and mercies: But above all, for my dear Jeſus: I feel the value of his blood and merits more than ever. I find myſelf all weakneſs and helpleſſneſs: his blood is all my plea. Through this I enjoy great peace of mind; although much indiſpoſed in body. But I have been in doubt what to do. I ſaid, about a year before I found peace with God, that I would not eat any more fleſh ſuppers, except I was with child. But, as my preſent diſorder was thought to require it, I eat this evening a little of a calf's foot. Lord, keep me from

ſcrupulous fears after it: Let not the enemy accuſe me for it. Help me in this, and all things, to extol thy love and guardian care.

Monday 25. Glory be to God for new deſires to ſerve him: Lord, encreaſe them every moment; and enable me to put in practice every deſire, and every reſolution, which is to thy glory! Let me never be weary of well-doing; but endure to the end, that no man take my crown!

Sunday, June 14. To-day I was at the houſe of mourning, at ſiſter *Pearce*'s, whoſe child was near death. It was an happy time. While we read the experience of ſome departed ſaints, the Lord ſhowered down his love upon us. After the boy died, I thought, Who can tell, what a bleſſed convoy ſurrounded us, although unſeen by mortal eyes? And I had ſtrong faith, that, through the blood of the Lamb, I ſhould one day meet the ſaints above. I found alſo great faith for the welfare of Zion, and hope that the Lord would ſoon build her up. In my late indiſpoſition, I found little activity and little power to pray. And I found the enemy taking every occaſion to tempt me: But there was nothing in me to ſide with the temptation. Glory be to God for pure love! Glory be to Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord! O continue to reign ſupreme Lord over every motion of my ſoul!

Thurſday 25. Bleſſed be God, I enjoy a ſteddy peace, and evenneſs of mind. But illneſs weighs

weighs down my body and ſoul, ſo that I am not active in the ſervice either of God or man. I found my own ſpirit very near in reproving: But I looked to the Lord, and was ſaved. And I was kept in a great meaſure from reaſoning. On the cloſeſt examination, I found nothing but love in my heart. But I long to have all that mind which was in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord!

Monday, July 6. At night, after I was in bed, I found my mind wander after diſtant things. I found it hard to fix my mind on the Lord only; but, glory to him, the fountain is ſtill open. I have been much better in body to-day, and have been able to pour out my ſoul to God, more freely than for ſome time paſt. Indeed for ſome time I have had little life in prayer: But, bleſſed be God, he even then gave me power, which I had not, when I could rejoice to go to prayer, and found it ſweet to my taſte. He only knows, what is beſt for us. And when I was tried to-day, he gave me a meek and quiet ſpirit. But I believe I ſpoke afterward more than was neceſſary; yet, bleſſed be God, without condemnation.

Saturday 11. At a funeral, I was much tempted to look at thoſe who were ſtill in their ſins, and to prefer myſelf before them. But preſently it came, *Who maketh thee to differ?* For a moment I ſunk almoſt into deſpair. But I thought on the love of God, and received comfort. So

buſy is the enemy, firſt to lift us up, and then to caſt us down.

Tueſday, Auguſt 4. Glory be to God, in the midſt of trials, I was as calm as if I was out of the body. In the evening, while I was earneſt in private prayer, I felt as it were a dart ſhot through me. I ſtarted a little, but ſtill kept cal-ing upon God, till I was more than conqueror.

Saturday 8. This evening I was obliged to ſpeak on behalf of the injured. And I thought it my duty to ſpeak ſharply, though ſtill in love and meekneſs. I found love for God and his cauſe conſtrained me ſo to ſpeak: For I hate every thing that would diſhonour him.

Sunday, September 9. I was cloſely tried from a near quarter: But I was kept in peace. I wept to myſelf, to think of the ſore bondage ſin had brought upon them who are under the power of it. It gave me to ſee the uncertainty of all things but the love of Chriſt.

Sunday 29. I was diſturbed ſoon after mid-night, and again a little before day. I did not wake any more, till almoſt ſix. I was grieved to be diſappointed of the preaching, and yet contented, ſeeing there was no will of my own in the omiſſion of it. All this day I had a ſo-lemn time. My ſoul enjoyed peace and tran-quillity, and I found it good, to leave the things of time behind, and to wait ſimply upon God.

Thurſday, October 1. When the ſelect ſo-ciety met, I was much tired, and very heavy. But

But the Lord was pleaſed to bleſs others in a glorious manner. Immediately it was ſuggeſted, "This is falſe fire: or why am not *I* affected!" I begged the Lord, to anſwer for himſelf. And, before we parted, I had the petition I aſked of him, and was refreſhed both in ſoul and body.

Saturday 3. Being much diſordered in body, I was obliged to lie down. I dreamed I was exhorting ſome people of note, in an exceeding ſolemn manner. And I was ſo happy in God, that I afterward felt the good effect of it, even upon my body. Yet, in the end, methought I was tempted to lightneſs. See how Satan beſets us ſleeping and waking!

Tueſday 6. I had ſtrong deſires to be filled with God, and I find faith that I ſhall; that I ſhall be entirely devoted to God, and that every moment. My heart is more enlarged in love to all mankind, particularly to my brethren; and I have power to cover their faults with love, and to pray for them. Bleſſed be God, that his work is ſpreading among us: More and more are brought to the knowledge of God: And many are going from houſe to houſe, to call upon God and tell of his goodneſs. It is no wonder therefore that Satan rages: But I truſt he will be diſappointed of his hope. The Lord make us faithful, and keep us every moment watching unto prayer!

Sunday 18. Glory be to God, I find the fruits of the Spirit encreaſing; particularly by

means of private prayer. Indeed the enemy thrufts fore at me therein, ftriving to make me afraid, till I fometimes cry out, " Shall I be " afraid to thank and praife my God?" He then prefently flies, and immediately the Lord fhowers down his bleffings upon me.

Though I have been kept by ficknefs from the public means, this has been a fabbath of reft to my foul. I had a folemn, peaceable time in reading, and a glorious time in private prayer, between five and fix. And in the evening, the Lord poured his grace on my heart, as the dew upon the tender herb. I never faw fo much of his greatnefs before. Lord, fill me with this awful fenfe of thy majefty, and let me be kept every moment in that filent heaven of love!

Sunday, November 1. I have kept my bed for fome days, being much difordered in body. But, glory be to God, he has many times refreshed my foul with his love; particularly, when I have been favoured with the company of his dear children. When they called upon him in prayer, he was pleafed to hear, and anfwer even while they were calling. In general, I have found calm compofure of fpirit, a deliverance from my own will, patience and refignation to the will of God, and power in the hour of temptation. But I want more ftrength of faith and love; for I find the enemy is always watching. And fometimes he comes very near, ftriving to

ſow the evil ſeed again. But, glory be to God, he has ſaved me yet, though ſometimes I have been ſcarcely ſaved: So that I ſee I muſt live this moment to God, and watch and look to my dear Lord every moment.

Monday 2. When I waked, my huſband ſoon began talking to me about worldly buſineſs. It was lawful, but I quickly found it was not expedient: For I had not ſo much power to pray as uſual. But, in the evening, bleſſed be God, I waited upon him in a ſweet, calm peace, at the preaching. Only I found a little reaſoning, "What if I ſhould fall in labour?" But it was quickly removed: And though my body failed a little, yet I was freer from wandrings than I ever was for a long time.

Thurſday 5. The Lord does ſtill bleſs me and keep me; but I come ſhort of what I deſire to be. In the morning I find ſtrong deſires to be wholly devoted to God in every thing. But in the evening, I find I have ſtill come ſhort, though without condemnation and fear. Bleſſed be God, I am kept from inordinate ſorrow for my dear friend's illneſs. Lord, prepare me for the ſame hour. And, if it be thy bleſſed will, rebuke the diſorder, and raiſe her up, for the good of her family, and of thy people.

Sunday 8. The Lord was pleaſed to call her to himſelf. The day before ſhe ſeemed much better. But in the evening ſhe fell worſe again,

and

and this morning, about nine, departed. When word came of this, I was not ſhocked at firſt; but in a while I began to reaſon on what had paſſed between us the evening before. She then ſaid, "When death ſeemed nigh ſome nights "ſince, the enemy thruſt ſore at me, and ſaid, "This will be thy end: But I ſaid, Not without "God's permiſſion: He can bring me down to "the belly of hell, and bring me up again, as "he did *Jonah* out of the whale's belly. But it "is one thing to talk of death, and another to "have it brought home to us." Then her huſband, and children, and friends came near, and ſorrow ſeemed to overwhelm her. But ſhe ſaid, "God is able to bleſs and keep them, without "me, if he is pleaſed to take me. And if he is "pleaſed to ſpare me, I can do nothing for them, "without the Lord." When I reflected upon theſe things, not watching unto prayer, I was quickly encompaſſed with a flood of temptations: So that I never remember to have paſſed ſuch a night, ſince I knew the goodneſs of God. I could not ſleep till ſix in the morning. But, glory be God, I had peace at the bottom, and continued ſtriving with all my might. About Monday noon I found eaſe, and at five in the evening, I could wait upon the Lord without diſtraction. On Tueſday I had ſuch a ſweet and reſigned will as I ſcarce ever had before. I was much taken up with the bleſſedneſs of heaven,

and

and had no doubt but I ſhould be there ; but had no will of my own to die or live, only as the Lord ſhould pleaſe, and not one reluctant thought concerning the leaving of my friends or family. I lay quite paſſive in the hands of my dear Lord. O may he ever keep me ſo!

Mary Pearce was a woman of good ſenſe, which, mixed with grace, was exceeding amiable. She had great light as to the ſpiritual life, could ſee the ſtate of our ſouls, and ſet them before us as clear as the ſun. She was of a ſpirit that ſympathized with every one, both in their temporal and ſpiritual trials. Indeed her own life was a life of trials; which, ſhe always ſaid, was beſt for her, and no more than was needful to keep her from pride, and to break her ſtubborn will. But ſhe bore all her trials with ſweetneſs of temper, and never mentioned them but to a near friend. She was a dutiful child, a tender parent, an affectionate wife, and a faithful friend. May I tread in her ſteps, and follow the example of her patience to the end!

Friday, December 18. I am much burthened in body, and confined by reaſon of my burthen. Yet, bleſſed be God, I have patience to bear it, and tarry his leiſure. I have been much tempted to an angry zeal, againſt ſome of my unconverted relations. But I ſaw the ſnare, and was delivered. Sometimes it is a croſs to go to private prayer: but I ſtill have peace and love. In meeting my band, I ſaw and felt my weakneſs very

very much. Yet the Lord bleſſed us, while we called upon him. Lord, bleſs me in the approaching hour of trial. Bleſs what is formed in me, and, if it live in this world; may it be devoted to thy ſervice. Sanctify her ſickneſs to my child, that is now under thy correcting hand. Prepare her for life or for death: and may I, and all my dear children meet at thy right-hand.

Sunday 27. I ſee more and more, that every thing I receive, is for the ſake of my dear Lord, and that I always want his precious blood, to waſh and keep me clean. Bleſſed be his name for faith in him. I find his light diſcovers darkneſs more and more. It is a great thing to come empty to God. Lord, help me to come wholly out of myſelf, to come to thee, as at firſt I came, and to return to thee all thou giveſt me. And help me in the approaching trial, to glorify thy great and holy name, either by life, or by death. To me, to live be Chriſt, and to die be gain.

Wedneſday 30. Though I was greatly burthened in body, I enjoyed much peace of mind. But I was deſirous, that thoſe who had ſo highly diſhonoured God ſhould be openly expelled from us. Lord, lay thy mighty hand upon them, and ſink them into deep repentance, that they may cry mightily to God, that he may enable them to return to him, from whom they have ſo deeply revolted.

Friday,

Friday, January 1, 1768. Glory be to God for his unbounded mercies to me, in the year that is paſt. Thanks be to God and the Lamb, that he has given me to ſee the beginning of another year. Whatever time I live, may I live more to his glory, than ever I have done heretofore!

Saturday 2. This day has been a day of faith, and peace, and love: and my ſoul has been much drawn out in prayer. Now let me expect freſh trials, after ſuch a ſhower of bleſſings.

Sunday 3. Though I am ſtill confined from the outward means, which are highly deſirable, yet, bleſſed be God, I find him preſent with me, keeping my ſoul in perfect peace. But I doubt I ſpoke more words to-day than were to the glory of God. O let the blood of thy Son, Jeſus Chriſt, ſtill cleanſe me from all ſin!

Sunday 10. Though much diſordered in body, I enjoyed much peace and love in my ſoul. I calmly expect the Lord to deliver me of the fruit of my womb. But I do not find any will, but to glorify God; either by life or by death.

Sunday 17. Many times I have not power to ſpeak: but, bleſſed be God, I find much thankfulneſs for all his mercies. My deſires are ſtill ſtrong for God and his work, and I find an increaſe of peace and patience. In meeting my band, and in family prayer, he bleſſed us in an uncommon manner. But the more bleſſings I receive

receive from him, the more I see and feel of my own weakness.

* Saturday 23. When the Lord opens my hand, to relieve the want of any of his poor creatures, I find still there is need to cry to him, that I may give him all the glory. Blessed be his name, my own spirit is dying daily. Yet I sometimes find it a cross to go to private prayer; but so much the more am I blest therein. And the Lord greatly blessed us in family prayer, when I earnestly called upon him, to come and destroy inbred sin out of the hearts of those who know his pardoning love.

Sunday 24. I had a longing desire to speak very plainly to my dear mother. But I could not; I could only pray with her, and read to her some passages of scripture. But, blessed be God, he has answered my prayer, with regard to my family's keeping the Lord's day. Lord, enable them always to keep a sabbath of rest, and to find rest in their own souls!

Sunday 31. Glory, and thanks, and praise, be to God and the Lamb, for his unbounded love to such an helpless worm! Blessed be his holy name, I enjoy peace, and love to God and all mankind. I have no desire to live, unless to his glory: but, through the burden and pain of my body, I cannot put my desires in practice as I would: blessed be God, that he takes the will for the deed. Lord, help me in my present condition, to glorify thee by patience: to be content

tent to ſuffer as long as thy goodneſs pleaſes, and to wait till thy good time is come. And let me regard neither pain, nor eaſe, but as it brings me nearer to my dear Lord.

From Tueſday to Friday I was quite confined to my bed. On Tueſday, I had much liberty in meeting my band: but ſince that time, I have had little power, except at intervals. On Friday evening, it was ſtrongly ſuggeſted to me, "Thou wilt fail, when thy hour of trial comes." I immediately told my huſband: he prayed with me, and I found liberty. Yeſterday morning, the ſame temptation aſſaulted me ſtrongly: but I ſpoke of it as ſoon as it came. And ſince that time, bleſſed be his name, I have felt it no more. Lord, help me! Lord, keep me every moment! Keep me to the end, for my dear Lord's ſake!

A ſhort

A ſhort ACCOUNT of

ANN JOHNSON.

By JOHN JOHNSON.

1. SHE was born at *Lambeth*, October 17, 1717. Her mother died while ſhe was young. About ſixteen, ſhe married a ſeafaring man, who by his extravagance expoſed her to many difficulties. Often in ſailing from port to port, to prevent, if poſſible, his waſting his money when he came from ſea, ſhe was in great danger, and then made many reſolutions; but they quickly died away.

2. On February 14, 1747. Her huſband brought her to *Dublin*. But ſhe was ſtill the ſame: "I do not remember, ſaid ſhe, that I had any thought, whether I had a ſoul or not, till I was about twenty eight years old." At that time ſhe began to reflect with terror, on the immortality of her ſoul. She ſaw and felt, that hell was her juſt deſert, and could find no way to eſcape it. She knew ſhe was under the wrath of God, but knew not how to appeaſe it. She went from church to church, and endeavoured to do whatever

ever she was taught; but found all she could do was nothing. Sometimes indeed her convictions subsided for a time; but returned with double violence. The cry of her soul continually was, "Lord what must I do to be saved? Shew me the way wherein I should go!" Thus she went on for several years.

3. About fourteen years ago she heard Mr. *Thomas Walsh* preach in the New-room. She said, "He made my soul tremble exceedingly." Her fears were rather increased than lessened. But the eyes of her understanding were not opened, with regard to the true method of salvation. Afterwards she heard "that blessed man of God," (as she justly called him) *Paul Greenwood*. She then saw, that *by grace we are saved through faith*, and at the same time, sin received a mortal wound. She determined, nothing should prevent her seeking the pearl of great price, that precious faith. She had much opposition; but nothing stopped her soul on full stretch for salvation. Such was her desire to hear the word, that frequently when she was locked into the room, up one pair of stairs, she got out at a window. She directly joined the society, and counted all things loss, so she might win Christ.

4. It was not long before it pleased God to remove the opposer out of the way. She now frequently received much comfort: but that did not satisfy. Nothing could give her lasting comfort, till she knew her sins were blotted out. This she

ſhe earneſtly ſought both in private and public, miſſing no opportunity of hearing the preaching. And one Sunday morning, as Mr. *Deaves* was giving out an hymn, God was *pleaſed to reveal his Son in* her, and to enable her to ſay with a clear confidence, "He has loved *me*, and given himſelf for *me*." It was with much difficulty that ſhe reſtrained from crying out, and exhorting all to praiſe the Lord. She now delighted to run the way of his commandments. Her heart was enlarged. Both her heart and hands were open towards thoſe that feared God, and had her power been equal to her will, none of them ſhould have wanted any thing. For ſome months ſhe walked as on the wings of the wind.

"Jeſus all the day long
Was her joy and her ſong:
O that all his ſalvation may ſee!
He has lov'd me, ſhe cried,
He hath ſuffer'd and died
To redeem ſuch a rebel as me!"

Though her outward ſituation was diſagreeable, being ſurrounded great part of the day, with thoſe who conſtrained her to ſee and hear what her ſoul abhorred; yet his grace was ſufficient for her, and ſhe remained always rejoicing, and praiſing the God of her ſalvation.

5. After ſome months, it was ſhewn her, that the ſeeds of ſin were not yet rooted out of her heart.

heart. Yet she did not let go her confidence in God, neither lose the power over her besetting sin, which was anger. And it was her principle, not to rest an hour, without a feeling sense of the love of God.

6. On October the 9th, 1760, by the providence of God, she and I were married. She was truly an helpmate for ten years, three months, and two days: during which time we could truly say, there never was any thing but love and tenderness toward each other. There never was, that I remember, but once, any appearance of what is called a quarrel. And in a few hours she saw, it was not her business, to interfere with the discipline of the society.

7. Although there was the most tender affection between us, yet so exceeding great was her love to souls, and her desire for their welfare, that she was willing at all times for me to go to any part of the kingdom, without ever saying, "If you *must* go, stay a few days longer." And if I was absent three or six months, nay, a whole year, which was once the case, she never complained. She could part with husband, or any thing, to glorify him, who had done so much for her. The last time I spoke of leaving her, she was ill. My friends then advised me, not to go. I was inclined to follow their advice, as there appeared little hope of her recovery. But she insisted on my going where Providence called, saying, "I never have hindered you yet. And

if

if I ſhould do it now, I believe it would be diſpleaſing to God." I went, and after an abſence of three months, returned juſt at the time, when ſhe was taken with that laſt illneſs, which prevented her going out any more. And for my coming home juſt at that time, ſhe praiſed God to her lateſt hour.

8. During the laſt ten years of her life, ſhe had many and great conflicts. The ſenſe of inbred ſin, and of her having ſo many times offended God, after ſhe had known his love, often lay heavy upon her mind, and pierced her with deep ſorrow. The earneſt deſire of her ſoul was, to be wholly given up to God. But ſhe was tormented with that fear, leſt ſhe ſhould not glorify God in life and in death: particularly, leſt by any improper behaviour at her death, ſhe ſhould be a reproach to the goſpel. Likewiſe anxious care about the world, ſometimes exceedingly diſtreſſed her. She was tempted to fear, leſt ſhe ſhould live to be a burden to the ſociety. Or, at leaſt, till ſhe could not be helpful to others, as ſhe knew, it was more bleſſed to give than to receive. But thro' the mercy of God, none of the things which ſhe had feared came upon her.

9. Above two years ago, the diſorder which occaſioned her death began to be violent. Yet ſhe did not abate her diligence, to ſupport herſelf and family, till July 1769. Her pains then ſo increaſed, that ſhe had no eaſe night or day, only when ſhe ſlept, which was ſeldom more than

than an hour or two. But notwithſtanding this, ſhe could not be prevailed upon to keep her room before Chriſtmas. From that time ſhe was in exquiſite pain, as tho' her bowels were tearing aſunder. She often ſaid, *wearifome nights and days are appointed for me.* Yet in the ſharpeſt pain, ſhe never *charged God fooliſhly*, or once ſaid, he dealt hardly with her.

10. During this long confinement, ſhe felt a keen conviction of her paſt unfaithfulneſs, together with a piercing ſenſe of inbred ſin. And on both theſe accounts, ſhe was often crying out in deep diſtreſs, *God be merciful to me a ſinner.* She ſteddily believed, it was the privilege of God's people, always to feel the clear witneſs of his ſpirit. Accordingly ſhe was always, either rejoicing in the Lord, or deeply diſtreſſed for want of it. Even in the ſevereſt pain, ſhe was not ſatisfied with patience, unleſs ſhe had joy in the Lord.

11. She often would ſay, "The devil tells me, the peace I feel is only ſtupidity; that I have been an hypocrite all my life, and never was converted. But I can with confidence anſwer, this is falſe. I never deſired to deceive either myſelf or others. I know the Lord did awaken my ſoul, and convert me to himſelf. And I cannot accuſe myſelf of lukewarmneſs in my duty ſince. I have ſeldom wilfully miſſed my claſs, or band, or a ſermon. Yet the manner in which I often performed thoſe duties, cauſes my ſoul to

tremble. My body was present: but often, too often my mind was engaged in my business. Herein I must plead guilty before God, and he might justly have cast me out of his presence.

12. All this time the hand of the Lord was underneath her, and did not suffer her to sink in the deep waters. Yet she often complained, "I cannot rejoice in pain, whereas St. *Paul* says, *Rejoice in tribulation:* and that happy soul, *Nancy Rogers* said, "Every pain is a spring to my soul, to lift me up to heaven." I told her, "When you, like *Nancy*, are near your end, you may triumph over pain also. But should it be otherwise, your eternal state does not depend on that." She cried out, "Nay, but what the scriptures declare, and what others have experienced, is for *me*." She did not fear being cast into hell: yet her distress, at times, was exceeding great. She was vehemently athirst for full salvation, and often broke out into deep lamentation. "I am unlike the Lord! When shall I awake up after his full likeness!" Sometimes she seemed just ready to lay hold on the hope set before her. But she was checked by a sense of her unprofitableness in the ways of God: and would often break out, "True Lord, true! I am unprofitable indeed."

13. At some times she was afraid, lest she should live to expend all she had, and leave me in distress. But about a month before her death, these fears vanished away, and she was quite resigned

ed to the will of God, leaving it wholly to him to do what seemed him good, with her and all that she had. From this time she had no other care than that which related to her soul. She was now released from her severe pains, and her soul felt a solemn peace; tho' she was still frequently tempted to fear, lest she should deceive herself.

14. Near three weeks after, I was reading in the fifteenth volume of the Christian Library, that section in *Isaac Ambrose*'s looking unto Jesus, "Desiring Jesus with respect to his death." The Lord now turned his hand upon her, and caused her to feel his power. Her body seemed to be forgotten; while her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour, crying out, "O the goodness of God, which directed that passage to be read this night!" Then she began to sing

"Thou shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart!
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day."

From this time she did *rejoice evermore*; and yet longed to triumph more. Her ambitious soul could not rest, till wholly swallowed up in God.

15. January 7. She desired to be taken out

of bed. As ſoon as her cloaths were on, ſhe expected to have gone to reſt. But God was pleaſed to keep her a little longer in the body, for the comfort of her ſurviving friends. As ſoon as ſhe was a little revived, I aſked, "If ſhe could ſtay her ſoul upon the Lord? She ſaid, "Yes, I can, tho' I have not always that full aſſurance of faith." But the next morning, God fulfilled the deſire of her heart, and filled her with faith and love. About ten ſhe ſeemed juſt expiring: but ſhe ſoon revived. I ſaid, "My dear, can you rely on the Lord?" She anſwered with triumph, "I can; yes, I can. All is plain before me. There is nothing now in the way. O the precious blood of God! O the precious blood of God! That precious blood cleanſeth from all ſin and from all ſtains." I aſked, "Has that blood cleanſed *you* from all ſtains?" She ſaid, "Yes, yes. It has waſhed me, and it will ſtill waſh me." I ſaid, "For ſorrow you ſhall ſoon have joy." She ſaid, "Sorrow! I have had no ſorrow. When I think of what my Lord ſuffered for me, mine is nothing." Indeed the exceeding happineſs ſhe now enjoyed, made her forget all her former pains. She ſaid, "I ſhall be like him! I cannot tell what that is: but I ſhall be like him." The convulſions then followed each other with little reſpite; but in the intervals, ſhe was ſtill praiſing God.

16. Wedneſday 9. In the morning ſhe was in great agonies, but ſaid, "Lord, thou doſt all things

things well! Now I have nothing to do but to praiſe: every breath ſhall be praiſe. I have juſt conquered death. O Jeſus, thou didſt bring me into the world, and haſt preſerved me in the world, and haſt brought me thro' the world! I ſaid, "He has brought you ſafe to Jordan's bank." She ſaid, "O yes, he has, O that I may go full ſail into port! I have a bleſſed pilot." This day many perſons came to ſee her. One ſaid, "Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord!" She replied, "So ſaith the Spirit: for they reſt from their labours." A convulſion followed, after which ſhe was light-headed: unleſs any one ſpoke to her of the Lord Jeſus. Then for a time, her reaſon returned. She did not ſleep the whole night, and her breath was almoſt gone: yet ſhe ſaid, "I do not feel much pain." Thurſday 10. Early in the morning ſhe was again compoſed, and ſaid, "I ſhall ſoon be with him. I ſhall drink of the river that makes glad the city of God. He has brought me out the white linen and put it upon me. I ſee Jeſus! I ſee Jeſus! He is worth more than all I have below." This day ſhe often dozed; but as ſoon as awake, ſaid, "O precious Jeſus!" Thus ſhe ſpent the day, and moſt part of the night, ſaying, "I have often been weary of ſpeaking of him: but now I can ſpeak of him for ever."

17. Friday 11. She knew all that came to ſee her, and ſpoke to ſeveral of them. About ten her daughter aſked her bleſſing. She kiſſed her,

and ſaid, " The Lord bleſs you and give you grace to be dutiful." Soon after one came, that was very dear to her. She would have ſpoke to her; but at firſt was not able. But after a ſhort time ſhe ſaid, " Her voice has been pleaſant to me. Farewell. I ſhall ſoon be in heaven;" Theſe were the laſt words I could underſtand; but ſhe was ſenſible to the laſt. About twenty minutes before one, ſhe fell aſleep.

" Thus may we all our parting breath
Into the Saviour's hands reſign!
O Jeſus let me die her death,
And let her latter end be mine!"

A ſhort

A ſhort ACCOUNT of

ANN ROGERS.

By JOHN JOHNSON.

Saturday, *April* 8, 1769.

I Went to ſee *Ann Rogers*, a young woman who had been for ſeveral years a member of the ſociety in *Dublin*. Two or three years ago ſhe believed God had ſaved her from all ſin, and ever ſince behaved in the moſt exemplary manner. "My body, ſhe ſaid, is exceeding weak: but Chriſt is precious to my ſoul, and has not ſuffered me in all my weakneſs and pain to feel one murmuring thought."

I enquired. how the work of God began in her ſoul? She ſaid, "*May* was ſix years I came to live with Mrs. *Riggs*, where *Mary Feris* lived; at which time I had no notion of real, heart religion. But her behaviour ſtruck me, and not long after, I went with her on Sunday morning

to the *New-Room*. From that time I ſaw myſelf a vile, helpleſs ſinner, of which I was convinced more and more; yet with ſtrong hope, expecting deliverance under every ſermon I heard, and in every meeting for prayer. But in about two months my hope grew weak, and I concluded God did not hear my prayers. Then deep ſorrow ſeized my heart, till one night going to bed, I cried earneſtly for mercy, and begged that if there were any for me, I might wake time enough to attend the morning preaching. I awoke at the time. In that moment I was enabled to believe, that God loved me. I rejoiced unſpeakably; I was happy in his love, and have never ſince doubted of his favour.

"This joy continued for ſome months, but with an earneſt hope of ſeeing greater things than theſe: thoſe words being frequently in my mouth, and almoſt continually in my mind,

Wreſtling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know!

And one day as I was ſitting in my room, the power of God came mightily upon me, and thoſe words were applied to my heart, in a manner I cannot expreſs, *Thou art all fair, my love: there is no ſpot in thee.* It is impoſſible to tell how my ſoul was filled with love: ſurely it was angel's food! I was called down to dinner, but could eat nothing: On this one ſaid, "*Nancy*, have you

you got *the ſecond bleſſing?*" I did not know how to anſwer to this, or what name to call it by. But I ſaid, I never was ſo happy in all my life: I am quite filled with love. And from that time I have continued, except ſome weeks in the beginning of laſt year, (when I was hurt by diſputing about a third perſon) *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceaſing,* and *in every thing giving thanks.* My particular prayer was, that God would give me all the grace which he had promiſed in his word."

From the time that this diſorder began, it was her conſtant prayer, " Lord, if I recover, let it be to thy glory; if not, thy will be done! Only do not take me hence, till thou haſt finiſhed thy work in my ſoul." This, ſhe added, " is my whole deſire. And I muſt bear this teſtimony, the Lord Jeſus hath always, on his part, been faithful and gracious to me. And though, on my part, I have been much wanting, yet he hath borne with me and mightily bleſſed my ſoul."

Her mother told me, " Yeſterday I thought ſhe was expiring; ſhe did not appear like herſelf; till ſhe broke out, " The goodneſs of God has been ſo manifeſted to my ſoul, that I could not ſpeak. Thoſe words were ſpoke to my heart, *I have loved thee with an everlaſting love.* And, *Thou ſhalt be mine, in that day, when I make up my jewels.* O! I have ſweet foretaſtes of heaven! I would gladly go to him my ſoul loves."

Sunday 9. I ſaw her again. She was then ſo

weak, ſhe could hardly ſpeak to be heard. But after I had ſpoke a few words of the love of Jeſus, ſhe found ſtrength and ſaid, "The firſt Sunday in February laſt, at the ſacrament, I did indeed eat his fleſh and drink his blood. The glory of the Lord ſhone into my ſoul, and I felt ſo much of his love, it was almoſt more than my feeble body could bear: it was a real foretaſte of heaven." She ſaid, "Three nights ago I was in exquiſite pain, ſuch as I never felt before: but every pain was a ſpring to my ſoul, to lift me up to heaven. I could thank him for all, and methought I would not recover for the whole world. Indeed the love of Jeſus ſo raviſhes my ſoul that I would not have on pain leſs than he pleaſes." Then correcting herſelf ſhe ſaid, "Pain! It cannot be called pain: his preſence makes it heaven to me!" One ſaid, "He has brought you through the wilderneſs, within ſight of the good land." She ſaid, O yes! O yes! He has; and he will be with me through the valley; this I cannot doubt." I then took my leave and ſaw her no more. What follows, I had from thoſe that attended her.

She exhorted all that came, particularly thoſe that ſat up with her, to redeem the time. To one ſhe ſaid, "O *Sally*, turn to God with your whole heart: you have but little time:" and to them all, "Make haſte! Get ready! You have no time to ſpare."

Afterward Satan was permitted to thruſt ſore at her.

her. Waking out of sleep, she began to reproach herself, for sleeping, saying, "If I had not slept, it would not have been thus with me. I cannot doubt of the favour of my Lord: neither can I fear his casting me into hell. But I am tempted to think, I shall have sore distress at the hour of death." This lasted some hours; but in the evening she said, "Christ is come, and Satan is gone." Nor was he suffered to trouble her any more. All that followed was peace and love.

Yet she was exceedingly concerned for her mother, lest she should not freely give her up to God. Her mother was asked, Whether she could or no? She answered, "Since it is the will of God to take her, I do give her up freely." And this reply gave her entire satisfaction.

The day before she died, the thought of being for ever with the Lord, was transporting to her soul. But she said to her mother, "I charge you when I am dead, let none of the wicked come into the room. Let it be filled with those that fear God; and while they are singing the praises of God below, I shall be singing them above."

About three in the morning she said earnestly, "O precious Christ! O precious Christ!" These were her last words: but she still expressed her happiness, sometimes by lifting her eyes towards heaven, and sometimes by looking pleasantly on those about her, till her sight failed, and her spirit went up to God.

Some years before she died, she now and then

wrote down a little of her experience. I believe these accounts, imperfect as they are, will be acceptable to the pious reader.

" April 10, 1764. The Lord has blessed me in a wonderful manner. Glory and praise to his great name! O that thy praise may dwell on my heart! O my Lord, enable the unworthiest of thy servants, to give thee thanks for thy unspeakable love! O that I could invite all to taste and see how good thou art, how full of truth and grace! O thou unexhausted fountain of love, enable me every moment to cast myself upon thee, and to receive out of thy *fulness grace for grace.*

I continued thus for five days, yet with many wanderings from my God: but I had this cry in my heart, Dear Lord, deliver me from a heart so prone to wander from thee!

Tuesday, May 22. As I was at my work, these words came to my heart with power, *I will take away the heart of stone, and will give thee an heart of flesh.* I was lost in wonder, yet found unbelief till those words were spoke to my heart, *Ye are clean through the word I have spoken.* I found a change in myself from that moment, and could say, I love thee with every faculty of my soul. Truly I can say, that God is love! And that he delights to do his needy creatures good.

September 14, 1765. I had a greater desire than usual to retire from the world: yea even from the converse of the holiest Christians, to wait upon God alone. I wanted to have a closer

acquaintance

acquaintance with the bleſſed Jeſus. Happy he that can go to God at any time, praying to him with faith and fervency. My God, all my ſoul cries aloud for more of thy light and love! O my Lord, manifeſt thyſelf in me more fully! None living has greater cauſe to love and ſerve thee.

Sunday 15. The ſermon at church cauſed ſome heavineſs; but I was refreſhed at the Lord's table. O Jeſus, aſſiſt me to look through every means, to thee, the fountain of life and love!

Monday 16. The ſermon was as marrow and fatneſs to my ſoul. I did truly *wait upon* God. I have been happy this whole day: Jeſus has been precious to me. I found him in every means of grace: he is near me in every time of need. I ſee much of my helpleſſneſs and weakneſs.

Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Tueſday 17. I have found this day, moſt comfortable communion with Jeſus, and free acceſs to the throne of grace. Yet I have been greatly tempted: but the Lord ſtood by me, and made a way for me to eſcape. I want to be all attention to his voice, and to be more dead to the things of time and ſenſe: let me have no will, O Jeſus, but thine! Let thy will be done in me and by me!

Wedneſday 18. This morning I was ſo ſtupid I could hardly pray: but thou art not extreme

to

to mark what is amiſs. All the day I was much hurried in buſineſs, and could not attend the public means of grace. But in the evening he made up the want, giving me free acceſs to him in prayer: and therein he graciouſly refreſhed my poor drooping ſoul. O my God, let the fire of thy love burn up whatever is not agreeable to thee. And let ſuch a ſenſe of thy free, unmerited love reſt on me, as may keep me ever low at thy bleeding feet!

Thurſday 19. This whole day, though much employed in my buſineſs, the Lord ſtood by me, and enabled me to look to him. In the evening he made a way for me to hear his word, and I found it good to wait upon him. He does fulfil his word, *They that wait upon the Lord, ſhall renew their ſtrength. They ſhall run and not be weary; ſhall walk and not faint.*

I daily ſee my unprofitableneſs. My ſhortcomings are many; yet he freely pardons: I ſee that my ſtrength is perfect weakneſs; that if Jeſus left me a moment, I ſhould fall. And we cannot be any otherwiſe ſaved, than by a conſtant looking to him. O Jeſus keep my eye fixed on thee, till I am looked into all thy lovely likeneſs.

Friday 20. I found much of the goodneſs of the Lord. I want to love him more, that I may ſerve him better. I do not love or praiſe him as I would: but he does *not deſpiſe the day of ſmall things.*

I find

I find he visits me with his love in a particular manner, before any particular trial. A trial I met with this evening caused heaviness for a time: but I was comforted under the sermon. How numberless are thy thoughts of love to my soul! They are more than the sands on the sea shore.

Saturday 21. I found my mind frequently wandering. O thou friend of sinners,

Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love!

I was variously tempted, and I reasoned with the temptation, which increased it more and more, till Jesus shewed me, it was from an enemy, and graciously delivered me. O teach me wisdom to know his devices, and pardon my unfaithfulness! Strengthen my faith, confirm my hope, and perfect me in love.

Sunday 12. This has been a sabbath of rest to my soul. Glory be to thy great and glorious name, O thou fountain of love! What shall I do to praise thee for thy free grace to the most unfaithful of thy children? O what cause have I to esteem thy word? It is *sweeter than honey or the honey-comb*. I am athirst for all that Christ has purchased for me. I long for more of his meek and lowly mind! The mind that beareth all things: O that every thought may continually rise to thee!

Monday

Monday 23. This has been an happy day to me, the moſt unworthy of thy children. I have had a conſtant ſenſe of the preſence of my Beloved, comforting and refreſhing my ſoul. *I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.* Yet I ſee that my wants are many, and that there are heights and depths to be attained here. I am truly aſhamed before God of my own unprofitableneſs. Yet he graciouſly paſſes by all my follies, without even upbraiding me. Yea, he applies with power that comfortable promiſe, *I will betroth thee unto me in righteouſneſs, and in judgment, and in lovingkindneſs, and faithfulneſs; and thou ſhalt know the Lord.* I know thee; but I long to know thee more, O thou that art altogether lovely!

Inſatiate to this ſpring I fly:
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
Ah! who againſt ſuch charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough!

Tueſday 24. I was cloſely aſſaulted by the enemy. He purſueth hard after me: but when he *cometh in like a flood, Jeſus lifts up a ſtandard againſt him.* He brought many heavy accuſations againſt me. I durſt not ſtay to reaſon with him for a moment. But I flew to Jeſus as for my life, and cried to him to deliver me. And he did ſo, by applying that promiſe to my heart,

My

My grace is ſufficient for thee. I find it is, even for me. The name of Jeſus is a ſtrong tower, where the righteous may always reſort. I ſpent great part of this day in viſiting the ſick, and found it a bleſſing to me. How much *better is it, to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of feaſting!* How glad ſhould I be of more time to ſpend among thy afflicted followers? But in this, as in every thing beſide, *not mine will, but thine be done.*

Thurſday 26. I find this day, thy love is better than life. Thy ſtrength is made perfect in my weakneſs. I long to be wholly given up to thee. I viſited one of our ſick friends, and my ſoul was refreſhed with her. To enjoy thy preſence on a ſick bed, is unſpeakable happineſs. Then nothing will do, but a real intereſt in a crucified Redeemer. It is only the bleſſed experience of this, which then gives true peace, freedom from all anxious care, and reſignation in pain. Our anchor is caſt within the veil: our hope is full of immortality. O glorious hope of perfect bliſs! And am I a partaker of this hope?

O wondrous grace! O boundleſs love!

Friday 27. O Jeſus, what haſt thou done for me? What ſhall I ſay unto thee? This I can ſay, that I love thee: and let it be with every faculty of my ſoul! I do find *thy name as ointment poured forth.* Thou *leadeſt me in green paſtures, by the ſtill waters of comfort.*

When

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever thankful ſoul, O Lord,
Thy goodneſs ſhall adore.

Saturday 28. This morning I had a trial, but Jeſus ſtood by me, and kept my mind in peace. Viſiting a friend in the evening, I was much comforted. God was with us of a truth. O how full of love are thy thoughts towards me! All things ſhall work together for my good.

Monday 30. This has been one of my beſt days. I think I never had before ſuch a ſenſe of the goodneſs of God to me, and my entire dependence on him. My ſoul has been upon the ſtretch for all the fruit of the Spirit. I never ſaw ſuch beauty in humility, and felt ſuch a deſire after it.

The following paper bears no date.

" O Jeſus, how richly haſt thou provided for me here? Thou giveſt me a large earneſt of my inheritance. Thou doſt give me to drink of that fountain of living water. O that it may be in me as *a well of water, ſpringing up into everlaſting life!* O thou faireſt among ten thouſand, what haſt thou done for ſuch a worm as me! Thou haſt purchaſed for me holineſs and heaven: yea, heaven upon earth. Thou doſt

doſt give thyſelf to me, and with thyſelf all things. Be aſtoniſhed, O my ſoul, at the large inheritance which thy Jeſus has purchaſed for thee! Behold the rivers of pleaſure that flow at his right-hand! And there thou ſhalt behold his face without a veil:

"Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in!"

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of the Death of

MARY LANGSON,

Of *Taxall*, in CHESHIRE,

Who died *January* the 29th, 1769.

WHEN *Mary Langſon* was about fourteen years of age, it pleaſed God to awaken her by the preaching of the goſpel; and ſoon after ſhe received a clear ſenſe of his pardoning love, in the enjoyment of which ſhe continued, though not exempted from thoſe trials and temptations which are common to believers.—From her firſt hearing the preaching, ſhe was diligent in the uſe of all the means of grace, whether private, or public: and though the preaching was ſeldom near, ſhe attended at every poſſible opportunity.

She was conſtant at meeting her claſs; and thoſe who were moſt acquainted with her, being of the ſame family, obſerved that ſhe always expreſſed the ſtate of her ſoul, juſt as it was, and manifeſted ſuch a ſpirit of ſincerity in all her deportment,

portment, as convinced them that she was an *Israelite indeed*, in whom was no guile.

Her step-mother being rendered incapable of managing the affairs of the house, the care of a young family in a great measure devolved on her, which, with the attendance needful for her helpless step-mother, necessarily brought considerable exercises and trials, to one of such tender years; yet being inwardly strengthened for the performance of these duties, she manifested as much tenderness towards her, as if she had been her own mother; (an example too rarely seen in such cases) and was enabled to go through her constantly-trying circumstances with unwearied patience. Although by these means she was deprived of providing for herself such sort of apparel, and conveniences as those of her age usually expect, and may innocently enjoy.

* Having been tried, and in some measure intangled in her affections, she was sensible of a decline in her spiritual consolations, but through the mercy of God, this lasted not long; for she rested not till she had recovered all she had lost; so that she was enabled to testify to a Christian friend, while she remained in health, "I find my "heart loose from every creature, and all created "good, and wholly fixed on God: this is the "desire of my soul.

"O that I might walk with God,
"Jesus my companion be;

"Lead

" Lead me to the bleſt abode,
" Thro' the fire, and thro' the ſea:
" Then I ſhall no more complain,
" Never at my lot repine,
" Welcome toil, or grief, or pain,
" All is well, if Chriſt is mine."

When the grace of God thus takes place in the heart, how little does every thing we ſuffer for his ſake appear! How empty is *all* the world calls *good* and *great*, to a ſoul filled with divine love!

From the following remarkable circumſtances, it ſeems as if ſhe had ſome apprehenſions of the near approach of death. She began to be more abundantly diligent in the uſe of every means of grace, for ſome weeks before her laſt ſickneſs. It was alſo obſerved that though ſhe had not been accuſtomed to pray at the claſs-meeting, yet being now exceedingly fervent in ſpirit, one evening at claſs, ſhe broke out into earneſt prayer; ſhe appeared to enjoy much freedom, and great nearneſs to God, and was deeply affected with a ſenſe of the *evil of ſin*, and her own *weakneſs*, which occaſioned her crying to God in ſuch expreſſions as theſe, " O Lord! Rather let me die, than live to offend, or ever ſin againſt thee!" Indeed the vehement importunity with which ſhe uttered theſe petitions made her brethren ſuſpect that ſomething more than common would happen;

pen; for the power of God was unuſually preſent.

Soon after (on the 14th of January, 1769) ſhe ſickened for the ſmall-pox. One then aſked her, how ſhe felt her ſoul: ſhe ſaid, "My evidence is clear, and life or death, the will of the Lord be done."

* During her illneſs, ſhe continued perfectly reſigned to the will of God. The Thurſday after ſickening, ſhe became blind, when one of the ſociety coming in, and diſcerning the diſtemper to to be dangerous, ſat down and wept. As ſoon as ſhe perceived it, ſhe ſaid, "*Dolly!* What are you doing? Are you weeping for me? Don't you know, that if God takes me away, it is from much evil that is in the world? I have often looked at your mother, and thought, O that I was but as near glory as her: (ſhe being about fourſcore) but now I think I am nearer glory than ſhe is, and ſhall be in poſſeſſion of it before her!"

When ſhe was aſked again how ſhe found herſelf, ſhe anſwered, "Glory is every moment open to my ſoul; there is nothing between me and eternal glory, but a few moments more of light affliction."

At night ſhe called for her father, and ſaid to him, Dear father, you have had many trials and difficulties in the world, and you have many more before you, but fear not, you are in the

way,

way, the *right* way; continue in it, and God will bring you thro' all."

On Saturday the 21ſt, about eleven at night, ſhe broke out in an extaſy of joyful praiſe; ſpeaking in the moſt delightful language for more than an hour together, concerning Jeſus and his kingdom. Some that were preſent on being aſked what ſhe then ſaid, anſwered, we heard words not poſſible for men to utter; and indeed but little of the converſation could be retained by any of them, they were ſo overwhelmed with a ſenſe of the preſence of God.

Once ſhe was obſerved to ſpeak in the following manner, "There is never a fiend left now: they are all baniſhed; Jeſus has conquered them all for me!" By which it ſeems, this was her triumph in the laſt combat ſhe had with Satan.

She then repeated and explained, in a moſt feeling and ſenſible manner, many paſſages of ſcripture, eſpecially Dan. vii. 9, 10. "I beheld till the thrones were caſt down, and the Ancient of Days did ſit, whoſe garment was white as ſnow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was as the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery ſtream iſſued and came forth from before him; thouſand thouſands miniſtered unto him, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſtood before him: the judgment was ſet, and the books were opened:" adding in the end, "O lovely Jeſus! Bleſſed Jeſus! Adorable Jeſus! Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! To God

in

in the higheſt! On earth peace; good-will towards men." Thus Chriſt's coming in the clouds to judgment, was to her infinitely deſirable, and ſo abundantly was her ſoul raviſhed with the *proſpect*, that ſhe could not forbear rejoicing with joy unſpeakable and full of glory.

* While in health, ſhe ſeemed at a loſs to conſent to the doom of the wicked, but now ſhe ſaid, "O how willing is Chriſt to ſave all that come to him? But they who will not come, ſhall be deſtroyed, and though I could not for a long time ſay *Amen* to the ſentence of *impenitent ſinners*, yet now I can, ſeeing how willing God is to ſave all who will accept of his offered mercy."

She likewiſe repeated Revelation xiv. 1, 2, 3, taking particular notice of thoſe words, an hundred and forty-four thouſand, in the firſt and and third verſes: and ſaid, "A goodly company! And I ſhall be *one*, and all that have died in the Lord, and all the preachers whom I have loved, (mentioning ſome of them by name) and I ſhall ſee them there; and all the *Methodiſts*, that are *ſuch indeed*: *they* ſhall be there." May we be *Iſraelites indeed*, who are ſo called, and not reſt in a name to live while we are dead.

She again cried out, O precious Jeſus! My Beloved is mine, and I am his! He is the *faireſt* of ten thouſand, yea *altogether lovely*. † O what

† Cant. v. 16. Theſe were the words ſhe choſe for the text of her funeral ſermon.

glory do I fee! And all for *me!* How does my ſoul burn with love to Jeſus, who has provided it for me! I wonder that *that* happineſs could have no higher title than heaven."

On Monday the 23d, ſhe called her father, and ſaid, "I am going." He aſked *where?* She anſwered "to heaven: adding, I am glad I do not leave *you*, in your ſins, but that you are brought into the right way. Only endure, and you will ſhortly follow me! Do not grieve for me; O reſign me." He cried, I am a wretch, I cannot reſign you;" to which ſhe anſwered, "*that* is nature, I was a wretch too, but God has ſet me at liberty; do you pray to him, and he will give you more grace." He complained I cannot pray, do you pray for me." She ſaid, my bowels yearn for you;" and then lay quiet a little interceding for him and the family; after which ſhe broke out, "Lord haſten thy work; do more now in my ſoul in a day, than thou waſt wont to do in many days. She then repeated Rev. xxii. 1. and ſaid, well may they be called rivers, for I ſee fountains upon fountains: O what rivers of pleaſure are there! How ſhall I ſwim in thoſe *oceans* of *love* to all eternity! I am overcome with love! Oh if I were looſe from this affliction how would I ſing!" And calling on thoſe who were preſent to ſing, ſhe gave out

"No need of the ſun in that day,
"Which never is followed by night,
"Where

" Where Jesus's beauties display,
" A pure, and a permanent light:
" The Lamb is their light and their sun,
" And lo! By reflection thy shine,
" With Jesus ineffably one,
" And bright in effulgence divine."

To her father she said, " You have many difficulties in the world, and I will tell you what you must do; give your hands to the world, and your heart to God, and he will make a way for you."

* She seemed to enjoy a happy foresight of the prosperity of the work of God, when she said, " You may look for glorious times to come; for the Lord has a great work to do on earth, before the church militant can join the church triumphant." To some of the society who were present, she said, " God has given you the *means* of *grace*, in order to bring you safe to glory; see that you do not slight or neglect any of them; use them constantly, and look through them all to Jesus."

Afterwards one asked, how she was? She answered, " Weak in body, but happy in soul: I long to be gone to heaven." Being told, you must be resigned, she answered, " I am resigned, but would rather be with Jesus."

Some who desired to serve the Lord, but were not heartily in earnest, came to see her. One of

theſe, ſhe had invited ſome time before to the claſs-meeting; and he had almoſt promiſed to come, but neglected. She ſaid to him, "I thought you would have been at the meeting as you propoſed; O how was my ſoul grieved that you did not come! Will you come the next time? The *Methodiſt* way is the *right* way. It was a happy turn that I was ever brought into it. O how good have I found it to *remember my Creator in the days of my youth.* Now I can ſay, though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil, for the Lord is with me, his rod and ſtaff ſhall comfort me." She then encouraged them heartily to join with the people of God, and not to fear any reproach they might ſuffer on that account.

When the diſorder was at the height, ſhe ſaid, "Some may think that I have a *heavy* affliction. *No:* I have none that I can ſpare. Oh! it's a *happy* affliction!"

* "Others, ſaid ſhe, may ſay of me, ſhe was once *blooming*; how is ſhe *altered* now? But I was never ſo *beautiful* in all my life; I am as the King's daughter, all-glorious within: and my raiment is of wrought gold."

A little before her departure, being viſited by the wife of one of the leaders, ſhe aſked how her huſband did? Adding, "He has had many ſtruggles to help me forward in the ways of the Lord; but now he may rejoice in all his labours, for

for I am going ſafe to glory, and hope to meet him there. O little children! Love one another." She alſo adviſed her, as ſhe had many children, to take care what example ſhe ſet before them.

Afterwards one aſked whether ſhe thought her preſent ſickneſs would end in death, ſhe anſwered, "I cannot tell; but the will of the Lord be done. Only this I know, that neither life nor death ſhall ſeparate me from the love of Jeſus, who has redeemed me from the foundation of the world. If I die, as ſoon as you ſee me depart, ſing *Happy ſoul, thy days are ended:* and when you carry me to the grave, ſing the ſame hymn. When you return let not your hearts be filled with grief, but praiſe God, as I ſhall be rejoicing with him in glory."

An HYMN,

Sung at the time of her departure.

1. HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus go.
Hallelujah, Amen.

2. Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo the Saviour ſtands above,
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3. Struggle through thy lateſt paſſion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt,
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To thine everlaſting reſt.

4. For the joy he ſets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

A ſhort

A short ACCOUNT of the DEATH of Mrs. HANNAH RICHARDSON.

By Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

Briſtol, *Saturday*, *April* 19, 1741.

I Was haſtily called to one that was a dying. It was *Hannah Richardſon*, a young woman who had long been a ſincere mourner for Chriſt, a true *Hannah*, a woman of a ſorrowful ſpirit. God had awakened and drawn her from her infancy, and ſhe heartily laboured to eſtabliſh her own righteouſneſs, ſeeking acceptance (as we did all) *not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law.*

When it pleaſed God to ſend the goſpel of his free grace to this city, ſhe gladly parted with her own righteouſneſs, and ſubmitted herſelf to the righteouſneſs of God. She was a conſtant hearer of his word, but received no benefit by it; no

comfort, no peace, no life. Yet she continued waiting for several months, till it pleased our Lord, who sends by whom he will send, to make use of my ministry, and apply the word of reconciliation to her soul. Jesus gave her a token for good, and she went home to her house justified. She rejoiced in God her Saviour, and testified, *In him I have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of my sins.*

But alas! the Comforter was *as a guest that tarrieth but a day.* She soon gave place to the reasoning devil, who asked, *How can these things be?* "How can you be justified, so vile a sinner as you? You only deceive yourself! Hath God for Christ's sake forgiven you? He hath not surely forgiven you." By such suggestions he well-nigh tore away her shield. All the comfort of her faith, all her peace and joy in believing he did entirely spoil her of; God so permitting it, to try her, and prove her, and shew her what was in her heart, that he might do her good in her latter end. He hid his face from her, and she was troubled. "I will allure her, said God, and bring her into the wilderness." Here she long wandered out of the way, in a barren and dry land, where no water was. The poor and needy sought water, and there was none, and her tongue failed for thirst. She could truly say with the prophet, *Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.* Or, with the patient man, *Behold, I go forward, but he is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive*

perceive him; *on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him*; *he hideth himſelf on the right hand, but I cannot ſee him.* Her bones were ſmitten aſunder, as with a ſword, while the enemy ſaid unto her, "Where is now thy God? Where is now thy faith? Thou art a thouſand times worſe than ever."

So indeed ſhe ſeemed to herſelf, when ſin *appeared* ſin. God was now uncovering her heart, and convincing her of original ſin. The *old man of ſin* was more and more revealed, till at laſt ſhe ſaw that her *inward parts were very wickedneſs, and every imagination of the thoughts of her heart only evil continually.* She had no power to pray or praiſe, or ſo much as to think one good thought, and at the ſame time was ſo torn and diſtracted with doubts and fears, that ſhe diſpaired even of life. That thought above all tormented her, "What would become of me, if I ſhould die in this darkneſs? Without holineſs no one ſhall ſee the Lord." At other times ſhe had a faint perſuaſion, that God would finiſh his work before he called her hence.

She durſt not ſay ſhe had faith, or any intereſt in Chriſt; and yet ſhe could not give it up. One little ſpark of hope lay as at the very bottom of her heart; which was Chriſt's hold of her. He would not quit his purchaſe, or let her go.

Even this was often a great trouble to her, that ſhe could not fear death as formerly; (for this fear was entirely caſt out the firſt moment ſhe

was ſenſible of her juſtification). And, whenever ſhe had the leaſt comfort or peace, ſhe ſtarted back as it were, and feared to take hold of it, ſuſpecting that ſhe was falling aſleep again, and reſting without Chriſt. She went mourning all the day long, and refuſed to be comforted, becauſe he was not.

For many days and months ſhe walked on ſtill in darkneſs, and had no light, but *againſt hope believed in hope*; ſtaggering oftentimes, but not falling through unbelief. Still ſhe bore up under her continual fears of being a caſtaway. She waited in a conſtant uſe of all the means of grace; never miſſed the communion, or hearing the word, though all was torment to her, for ſhe never found benefit; nothing ſhe ſaid, affected her, there was none ſo wicked as her. I am a witneſs to her many complaints and wailings. Yet ſhe perſiſted with a glorious obſtinacy; and *followed on to know the Lord, walking in all his commandments and ordinances blameleſs*. She went on ſteadily in the way of her duty, never intermitting it on account of her inward conflicts. Not ſlothful in buſineſs, but working almoſt continually with her own hands. Moſt ſtrict was ſhe, and unblameable in all her relative duties, and in all manner of converſation. Thoſe who lived with her never heard a light and trifling word come out of her mouth. She did not ſit *ſtill*, till ſhe ſhould be pure in heart, but redeemed the time, and bought up every opportunity

nity of doing good. To do good ſhe never forgot, but ſpoke to all, and warned all, both children and grown perſons, as God delivered them into her hands. She was exceeding tender-hearted towards the ſick, whether in body or ſoul. She could not *rejoice with thoſe that rejoiced*, but ſhe *wept with thoſe that wept*, and encouraged them to wait upon God, to be never weary of well-doing; for in the end ſaid ſhe, they would reap, if they fainted not.

* See here a pattern of true mourning! A ſpectacle for men and angels! A ſoul ſtanding up under the intolerable weight of original ſin! Troubled on every ſide! perplexed, but not in deſpair; perſecuted by ſin, the world, and the devil, but not forſaken; caſt out, but not deſtroyed; walking on as evenly under that load of darkneſs, as if ſhe had been in the broad light of God's countenance. Whoſoever thou art that ſeekeſt Chriſt ſorrowing, *go thou and do likewiſe.*

In this agony ſhe continued, till it pleaſed God to viſit her with her laſt ſickneſs. For the two or three firſt days, ſhe could not be kept from the word, but was then conſtrained to take her bed. She had early notice of her departure, and told one of her band, that ſhe ſhould not recover. She had expreſs'd great earneſtneſs to ſee me, but I could not viſit her 'till the Thurſday following. I then found her, to her own ſenſe and feeling, in utter deſpair. " I am dying (ſhe

cried) without pardon, without a Saviour, without hope." I prayed in full assurance of faith, and then testified the love of Christ to her, a lost sinner; declaring to her, that he would fulfil in her the work of faith with power. "My soul for your's (I told her) if you depart hence, before your eyes have seen his salvation. Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. The word of our God shall stand for ever. Every one that seeketh findeth. Fear not; behold, he comes quickly; and one moment of his presence will make you abundant amends for all the pain of absence."

When I was gone, her sufferings rather increased, and Satan raged the more. The lyon tore her as it were to pieces: she was in a mighty conflict, and said, "None knows what I have gone thro' in this sickness; my enemy triumphs over me; it is the hour of darkness, it is more than I am able to bear."

* *The captive exile hasteneth that she may be loosed, and that she should not die in the pit, nor that her bread should fail.* This trial was the severest of all. "The devil (she said) besets me sorely, I shall never hold out; I shall perish at last; but if I am lost I am content: tho' I go down to hell, let but Christ be with me, and I will go without fear." Here she seemed to be strengthened to endure a greater agony. She drank of the cup which her Lord drank of, and had fellowship in those sufferings, which made him.

him cry out, *My* God *my* God, *why haſt thou forſaken me!* To compleat her diſtreſs, the angel of death came! She was ſtruck and changed on a ſudden (ſo that one came and told me ſhe was juſt a dying.) Then as man would judge, ſhe let go her hold of God: And *the ſpirit failed before him, and the ſoul which he had made.*

* In this dreadful moment, this laſt extremity, this deepeſt diſtreſs the human ſoul is capable of —the Comforter came. The Lord, her Saviour, came ſuddenly to his temple, *as lightening ſhineth from one end of the heaven unto the other, ſo was the coming of the Son of man.* He took away the veil from her heart, and revealed himſelf in her, in a manner the world knoweth not of. She broke out, "Now I know that Chriſt died for me. He has waſhed me from all my ſins in his precious blood. I have eternal life abiding in me."

Soon after ſhe had found redemption, I called, and ſaw her in full triumph of faith. O how unlike what ſhe was at my laſt viſit! *If any man is in Chriſt he is a new creature.* This is the work which deſpiſers *will not believe, tho' a man declare it unto them.* Her ſoul was paſſed from death unto life, an hidden, everlaſting life in God. After we had prayed ſhe witneſſed a good confeſſion. "I believe in Jeſus Chriſt; I feel the truth of theſe words of his, *I am the reſurrection and the life.* I have no fear, no doubt, no

trouble.

trouble. Your words were true: he has fulfilled his promise."

* Never did I behold a soul so filled. Some of her words were, "Now indeed he has made me amends for my waiting. Blessed be God, all my pain is nothing; I have suffered nothing. I smell the sweet odour of the name of Jesus. His smell is as the smell of *Lebanon*. Who is so sweet as my Beloved? My Beloved is mine, and I am his. I love Jesus Christ with all my heart. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ. But his will be done. I have no will of my own." While I was saying, "Doubt not, but be persuaded that neither life nor death, nor things present nor things—" She interrupted me with "No, no, I cannot doubt, altho' I did doubt. I cannot fear now; perfect love hath cast out fear. I have full redemption in the blood of Jesus."

* To her sisters she had said before I came, "Heaven is open! I see Jesus Christ with all his angels and saints in white. And I am joined to them. I shall never be parted more. I see what I cannot utter or express! Cannot you see Jesus Christ? There, there he stands, ready to receive you all. O do not doubt of the love of Jesus: look on me! If he has taken me into his bosom, who needs despair? Fear not, fear not. He is loving unto every man: *I believe Christ died for all.*"

Her first words, after I left her, were, "Liberty liberty! This is the glorious liberty of the sons of God!

God! I know it, I see it, I feel it. Believe, believe there is such a liberty! And he will give it you. *I am sanctified wholly, spirit, soul and body.*"

She had spent the time, while I was absent, in fervent prayer; and at my third visit told me, "I have whatsoever I ask. I have asked life for my mother and sisters, and have obtained it." I took the opportunity, and put her upon praying for the peace of *Jerusalem*, for union, and for the preachers of reprobation, that God might open their eyes; for my brother, and for the lambs of this fold, that they might not be turned out of the way.

The fourth time I came to see her, they told me she had been in a great conflict; oftentimes repeating, "I will wrestle with thee for a blessing, I will not let thee go unless thou bless him. Bless that soul! Give him the thing I ask." At last, she said, "Now I am more than conqueror. I have the petitions I ask. Not one is unanswered."

To me, she said, "I have power with God, and with man, and have prevailed."

From expounding at the *Malt-room*, I returned the last time, and found her ready for the Bridegroom. Her every word was full of power, and life, and love. It was the Spirit of her Father which spoke in her. She had been wrestling again, and making intercession for the saints, and all mankind; particularly our own church and nation.

nation. Some of her words were, " Thy judgments are abroad in the earth; O that the inhabitants of this land may learn righteoufnefs! Grant me, fweet Jefus, that they may repent and live." She prayed fervently for the fociety, that they might abide in the word, keep clofe together, and be all of one heart and mind. There is a curfe upon them, (faid fhe) a curfe of unthankfulnefs; but I have prayed my dear Lord to remove it, and he will remove it."

When one of her fifters came to fee her, who was deeply mourning for Chrift, fhe laboured much to comfort her, bad her look at her, fo miferable and hopelefs an unbeliever lately; and affured her the Comforter fhould quickly come. At the fight of her fifter's tears, O how fweetly did fhe lament over her! I never faw fuch fympathy! The fpirit in her mourned like a turtledove, and made interceffion with groanings that cannot be uttered.

* All the time of her ficknefs, fhe never once complained, or fhewed the leaft fenfibility of pain, or that fhe had any body at all. When one afked her if fhe did not feel her pains, being then in ftrong convulfions, fhe anfwered, " My pain is great, but I do not feel it. It does not trouble me. I chufe it rather than eafe; for my Lord chufes it. Pain or eafe, life or death, 'tis all one. The Spirit beareth witnefs with my fpirit, that I am a child of God: I have the earneft

earneſt of mine inheritance in my heart. I have no will. I am made perfect in love."

I aſked, whether that peace which ſhe taſted above a year ago, was the ſame ſhe now enjoyed? She anſwered, "It was of the ſame kind, in the loweſt or firſt degree. It ſurely was juſtification."

After I went, ſhe ſaid, "This day ſhall I be with him in paradiſe. Within four and twenty hours I ſhall be with my Beloved."

* She continued all night in the labour of love, making powerful ſupplication for all men. About three on Sunday morning ſhe ſaid, "It is finiſhed." All ſuffering even for others ceaſed from that moment, and ſhe began the new ſong, which ſhall never end. Her whole employment now was the ſame with theirs, to whom ſhe was come, the innumerable company of angels, the church of the firſt-born. She ſang to the harpers harps, without any intermiſſion, till two in the afternoon; even while they were giving her cordials, ſhe ſang. Her hope was full of immortality, her looks of heaven, till with ſmiles of triumph ſhe reſigned her ſpirit into the hands of her dear Redeemer. Death wanted all its pomp and circumſtances of horror. She went away without an agony, or ſigh, or groan. She only reſted; and ſweetly fell aſleep in the arms of Jeſus.

A LETEER

A LETTER to the

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY.

By a GENTLEWOMAN.

Laton-Stone, Nov. 8, 1764.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Have never yet had an opportunity of fully laying before you, the reaſons of my coming to reſide at this place, and the nature of my employment here, which I will now take the liberty to do.

During my former abode among this people, they were often laid on my mind in prayer, and I was often greatly comforted, by an hope, that they would one day hear and receive the goſpel.

Removing from theſe parts in February, 1761, thoſe thoughts were taken from me, for a ſeaſon: but after a year and an half, being providentially called.

called to return hither, the ſame thoughts returned into my mind. Yet I could not eaſily conſent to leave *London*, till I had, with my friend, laid it before the Lord; being fully perſuaded, that if it was of God, he would make plain paths for our feet.

Soon after, many outward providences confirmed us, in our belief, that it was God's appointment. His Spirit alſo ſhone clearer upon our ſouls, and convinced us, it was a croſs which he called us to take up. One day in particular, when my friend and I were laying it before him in prayer, he condeſcended to aſſure her, that he would *not ſend us a warfare at our own charges.* I thought, *let not my Lord be angry, and I will aſk* yet one ſign more. This was the ſettling of an affair, which ſeemed to man impoſſible. And it was ſettled within a few days. O God, who can ſtay thy hand?

But no ſooner was my deſign mentioned to others, than it was vehemently oppoſed, one in particular charged me not to go, ſaying, "It was all a ſcheme of the devil." Either that night, or the next, I dreamed I was at *Laton-Stone*, and a great number of all ſorts of people about me. I was preſt in ſpirit to ſpeak to them; but being pained at the appearance of many gay ones among them, I ſaid, in the anguiſh of my ſoul, "Lord, what do I here among this people?" Immediately I thought Jeſus came down, and ſtood juſt before me. The brightneſs of his preſence

fence fo overcame me, that there was no ſtrength left in me. He ſaid, "I will ſend you to a people, that are not a people; and I will go with you: bring them unto me. I will lay my hand upon them, and heal them: fear not; only believe." He then diſappeared, leaving me quite penetrated with his prefence and his words. After having wept ſome time, I thought I told the people what the Lord had ſaid. About half ſeemed ſerious and attentive, and deſirous of being ſeparated from the reſt. I thought I was to find them a place to meet in: in order to which, I was obliged to walk over a floor no thicker than a wafer: however, I went over, and not a ſplinter gave way under my feet. Soon after I awoke with theſe words, "The mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it."

Our fears were now removed, and on March 24, 1763, we came to this houſe, in obedience to what we believed the will of our heavenly Father. We came, truſting in him; and, bleſſed be God, we have not truſted him in vain.

From the firſt hour we found his preſence with us, but did not ſee, for what end we were come. We therefore *ſtood ſtill to ſee* his *ſalvation*. Mean time we determined, to live by rule in every thing: and in order to ſupply the want of the public means, from which we were in great meaſure cut off, we agreed to ſpend an hour every evening, part in reading to the family, and part in private prayers. The firſt book we

we read was, "The Rebuke to Backſliders, and Spur to Loiterers." And glory be to God, our meeting has hitherto never been in vain.

In about a week, a poor woman whom I had formerly talked with, coming to aſk charity, deſired to know, if ſhe might not come when we went to prayers? I told her, ſhe might at ſeven in the evening. She did ſo, as did two or three more ſoon after. We then appointed them to come on Thurſday nights. In a little time they were increaſed to above twenty. We now thought it beſt, to talk with them, and that as cloſely as we could. Some were quickly offended and came no more. Some appeared convinced of ſin. Theſe we deſired to come to us on Tueſday nights; and the ſecond time we met, two of them found peace with God.

A little before this, we judged the time was come to have public preaching here. This was a cloſe trial to *me*, ſuch as few can conceive, unleſs they have been in the ſame ſituation. But I knew, whoſoever would not *forſake all*, could not be Chriſt's diſciple: ſeeing he had ſaid, *If any man love father or mother more than me, he is not worthy of me.*

We then applied to you, and the next Sunday, May the 25th, Mr. *Murlin* preached the firſt ſermon. This continued every other Sunday, though not without conſiderable oppoſition. In November, Mr. *Morgan* received twenty-five into the ſociety, and divided them into two claſſes.

claſſes. Ah Lord! How many of theſe ſhall I meet at the reſurrection of the juſt!

But a new ſcene now opened. The reaſons on which I proceeded, I will lay before you as plainly as I can.

From a child I have ever believed, God had appointed me for ſome work, in which I ſhould be much bleſt, if I was faithful; but that if I took up with any thing leſs than I was called to, I ſhould only be ſaved as by *fire*. Often have I panted after an outward, as well as inward conformity to the will of God; greatly deſiring to live as the firſt Chriſtians did, when *all that believed were of one ſoul*, and counted not *any of the things they poſſeſſed* their own. But I ſaw the time was not yet come; yet I could not but believe, in your day ſomething of this kind would be.

When I was about ſeventeen, the Lord was pleaſed to ſhew me, that I was not to build tabernacles here. For none of thoſe ways I had cut out for myſelf, were ſuch as he had appointed for me. I cannot better deſcribe what I then felt, than by tranſcribing part of a letter to a friend.

"The Lord has been merciful above all I can aſk or think. I found a greater bleſſing the laſt time I was in town than ever."—And within this day or two, I ſee much more clearly the way in which I ought to walk. The Lord ſeems to call me to much more activeneſs, ſo that I am ſometimes ready to cry out, "Lord, what wouldſt thou

thou have me to do?" Then I conſidered, Can I do more for the ſouls or bodies of thoſe about me? But this does not ſeem to be the thing. *What I am now led to wiſh for is, to ſerve thoſe that are in Chriſt, both with ſoul and body. And as ſoon as the Lord has prepared me for his work, and ſet me at liberty, my firm reſolution is, by the grace of God, to be wholly given up to the church. I plainly ſee, I have no more to do with the world, than to allow myſelf the bare neceſſaries of life. And tho' it has pleaſed God, I ſhould not have my living to work for, that is no reaſon my hands ſhould be idle. I would be as thoſe deſcribed by St. *Paul*, *to bring up children; to lodge ſtrangers*, to be ready for the meaneſt offices, to *relieve the afflicted*, to *viſit the fatherleſs and widows, and diligently follow after every good work.*"

Epping-Foreſt, May 23, 1757.

I have ever ſince found the ſame impreſſions on my ſoul; and when we came to this houſe, I felt a kind of reſt I did not before, as if I was where God would have me to be. But one day reflecting, that we had more room than we wanted, and thinking, whom I ſhould take in to fill it, it was ſtrongly impreſt upon my mind, *He that believeth ſhall not make haſte.* Not long after the thought of *bringing up children* returned. But I was afraid of making haſte; till it appeared from many reaſons to be the will of God, that

that we ſhould take in one that offered. Soon after we were indueed to reeeive another, and preſently two more. I now ſaw our family would be an inereaſing one; as we could not bring up even theſe children properly, without a perſon whoſe conſtant buſineſs it ſhould be, to teaeh them during the ſchool-hours. For it was impoſſible we ſhould do it long, while we were neeeſſarily employed in ſo many other things. I knew this, and the other expences which muſt attend the keeping ſix or ſeven children, would require an hundred a year more than I had. But I remembered again, *The Lord liveth, and truly hitherto he hath helped us.*

* Our method of edueating our children is this. As our deſign is to fit them for good ſervants, we endeavour as early as poſſible, to inure them to labour, early-riſing and cleanlineſs. We have now eleven. Three of theſe, (two of whom are eleven years old, the other, between nine and ten) riſe at four. One lights the nurſery fire, one mine, the other, that below. At five, the reſt of the family are called. And when the children are dreſt and have prayed, they go (in ſummer) in the garden from ſix till half an hour after, while the bigger ones make the beds, and clean the rooms. At half hour after ſix we all join in family prayer: at ſeven breakfaſt in the ſame room; two or three upon herb tea, the reſt upon milk-porridge. At eight, the bell rings for ſchool, where they continue till

till twelve; and then after a few minutes ſpent in prayer, come to us. In winter, this is their hour for exerciſe, inſtead of the morning and evening. In hot weather we read to them ſomething they are pleaſed with, or converſe familiarly, ſo as (without ſeeming to aim at it) to inſtil into them principles of religion, at the ſame time giving them ſome kind of employ, which is rather amuſement than buſineſs: yet it juſt takes off the appearance of idleneſs. For, from the very beginning, they have been carefully taught, never to do any thing, but what they could give God a reaſon for. On this account we never uſe the term *play*, nor ſuffer any to give them thoſe toys or play-things, which children are uſually brought up to ſpend half their time in. And when ſome of theſe were privately given, they threw them aſide without any bidding. Their recreation conſiſts in diverſifying their buſineſs, which is varied even during their ſchool-hours. Only the very little ones now and then run in the garden for a quarter of an hour; but ſtill with a degree of ſerioufneſs; and they know it is for their health. At one we dine: at two ſchool begins again, except on Saturdays. At five they return to us. About ſix they ſup. At half after ſix they begin to be waſhed, and at ſeven go to bed. Indeed in ſummer their ſupper is ſooner, ſo that they have an hour with us in the garden. During this time they are all employed, ſome in watering, others in fetching

the water, the reſt in pumping. And work of this kind they are all very ſond of.

* But O! what a want of wiſdom do I find! I ſee in them, what I cannot put in practice. I want the children not to be a moment from under the *eye* and the *attention* of ſome judicious perſon: ſo that if the eleven children were at work in ſo many different parts of the garden, one might obſerve, that each works *diligently*. For ſloth in temporals always produces ſloth in ſpirituals. Yet at the ſame time their work muſt not be a *taſk*; for then it would not anſwer the end. Again, their thoughts all the day long will naturally tend to evil. And their words will be trifling. To *bid* them do otherwiſe, avails no more, than to bid the blackamoor be white. And to reprove them continually, would be a burden greater than they could bear. But if by little ſtories and hints, their minds could be inſenſibly drawn to better ſubjects, they would be at length brought to remember, that God is preſent, and is looking upon them every moment. When I conſider this, and many more things, which I ſee afar off, but cannot bring to effect, I am conſtrained to ſay, "O Lord! I am not yet *throughly furniſhed to every good work*."

Some may ſay, "This is worldly wiſdom, not goſpel ſimplicity. And after all you cannot change their hearts." Moſt certain. But hath not God ſaid, *Train up a child in the way it*

ſhould

ſhould go? Now I think true ſimplicity is to obey God, and leave the conſequence to him.

And we have already reaſon to believe, our labour has not been in vain. There are dawnings of grace in moſt of the children. Some of them God was pleaſed to bleſs in a particular manner, on the 7th of laſt June. In the evening, *Betty L——*, about ten years old, was much concerned for one of the little ones, who had ſtole ſomething. When thy went to bed, not knowing they were overheard, thy began to converſe freely; and *Betty L—* ſaid, "Let us go to prayer for *H—*'s ſoul." She then prayed in a very affecting manner, afterwards one about eight, prayed, pleading much for *H—*, and added, "Lord, don't let us ſo think of her ſin, as to forget our own. Lord don't let us laugh and trifle, and talk of fooliſh things when we come off our knees, but make us Chriſtians." One of them then thanked God, for their "good corrections, and teaching," and ſaid "Lord, if we are not Chriſtians, we ſhall be more puniſhed than others." When they had done, *Nancy Tripp* went in to undreſs them. She firſt went to prayer with them as uſual, and the ſpirit of conviction fell on *Betty L——* in a very uncommon manner. We came up and found her in an exceeding great agony: ſhe was the very picture of terror. The veins of her neck were as if they would burſt. She wrung her hands, and cried with a bitter cry, "O my ſins!" I believe more than an hundred

times. She then broke out into such a confession of her original sin, and heart sins, as was quite astonishing: adding, "O! I have never done any thing for *thee* in my whole life. I have broke all thy laws, I have kept the devil's commandments; I have kept none of thy commandments. May such a wretch come to the Lord? Wilt thou receive me? Wilt thou pardon me? Wilt thou make me a Christian? Tell me, Lord, shall I go to heaven or hell? Shall I go to heaven or hell, Lord? O tell me! Shall I go to heaven or hell? Wilt thou make me a Christian? Wilt thou forgive me?" She then paused a little, and added, But *wilt* thou, Lord? Yes, he will, he will. But wilt thou Lord? Yes, thou wilt, thou wilt." Mr. *Dornford* then gave out an hymn. She now seemed quite calm: the horror which before appeared in her countenance was gone, and had left a sweet smile. Her attention seemed quite fixt. And after remaining some time with her eyes upward, she said, "Jesus is smiling upon me." She had at the same time a sight of him as upon the cross, saying, "I have pardoned all your sins; and if you pray, I will give you abundant love." After she had sat silent a while, she broke out, "O what a sweet Saviour he is! He has forgiven me all my sins—All, all. Lord, thou wilt, thou hast forgiven me.—O let them be perfectly forgiven! But shall I ever sin again, Lord? O don't let me sin again." Some time after, she said, "O what a sweet

a ſweet Saviour thou art! What ſweet love is thine! O for more ſuch love, more ſuch love as thine! But don't let me ſin again! Fill me with love, that I may never ſin again!"

This ſcene was ſtriking: but it was nothing to the change that followed. She was of a far worſe natural temper, then any of the children: but now it might indeed be ſaid, "Love made her willing heart in ſwift obedience move." So great was the change both in will and underſtanding, as plainly declared the hand that wrought it.

We ſometimes hope, ſeveral of them will chuſe to be entirely devoted to God. If ſo, they may continue together when they grow up, each following ſuch an employment as ſhe is fit for, and all throwing the produce of their labour into a common ſtock, and may not God be pleaſed to call ſome young women, not brought up with us, who have a deſire to devote themſelves wholly to God, to caſt in their lot with us? Perhaps ſome who do not want, may be glad to get out of the hurry of the world, at leaſt for a ſeaſon, that the tender flame may not be put out, nor any unhallowed fires mix with it. How much is ſomething of this kind wanted? A place of refuge for the weak and unexperienced? How often do we ſee thoſe who are juſt ſetting out in the good way, either wholly turned aſide, or at leaſt perſuaded to take up with a lower way, than the Spirit of God at firſt pointed out?

But if ever this deſign be brought to perfection,

it is God only that muſt chuſe the perſons, and bring us together, as it is he only that *maketh men to be of one mind in an houſe.* And whoſoever comes to us, muſt deſire to be conformed to their crucified head. We can promiſe them only *poverty, labour* and *ſorrow,* the inward and outward croſs. But when they embrace this with their whole hearts, they aſſuredly experience, that in poverty is riches, in labour eaſe, and in ſorrow conſtant rejoicing

All this is in the hand of my God, as alſo another thought I had, concerning aged widows. But ſo exceeding great is his faithfulneſs, that I know not how to deſpair of any thing. A few of the many inſtances hereof, which we have received, you muſt give me leave to mention.

I have been always led, ſince I had any work of God upon my ſoul, to walk by faith in outward things as well as inward. Hence I have frequently, when an object of diſtreſs preſented, gone beyond my income, believing God would make it up in the time of need. In this confidence, I received four or five more children, though I had nothing in hand, and more bedding and cloaths were to be bought immediately. For this we wanted two guineas directly. Some friends ſending us word, they would call on ſuch a day; my friend prayed, that God would put it into their hearts to help us. They came, and one of them put two guineas into my hand. We

praiſed

praiſed the Lord, and received it as a token for good.

Soon after we were adviſed to put up a poor box. I found great reluctance to it, which convinced me, it requires leſs grace in ſome caſes, to *give* than to *receive*. However, laying it before the Lord in prayer, I ſaw it was his will, and conſented. So on Tueſday, February 1, it was put up in the paſſage-room, with this inſcription, "For the maintenance of a few poor orphans, that they may be brought up in the fear of the Lord." A few days after we took out 2s. 7d. but no more for a great while. During this time we were much ſtraitened, not having the nurſery furniſhed, nor the neceſſaries for the children. It was now ſtrongly ſuggeſted, "You ſee you have done wrong, and God will not help you any more." But having recourſe to prayer, our faith was ſtrengthened.

Soon after, the following thought was much impreſt on my mind. If Chriſt was now upon earth, and in want of food and raiment, ſhould I be afraid to give him mine, leſt I ſhould want it myſelf? Should I not rather ſay, "Let all I have be offered, for the neceſſities of my Lord. He is well able to repay it, and if he is not, then let us want together." I ſaw the caſe with the children was the ſame, and that *what was done to one of theſe, was done to him.* A light broke in upon my mind which quite ſatisfied me, and conſtrained me to ſay, "Lord, thy word is

enough, thou haſt ſaid, *Love one another as I have loved* you: let their wants be mine, my ſubſtance theirs."

We were now not only in want of the things above-mentioned, but of money to keep the houſe. Juſt then a guinea was put into the box, and ſoon after, another: in a few days one brought us thirty ſhillings, ſaying, "Fear not: only believe." About the ſame time we received four guineas from another hand, which helped us through that quarter. To avoid tedioufneſs, I paſs over many other helps which we received from time to time; confining myſelf to thoſe wherein the hand of the Lord is more eminently to be obſerved.

* Some time ſince, being obliged to pay a ſum of money in a day's time, and having none in the houſe, nor any due, I attempted to borrow it of a friend, but could not. I tried another, and was diſappointed there alſo. Not knowing what to do, I went up ſtairs and waited before the Lord, telling him I would yet *truſt* him and *praiſe* him. Opening the laſt volume of ſermons, I caſt my eye on this ſentence, "Chriſt charges himſelf with all our temporal affairs, when we charge ourſelves with thoſe that relate to his glory." It was applied to my heart with ſuch a power, as I had very ſeldom felt. And ſuch a ſenſe of the immediate preſence of God ſeized my ſoul as almoſt overwhelmed it. O what a freedom of ſpirit did I feel! I could truly ſay,

"All

" All my care on thee is caſt."

In the evening, a perſon deſired to ſpeak with me, and brought me a little above the ſum.

* In Spring we were again reduced to about one penny, and expected a bill of two or three pounds to be brought in every hour. We looked to the Lord, and found him again to be a preſent help. For while we were conſulting what to do, a baſket came which one had ſent us from *London*, with ſome proviſions, and a little parcel, in which were four pounds, three ſhillings and ninepence.

In Auguſt we had an hour of trial again. The children being increaſed to ten, we were in great want of linen; but how to procure it for them we could not tell. I was unwilling to run farther in debt, having already ſpent the two next quarters before they came in, nor was that enough to pay what was owing. And I had nothing in the houſe. So we agreed to lay it before the Lord together. While I was alone, it was violently ſuggeſted, " there is ſo much of " *ſelf* in all you do, that God is rather diſhonour- " ed than glorified thereby." I ſaid, " Lord, " I am the purchaſe of thy blood. I plead " that only. And I believe thou wilt " not leave me, nor forſake me." Afterwards I felt much peace. Riſing from my knees, I opened the bible on the following words: *Acquaint thyſelf now with him, and be at peace; thereby*

Shall good come unto thee. Then—the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver—thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established, and the light shall shine on thy ways.

I felt my soul instantly strengthened. And every word was so opened and applied, that to this day it seems new whenever I read it: particularly that promise, *Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established, and the light shall shine on thy ways.* Indeed the whole appeared more full and strong than I have words to express.

Two or three days after we received five guineas; the same day three more, and two from another hand. In a little while we received four more, with a promise of the same yearly. O my God, who would not trust thee? Who would not take thee at thy word?

Perhaps some will wonder, how one who has so great an income as I, can ever experience want. But *you* know what I have. You know likewise, that before I took any children, I every year spent more than my income, trusting that God would supply what was lacking. Others may wonder at my present *imprudent* way of proceeding; but I *know in whom I have believed.* Indeed had I sought the praise of men, I should have taken care of myself rather than of others. For I know, *so long as thou dost well unto thyself, men will speak well of thee.* But we have chose the

the croſs for our portion, and we cannot give it up.

A few days ſince having paid the week's bill, my friend ſaid, "We have but a few ſhillings left." The Tueſday following I received two letters. Opening one of them I was a little ſurpriſed, to find a guinea incloſed, with the following lines from one I had never converſed with.

Nov. 5, 1764.

"My dear child,

With much pleaſure I heard your charitable deſign, which I pray God to bleſs and ſucceed. Be never diſcouraged, though divine wiſdom ſhould exerciſe you at times, even with many, great and alarming difficulties: for this is frequently the way in which God leads his children, in order to improve their faith and patience. But even ſuppoſing he ſhould not ſucceed this affair, according to your preſent plan, yet he will never fail to bleſs thoſe, who ſincerely endeavour to promote his honour, the kingdom of the Lord Jeſus, and the good of ſouls.

"I deſire that you would accept of the incloſed, and that you would ſet me down as an annual contributor of the ſame ſum. May the Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with all of us: forget us not in your prayers. I am, with much reſpect and regard.

Your very affectionate friend."

Thefe lines were greatly bleft to me, and I found much thankfulnefs. In the other letter was another guinea incloſed, with theſe few words: "I have felt your burden, and ſhould "be thankful you had more help. But per- "haps it is rather the will of God concerning "you, to give you day by day your daily bread. "I pray him to be with you." The ſame night one brought half a guinea from a perſon unknown, who deſired to be ſet down as an annual contributor of two Guineas.

When a yearly ſubſcription was firſt propoſed, I was averſe to it, fearing it might give offence, till a very particular friend, mentioned it to a few of her acquaintance, unknown to us. Afterwards I was convinced, it was of God. It now amounts to about fourteen pounds a year.

Our family at preſent conſiſts of ſixteen: eleven children, one teacher for them, one ſervant, ourſelves, and one lame with the palſy.

When I look back to laſt Chriſtmas, I am aſtoniſhed at the loving-kindneſs of my God! What he hath done for us, and what he hath brought us through, I can eaſier bleſs him for, than repeat! One thing more I aſk of him: And in this alſo he will hear me: that he would reſtore ſevenfold into the boſom of thoſe he has made helpful to us, either by prayer, by word, or by deed. And if a cup of cold water is not for-

forgotten before him, ſurely not one of theſe ſhall loſe their reward.

O Sir, we have ſo many mercies, I know not how to leave off recounting them. *Now* I ſee that deſign of God, in joining ſiſter *R.* and me together. It would have been impoſſible for me to have gone through my preſent undertaking alone. I know I have neither grace for the ſpiritual, nor capacity for the temporal part. It is therefore in the greateſt tenderneſs, that our Lord has given her to us as a mother. I truſt, both this and every bleſſing, ſhall have the effect which God deſigned in it.

I am,

M. B.

An EXTRACT of

LETTERS.

By Mrs. L * * *.

To the READER.

THE perſon who publiſhed theſe letters about twelve years ago, obſerves, the writer of them, "never ſuppoſed they would be made public, but put down the ſentiments of her heart, in the confidence of friendſhip. This may excuſe the inaccuracies ſome may find: beſides they are not recommended as patterns of polite, epiſtolary correſpondence. Their merit is of another kind. It conſiſts neither in the fineneſs of the language, nor in the elegance of the manner."—I really think it does, as well as "in the goodneſs of the ſentiment." I am not aſhamed to recommend them, as "patterns of truly polite, epiſtolary correſpondence:" expreſſing the no-

bleſt

bleſt ſentiments in the moſt elegant manner, in the pureſt, yea, and fineſt language. Yet undoubtedly even the beauty of the language is nothing compared to the ſpirit which breathes throughout. Happy they who both *taſte* her ſpirit and are partakers of it: who *walk in the light as he is the light*, and know that *the blood of Jeſus Chriſt his Son cleanſeth from all ſin.*

J. W.

LETTERS

To Mrs. * * * *.

YOUR letter, my ever dear friend, has been a great bleſſing to me; that you ſhould write in the ſtyle you now do, filled me with ſuch a ſenſe of mine own unworthineſs, and of the goodneſs of God to me, that it melted my ſtony heart, and drew tears from mine eyes. Oh would the God I adore enable me to be of any help to you, how would my ſoul dilate in thankfulneſs? Bleſſed Redeemer, draw us both, and ſo will we run after thee. Oh Spirit of truth, deſcend on thine unworthy ſervants, and make us *fully* ſenſible of the ſeal of our redemption! Convince us ſtill more deeply of our ſins, and make us ſtill more fully to know, that they are waſhed away by the blood of Jeſus. Thou knoweſt

knoweſt the burdens we labour under, the diſſipations of our thoughts, our wandrings in prayer, our ſpiritual ſloth, and all the hardneſs of our hearts. Stir us up earneſtly to ſeek after the things of God, and fix our inconſtant minds. Thou knoweſt that we deſire (for this deſire comes from thee) that the love of the Father may abide in our hearts. We beg thine aſſiſtance that we may eagerly ſeek after this love. Oh teach us the prayer of faith, and enable us conſtantly and undauntedly to preſs forward toward the mark of the prize of our high calling! Be thou our guide, be thou our comforter for ever and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

* What a taſk have you laid upon me? I watch over you! I your guide! This quite overcomes me. I cannot bear it. Oh, my love, there is no one ſo much wants a guide and a director as I do. Sure this letter of your's was particularly deſigned by providence to humble me; but unworthy as I am, I will by the grace of God ſtrive to do every thing you deſire of me: but then you muſt return the ſame to me, and take me into the number of thoſe you watch over. Let us go hand in hand in theſe paths which lead to everlaſting life. What ſhall I ſay to quicken your ſteps? It was ſaid to me ſince I ſaw you, by Mr. *** "I hope ſtill to have a great deal more pleaſure from you, by ſeeing you *preſs forward.*" Think theſe words were addreſſed to you by the ſame perſon. Oh what a bleſſing of God accompanies the words

of

of one who is uniformly a Chriſtian, of one who ſpends and is ſpent for the ſervice of his maſter, of one who has no view but the glory of God and the ſalvation of ſouls! Who would not ſtrive earneſtly to follow ſo bright an example? The very ſight of ſuch a perſon animates the ſoul in its warfare. O what ſoul, which is the leaſt alive to God, would not even *agonize* to be perfectly renewed after the image of Chriſt? Is your heart, is my heart ſo dead, that this will not affect it?—Alas, I grieve for mine own—may God give me to rejoice for your's.

I have time for no more. May the bleſſing and influence of the ever-adorable Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be continually with your ſoul.

I am your ever-affectionate, &c.

My dear Friend,

I Think you are now through divine grace, ſtrong enough to bear what I am going to ſay to you, that I have long ſeen a mixture of pride and vanity even in the beſt of your performances. But I could hardly allow myſelf to believe it. What! have I often ſaid, ſhall I judge ſo of her, whom every body admires for her ſurpriſing modeſty and humility? Is it not becauſe ſhe is more excellent

excellent than myſelf, and therefore I am ſeeking to find ſome fault in her? Then I have often prayed to God, not to ſuffer my ſoul to be deceived by any ſiniſter views, and to perfect in you what was wanting. And this I truſt he will do for us both, if we keep the longing eye of our ſouls ſteadily fixed upon him. Oh for holineſs of heart! Let us labour, my dear companion, for holineſs, as a dying ſinner labours for life.

I had yeſterday a moſt delightful letter from Mr. ***. It ſent me to my knees ſo convinced of my black ingratitude to my heavenly Father, that I could neither find words nor thoughts ſufficient to expreſs my unworthineſs; yet at the ſame time my heart was full of thankſgiving, under a ſenſe of his unbounded mercies. O help me, my dear friend, to be more and more thankful! Such advantages—deareſt Jeſus, how juſtly great muſt be my condemnation, if I do not make ſuitable improvements. Take the latter part of Mr. ***'s letter, apply it to yourſelf conſtantly, every minute if poſſible. "You have need therefore to watch and pray always, and then eſpecially when you might ſeem to have leaſt need. You have reaſon to fear always: for your enemies are always watching. But you have reaſon likewiſe to rejoice always, becauſe he that keepeth you never ſleeps."

My

My dear Friend,

I Have read your letter with tears, and earneſt prayers to God for you, and for myſelf. We are both unworthy creatures; indeed, my love, we are *more* unworthy than we can either expreſs or conceive. O let us fly to the blood of ſprinkling. There and there alone can we find help.

Thanks be to God, that you have a clear view of your own heart. This is a moſt profitable proſpect, though a moſt dreadful one. Think me not cruel, when I wiſh that the holy Spirit may *deeply* wound your ſoul with a ſenſe of its corruptions. The deeper the conviction, the firmer the peace that follows.

* I hardly know how to believe you, when you tell me you are hurried away by deſires after worldly happineſs. Is it poſſible? Alas, my friend, pardon the harſhneſs of the expreſſion, if the love of the world is in your heart, you are only a *painted ſepulchre*, beautiful indeed outwardly, but within ——— My dear creature, I cannot bear to think this—a Chriſtian to be hurried away with deſires and endeavours after worldly happineſs! If St. *Paul*'s character of a Chriſtian is right, how far are you from being a Chriſ-

a Chriſtian? "Ye are dead," ſays he, "and your life is hid with Chriſt in God."

May not theſe violent ragings of pride, vanity, &c. you ſpeak of, be ſome of the laſt ſtruggles of a dying enemy? When the ſtrong man armed keepeth his houſe, his goods are in peace. But when there is a ſtronger comes upon him to overcome him, and to take from him that armour in which he truſted, no wonder the houſe is in a tumult. And this I hope is your preſent caſe. But beware, my dear ſoul, of thinking, that you never ſhould be otherwiſe. Limit not the grace of God. He has only to ſay, *Peace, be ſtill*, and immediately the winds and ſeas obey him. "But how to obtain this peace?" Oh my dear friend, will you follow the advice of the meaneſt and moſt unworthy of the ſervants of Chriſt? Look upon yourſelf as being only *now* fully convinced of your guilt and dreadful condition. Look upon yourſelf as a *poor, loſt, helpleſs, miſerable creature.* Set before your eyes your ſins, with all their aggravations; and when your ſoul is weighed down to the duſt under a ſenſe of your own vileneſs, then throw yourſelf at the foot of the croſs: there lie as a loathſome leper before the almighty healer: there let your parched ſoul *gaſp* (with the utmoſt ſtretch of all your faculties) after thoſe life-giving ſtreams which flowed from Chriſt's hands, his feet, his pierced ſide; and there keep the eye of your mind fixed, until the ſtill ſmall voice be heard in your

ſoul

ſoul—"Be of good cheer, thy ſins are forgiven thee."

I Was in hopes, my dear, that I had cauſe to think you had gained ground; but if I was miſtaken, am very ſorry. God forbid however that you ſhould have gone back: I muſt not for my own eaſe believe that. * The reaſon for your not finding ſo much comfort as uſual flowing from the croſs, is becauſe you lay yourſelf too much out upon *outward* things. I doubt not but your own will is indeed very powerful, and it will ever be ſo, while you indulge yourſelf in caſtle-building. Let your ſchemes be ever ſo good, they are (unleſs God had given you the means and power to perform them) merely the creatures of your own will; and I don't know any thing that ſelf-will more delights in, than in theſe imaginary good projects. Believe me, my dear ſoul, I ſpeak from experience. There is nothing more encourages ſelf-will, pride, and every temper we ought to ſubdue, than theſe ſchemes. For God's ſake ſtrive to get the better of this folly. I know your temper is naturally inclined to it, and therefore you ought to be more particularly watchful. Cannot you, my love, keep your thoughts fixed on the preſent moment, in a conſtant dependance on the leadings of the Spirit

Spirit of God, and only wiſhing that every ſucceeding moment may bring a new acceſſion of grace to your ſoul, without fixing on the particular means, by which you would have it come? When the will is in this total reſignation to God, it brings a peace to the ſoul, which cannot be deſcribed.

I don't like your going to *Vauxhall*, I think you ought to try every poſſible means, to get off. Suppoſe you were to be ſincere, and own it was againſt your conſcience. Pray God direct you what to do. If you are really *forced* to go, God will preſerve your heart from the pollutions of the place. If this is the caſe, I think you will be in leſs danger of being hurt there, than in your viſit to Mrs. ***: for in this viſit you will lie expoſed to the worſt enemy you have, that is, *yourſelf*. With thoſe good people, whom you love and admire, and who love and admire you, you will without the moſt conſtant watchfulneſs, be continually falling into ſelf-ſeeking and ſelf-applauſe.

I fear, my love, you will ſoon think me too plain in my ſpeaking; but I cannot anſwer it to my conſcience, ſince what has paſt between us, not to warn you of every thing which ſeems to me to prevent your progreſs in grace. Don't imagine though, that I wiſh you would not make this viſit to Mrs. ***; quite the contrary; but I wiſh you to keep the moſt conſtant guard upon your

your own heart, that what ſhould be for your health, be not unto you an occaſion of falling.

I am your ever ſincere and affectionate, &c.

---

* I Thank God, that you now ſee the danger of wandring imaginations in a clearer light; but I cannot gueſs what ſchemes a heart like yours (which I ſhould hope was deſirous of nothing but what immediately tended to increaſe in it the love God) can purſue, which are not for what we call doing good. Depend upon it, my dear, if you can by an act of your will waſte a thought on any future view of happineſs, that regards only your ſituation in this world, you are yet far from the kingdom of God. To a ſoul, that has but the *loweſt* ſenſe of the pardoning love of God, every thing that does not lead to a greater ſenſe of this love is inſipid. Outward things, according to the preſent circumſtances we are in, ought to be attended to with prudence, though not with anxiouſneſs; but that ſoul which runs out after them in *future*, ought to *tremble*. My dear creature, are we not every moment on the brink of eternity, and may plunge in the next, for ought we know? What then have we to do, but every moment to graſp after new degrees of grace, new power over ſin, a ſtill higher ſenſe of the love of God ſhed abroad in our hearts? "Without holineſs no man

man ſhall ſee the Lord"—Alas! what is a life of ſixty or ſeventy years (ſuppoſing we could be certain of ſo many) to attain univerſal holineſs? And ſhall we loſe a moment? Outwardly we muſt a great many: but ſtill our hearts may be gaining ground in the ſteady purſuit of that end, for which we were created, and to which we have ſuch glorious encouragements. What! ſhall Chriſt cry out to us in vain, "Give me thy heart?" Or ſhall we dare to divide that heart, which coſt him ſo dear? O my friend, be jealous for your redeeming God. Suffer not that ſoul, for which he ſhed his precious blood, to ſtray one moment from him.

I am ſorry you found pleaſure at *Vauxhall*. I could not have believed it, had you not told me ſo yourſelf. I ſee, my love, I have thought far too highly of you. What a frightful diſtance is there ſtill between you, and a Chriſtian! Could any one who had the mind which was in Chriſt have felt pleaſure, where they ſaw God diſhonoured, and their fellow-creatures running headlong to deſtruction? You had reaſon indeed to be aſhamed, and thank God that you was ſo. The curioſity in regard to the aſtronomical inſtruments might diſtract your mind for a longer time, but your taking delight in theſe did not ſhew ſuch an exceſſive depravity of heart, as the other: for aſtronomy is only *accidentally* made a

means

means of dishonouring God, and hurting the souls of men; but *Vauxhall* is *necessarily* so.

I am your ever affectionate, &c.

---

* I Write, my love, to you to thank you for the pleasure you gave me last Thursday, and still to urge you more and more continually to press forwards. Young as you are, you may perhaps be very near the end of your course, and the time given you to work in *may*, for ought you know, be very nearly elapsed. That form of yours, which now delights the eyes of your friend, and seems to promise a long continuance of health and vigour, may soon perhaps become defaced and loathsome meat for crawlings worms, and that soul, that precious and immortal soul of yours, which is now far from loving its Creator as it ought to do, may soon stand naked in the sight of that God, to whom it has been ungrateful—its day of probation past—and its lot cast for a whole eternity. Oh my friend, my dearest companion in my pilgrimage, I conjure you by all your heart holds dear, that you lose not a moment! Oh may that God, who is love itself, so inflame your soul with a sense of his love, as may consume all its dross, and make it through Christ an acceptable sacrifice to himself! I think the last time I saw you I had the satisfaction of observing less of *self-seeking* in you, than I ever

did before. Sure God will give me greatly to rejoice in you. Farewel. Whenever, my love, I think too well of you, fail not to tell me, and take ſhame to yourſelf for deceiving me.

I am your's, &c.

My dear Friend,

I Thank you for your letters, and rejoice at a great part of the account you give me. You have been very happy indeed; and it ſeems to me that God gave you this happineſs as preparatory to the trials, which were to enſue. And if you ſhould after this goodneſs of God towards you, grieve his holy Spirit, by ſuffering your heart to indulge any temper, which you know to be contrary to his will, what words would be ſtrong enough to paint your black ingratitude? I will deal plainly with you. I think you are now in a moſt dangerous ſituation. Every thing around you will conſpire to tempt you to the ſin which moſt eaſily beſets you, and therefore you muſt not be *one moment* off your guard. You muſt pray without ceaſing, even in the fulleſt ſenſe of the words and conſtantly ſtrive to have ſtrongly painted in your imagination *Jeſus Chriſt*, and him *crucified*. There is nothing I think more tends to humble us, than the conſideration of the ſufferings of Chriſt. When you find yourſelf going to ſay or do

do any thing with a view to praiſe, think, this temper, this vanity of mine added to the weight of my Saviour's ſufferings, and made more *bitter* his cup of *bitterneſs*. Oh, if you had a ſoul capable of feeling, if you have one ſpark of gratitude, can you think this, and ſin? Was you now ſtanding on *Mount Calvary* near the croſs of the bleſſed Jeſus (ſuppoſe the dreadful deed was but now performing) and you ſaw the Redeemer of the world juſt nailed to his croſs, ſay, would you help to drive the nails ſtill deeper? Would you preſs the thorns cloſer to his ſacred temples? Would you help to increaſe that load, which made him cry out, "My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?" Does not your ſoul ſhudder at the thought? O my friend would you not rather die, gladly die, for this your ſuffering Lord? Would you not gladly be cut in ten thouſand pieces to ſave him one pang? I know you would. And will you not ſtrive againſt that ſin, which increaſed his ſufferings? Will you not ſtrive, my love?—Yes, ſure you will. Is not every thing we can give up by far too ſmall a return for what the Redeemer has done for us? And ſhall we not give this little? Above all ſhall we not give up what moſt of all ſeparates us from him, our *ſelf-love*, and *ſelf-ſeeking?* Think my friend when any one is hinting to you, how extraordinary you are—"this perſon is ignorantly driving me from my Saviour." And if you ſhould, which God forbid,

find yourself tempted to indulge a vain complacency in their applause, think immediately how their praise would be turned into contempt, did they know your heart as it really is, and blush for thus deceiving them. Recollect some of the mean motives which perhaps have been the springs of some of your most admired words and actions, and let your soul within you be humbled to the dust. And my dear, I beg you will be careful how you draw praise upon yourself by praising others. This is what I am very apt to fall into; and therefore I am the more sensible of its hurtfulness. And beware how you suffer yourself to attempt explaining nice points of doctrine, unless it is evident there will be good done by it, and then you may hope God will preserve you from the pride, which generally accompanies this display of the capacity. May you constantly walk in the light of God's countenance, and go on conquering, and to conquer!

I Am glad, my dear friend, that your visit to *** has been of such benefit to you; and I pray God to continue it to your soul, and not to suffer these impressions to wear off. Temptations doubtless will attend every situation we are in; but the soul that rests secure in the love of God will easily conquer them. I wish you may find more and more benefit from the church prayers: they

they are for human compoſitions very excellent, and I belief the beſt form of prayers that ever was put together. I cannot reproach you for that which God has pardoned, but you certainly ought now to be more watchful, that you fall not again; for then great indeed would be your condemnation. The danger which may accrue to you by going to Miſs *** will I find be known to you by experience only. She is certainly a good creature herſelf, and I love her, but there is a ſpirit haunts abſolutely contrary to the ſpirit I am ſeeking after. She is not capable, my dear, of watching your words with any ill deſign. Her only view is to find out your errors. And if poſſible cure you of them. I doubt not but if you could converſe with her alone, and keep clear of diſputes, ſhe might be of great uſe to you, and I hope God will bleſs this and every other means to the good of your ſoul. The moſt excellent people in the world will be of little avail, unleſs his Spirit aſſiſts, and with this there is nothing ſo weak or mean, but what may tend to increaſe his love in our hearts. * For my own part, ſilence and ſolitude ſeem at preſent beſt for me, and I am more hurt by ſome religious people, whom I converſe with, than by the people of the world. Indeed there is ſcarce any, who does not in ſome meaſure hurt me, except Mr. ***. Numberleſs are the ſnares that lie in our way to the heavenly kingdom. 'Tis truly a warfare, and a very difficult one, but the crown that awaits us at the

end, is well worth the ſtriving for, even unto blood. Beſides the encouragements and comforts we find in the way are glorious: ſure I am that *Alexander* never found ſuch joy in all his conqueſts, as the ſoul that preſſes after the footſteps of Chriſt does in one conqueſt over ſelf-will. There is more delight in ſuffering for God, than in reigning with the world. To claſp the croſs of Chriſt cloſe to the heart is more happineſs than angels can give; and what inexpreſſible ſatisfaction is it to a ſoul, whoſe every faculty loves its Redeemer, to cry out,

Give me to feel thine agonies,
One drop of thy ſad cup afford;
I fain with thee would ſympathize,
And ſhare the ſufferings of my Lord.

* Oh God of unſpeakable mercy, unbounded love, how little is all we can do or ſuffer for thee! Oh that we might not have a thought, nor even a pulſe beat, but for our God! What is all that earth or heaven itſelf can give in compariſon of thee? Oh uncreated beauty, how does every other excellence fade away at thy preſence! How does a taſte of thy love make every other love inſipid! And a ray of thy light darken the brighteſt of created Beings! Oh when, when ſhall our ſouls be wholly ſwallowed up in thee! When ſhall we know thee even alſo as we are known! Thou knoweſt the deſire of our hearts.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt how our ſouls ſtretch, and pant after thee, even to fainting! Oh give us to drink of the waters of life, even in this our pilgrimage, until we come to drink freely of them from that river, which proceedeth out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb for ever and ever. *Amen*, Lord Jeſus.

My beloved friend,

I Have been admiring the goodneſs of God to you, in ordering your being at *L**** at a time, when it muſt, inſtead of being hurtful, be profitable to your ſoul. The attending the ſick bed of a dear relation in danger of death, is a moſt glorious time for exerciſing a number of Chriſtian graces. Such a ſcene as this keeps the mind in a moſt proper temper, humble, recollected, ſerious; and in your particular circumſtances, this illneſs of *** has freed you from moſt of the ſnares you apprehended. How does every thing work together for good to thoſe who love God! And how ungrateful is that heart, which does not ſtrive more and more to love him in deed and in truth! What, my love, are the inward temptations you complain of, and what are thoſe unaccountable ſcruples? The beſt thing you can do is not to argue about them in your own mind, but immediately fly to prayer; and if you cannot

pray, only wiſh earneſtly to pray. * 'Tis right, that you ſhould think yourſelf the vileſt creature breathing, and I am every day more and more convinced, that every ſoul which really loves God muſt neceſſarily in its own particular think the ſame: and in whatever proportion the love of God increaſes in the ſoul, in the ſame proportion will the ſenſe of its own vileneſs and helpleſſneſs increaſe, till at laſt it is in a manner annihilated before God. This is a point which the wiſdom of the world cannot underſtand, and which no ſcheme of doctrine can teach the heart; but when we truly know Jeſus Chriſt crucified, then we can truly cry out, What! *to me* ſuch love? to the vileſt and moſt ungrateful of all creatures? O whence ſuch love to me?

I grieve for the ſin you fell into. Had the temper of your mind been really charitable, you certainly could not lightly have ſpoken evil of any one. Nothing is more contrary to the true ſpirit of the goſpel, than this want of univerſal love. And yet there is nothing ſo common even among thoſe who in moſt other reſpects are unblameable. How ought we every moment to watch! Oh when ſhall we indeed be renewed after the image of Chriſt! *Adieu.*

WHAT, my dear companion, can I write ſo animating as your preſent circumſtances?

ces? God ſeems, I think, in a moſt peculiar manner to watch over your ſoul for good. What intereſting, what heart-affecting ſcenes have you gone through? The account I had of your *** death, has made me ſee the goodneſs of God to you in the ſtrongeſt light, and I am ready to ſhudder, when I think that it is poſſible, even after all this, that you ſhould again be ungrateful. Oh watch every moment! Think what horrors and agonies you muſt feel, if you ſhould now ſuffer your heart to turn aſide from this tender and merciful God! The circumſtances you are now in are like five talents given to your care. Remember your are to gain with them five talents more, or expect to hear theſe dreadful words—*Thou ſlothful and wicked ſervant.* Your heavenly Father ſeems to be making a plain way before your face. I ſee you in a light almoſt *prophetical.* I rejoice, and yet I tremble. You ſeem pointed out, I think, as an inſtrument in the hands of God for the converſion of Miſs ***; but here you will be in danger from your old enemies, pride, and love of teaching, and above all that ſelf-ſetting-up which you have found ſo difficult to overcome. O my dear love, fail not every hour of the day to pray particularly for humility. I truſt you are not in danger from any increaſe of fortune. No ſurely. The heart of my beloved friend cannot be ſo mean and low, as to pride itſelf in droſs and dirt. Perhaps you will find ſome difficulties in regard to the tempers of your

***; how neceſſary will it be for you in this caſe to place conſtantly before your eyes the meekneſs and lowlineſs of the Lamb of God? And fear not, you will in all theſe things be more than conqueror through him, who has loved you.

I Pity you, my dear friend; I ſaw yeſterday that your head was full, and your heart not ſo warm towards God as it ſometimes is. Oh when ſhall we be free from theſe diſtractions? Or rather when ſhall our love to our Redeemer be ſo intenſe, that our hearts may be conſtantly fixed on him, and we (as it were) walk through the fire without being burnt? * I remember having ſometimes ſaid to you the beginning of laſt ſummer, "There is more a vaſt deal in faith than we all imagine;" and though, thanks to the free grace of God, we both know more of faith now, than we did at that time, yet I may ſtill repeat the ſaying, and may continue to repeat it, till our eyes are fully opened in eternity. "All things are poſſible to him that believeth," ſaid the God of truth; and why then do not you and I conquer all ſin? Becauſe *we do not believe.* The unbounded riches of the grace of God in Chriſt Jeſus are hardly more aſtoniſhing, than the perverſeneſs of that ſoul, which will not fully truſt in them. Chriſt ſtands ever ready to ſave to the uttermoſt, if we will but believe, that he can,

can, and will do it; and we draw back and ſhrink from his redeeming hand. We ſuffer the dark clouds of our fallen nature to obſcure the glorious light of the promiſes of God. And though our heads may be fully convinced of their truth, and we may have ſome deſires of attaining them, yet there is in the centre of our ſouls an hidden root of unbelief, which juſt as we are going to lay hold on the prize, whiſpers—"How can theſe things be?" and then we ſink. I have heard it obſerved of the eagle, that ſhe holds her young ones full againſt the bright beams of the mid day ſun: if they behold it ſtedfaſtly, ſhe nouriſhes them, but if they turn away their heads or ſhut their eyes, ſhe daſhes them to the ground. There is ſomething very ſtriking in this. A nominal believer, who makes a profeſſion of holineſs, has all the outward marks of a true believer, as theſe daſtard eagles have of the others; but he cannot look ſtedfaſtly at the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs: and how dreadful is the conſequence? Oh my love, how ought we to watch and pray! How careful ought we to be not to loſe ſight for one moment of our immaterial ſun, leſt the eye of our minds ſhould by that means contract a dimneſs and weakneſs, which might render us incapable of ſtedfaſtly beholding him, when he ſhall appear in all the fulneſs of his glory. May the God of mercy preſerve you in all temptations, and be your portion in time and in eternity.

My dear Friend,

I Praiſe God with my whole heart for your happineſs and ſtrength, and I pray him to increaſe it every moment. O may that bleſſed peace never leave your ſoul: it is eternal life begun, and ten thouſands laid in the balance with this peace would be all lighter than vanity. It is a glorious ſign, that in outward troubles, or inward temptations, you can leave the means of your deliverance intirely to God, without ſuffering your imagination to run out after the manner in which you probably may be delivered. O that we could always venture ourſelves upon the mercies of our God! Then would he indeed work wonders for us—wonders which we now can ſcarce believe, though the God of truth himſelf declares them unto us. And this God will ſurely keep you in the dangers to which you are going to be expoſed, if you will be watchful to keep the eye of your mind conſtantly turned towards him, and wait and hang upon him, as a little child on its fond parent, drawing all your help, all your comfort from him, and him alone. If you have but little outward retirement, ſhut more cloſely the door of your heart, and there in its inmoſt receſſes commune with your God, and Redeemer, there be continually crying unto him

—Lord

—Lord thou knoweſt all things, thou knoweſt that I love thee; thou knoweſt, O life and joy of my ſoul, that I deſire nothing but to do thy perfect will, and to be conformed to the likeneſs of thy ſufferings, as well as to the likeneſs of thy reſurrection. Oh crucify in me the whole body of ſin! Give me an humble, a mortified, and child-like ſpirit, and in thine own good time perfect the work thou haſt begun in my ſoul.

As to examples which are not good, I hope I may ſay, that all the effect they can have upon my beloved friend (in her preſent happy ſtate of mind) will be to drive her nearer to her God, and in that nearneſs what comfort does the believing ſoul find?

What tho' earth and hell engage
To ſhake that ſoul with fear;
Calmly it defies the rage
Of perſecution near.

Suffering faith ſhall brighter grow,
As gold when in the furnace tried:
Only Jeſus will we know,
And Jeſus crucified.

Yes, my love, let thoſe who ſtile themſelves our beſt friends join with the world in calling us *mopes* and *enthuſiaſts*. Still ſtedfaſtly fixed on the rock which cannot be moved, we will endure, nay joyfully take up the reproach for his ſake, who

who hid not his bleſſed face from ſhame and ſpitting for our ſakes, to make us (accurſed and loſt creatures) heirs of eternal glory. Oh that his ſtrength may but accompany us, and the light of his countenance continually abide with us; and then we ſhall not fail to go on conquering and to conquer. *Amen.*

For God's ſake avoid diſputes of all kinds. I was delighted the laſt time you was with me, to obſerve that you was greatly altered for the better in this reſpect. Think not that I will omit to pray for you, and fail not to pray for me. Oh my friend, ſoon will time be ſwallowed up in eternity.

I Readily believe you, my dear friend, that you have not brought back the ſame heart you carried with you: for I thought I diſcovered the two laſt times I ſaw you, a falling off from the grace you had, and the happy ſtate of mind you had been in; but for God's ſake ſtrive to recover yourſelf before you are ſunk lower. Think how dreadful your caſe will be, if you ſhould ſo grieve the Spirit of God, as to cauſe him to depart from you. I know your heart to be ungrateful and deceitful, and you yourſelf know full well how much it is ſo; but fear not to ſearch into its moſt hidden corruptions. Was it ten times more vile and polluted than it is, the blood of

Jeſus

Jeſus is all-ſufficient to cleanſe it. And my dear ſoul, let me intreat of you earneſtly to ſeek after a clear and conſtant ſenſe of the pardoning love of God. This only can enable you to trample all temptations under your feet: believe me, unleſs you really walk in the light of his countenance, you never can conquer all the powers and works of darkneſs. Oh ſeek the peace which paſſes all underſtanding. You have need enough of it, I am ſure, conſidering the many ſnares you walk in. I really fear you do not diligently ſeek after God: 'tis very certain they that ſeek ſhall find; and therefore that the Redeemer is not fully manifeſted in your ſoul is entirely owing to your ſloth and negligence. How is it poſſible for you to keep your ground againſt temptations which are continually ſtriking upon your ſenſes, unleſs you have *in* you the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen? When our underſtandings are clear in goſpel doctrines, we are too apt to imagine our hearts are ſo. My dear friend, for God's ſake deceive not yourſelf. Oh ſuffer not your ſoul to reſt, till you can ſay with full aſſurance of faith, "My ſins are forgiven." Depend upon it this is the firſt ſtep in true Chriſtianity. Oh cry to God every moment from the bottom of your heart, and he will do more for you, than you can either aſk or think. I am a witneſs of his free and boundleſs mercy. For ſome days paſt I have been in the wilderneſs, my ſoul weary, faint, and

and desolate; no rejoicing in God; not one ray from the Sun of Righteousness: but this morning, this blessed morning, my Beloved returned to my soul, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and could say with the fullest assurance, "My sins are done away—Christ is mine—God the Father is my reconciled Father—God the Holy Ghost is my comforter and guide." * Oh my friend, my heart is now so overwhelmed I can scarce write. I could repeat a thousand and a thousand times over—*Christ is mine.* My soul is ready to spring out of its prison, and I could at this moment face death in all its horrible prospects to go to my Redeemer. Oh death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? My dear love, you know not what you lose by your negligence. O seek, strive, agonize; could you suffer the utmost tortures in body or mind, they would be all as nothing to gain one moment of this sweetness: and Oh pray for me, that I may not by sinning grieve the blessed Comforter, and lose my present peace. God be with you my dear friend. God bless you both now and for ever.

My dear friend,

I Mourn for you, and may you mourn too from your very inmost soul, till God himself gives you the true comfort. Oh thou dear backslider, what

what ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I find words ſtrong enough to make a laſting impreſſion on a heart ſo inconſtant, ſo ſlothful, and careleſs? Oh that the Spirit of God would aſſiſt my weak endeavours, and point my otherwiſe unavailing words! You own you do not ſtrive earneſtly: alas I too plainly ſee you do not. But the bleſſed Comforter ſtrives with you, and ſtill you reſiſt and grieve him. How irkſome is it to me always to write the ſame thing? My dear ſoul, for God's ſake be more in earneſt. How can you talk of ſloth and careleſſneſs, when you are ſtanding on the brink of a precipice? Can you promiſe yourſelf another day? And are you fit to die in the ſtate you are now in? Nay, are you not afraid to die? Oh if the Lord ſhould ſay of you, as of the barren fig-tree, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground," how would you be overwhelmed with dread and confuſion? For you who know ſo well what are the glorious promiſes of the goſpel, to ſuffer your thoughts to run upon worldly things is inexcuſable. It ſeems ſtrange, that you ſhould think you love Chriſt more than you did, when you was in a better ſtate; however above all things hold faſt, and ſtrive to increaſe this love, but then at the ſame time take care that you hate ſin in the ſame proportion, and that you ſtrive againſt it with the utmoſt earneſtneſs: for to talk of loving Chriſt, and at the ſame time to give way to ſloth, careleſſneſs, and worldly-mindedneſs, is an abominable

nable mockery. If you are encompaſſed with ten thouſand temptations never fear, ſo your own heart conſent not to them. Your bleſſed Maſter will ſurely help you, if you can but truſt him: and never give way, to that *ſeeming* impoſſibility of praying. Though perhaps you cannot pray with comfort, or with any kind of connection, yet if you be ever ſo diſtracted you may ſurely cry, Lord, have mercy upon me—Jeſus, pity me. Or even ſuppoſing you could not do this from your heart, aſk yourſelf whether you do not deſire to pray; and if you do, thank God for that deſire, and the next thought will be prayer. Could you not make the increaſe of your family profitable, by joining at ſtated times of the day in ſome act of devotion? If it were but for one quarter of an hour at a time, there would doubtleſs be a bleſſing attending it. Suppoſe you were to ſing an hymn together, or by turns pray, either from ſome form of prayer, or what would be better, extempore. You ought rather to be ſilent, and be thought a mope, than to join in trifling diſcourſe. Conſider, my love, you are to ſet an example to your young friends; and fear not but God will deliver you from this bondage into the glorious liberty of his children. The feeble truſt you now have is the work of his bleſſed Spirit, and he will increaſe it into an holy confidence. Let not therefore your comfort ſicken, but truſt in that Jeſus, who died that you

you might live; to whoſe all-merciful boſom I commit you,

And am your affectionate Friend, &c.

My dear Friend,

I Hope your preſent circumſtances do not prevent your conſtant watching over your own heart, and preſſing forward in the way of holineſs. In the midſt of all theſe proſpects death may come! And are you fit to die? We cannot too often aſk ourſelves this queſtion. We cannot be too ſerious. There is only a moment between us and eternity. May the Lord Jeſus ſo prepare us, that at whatever hour he calls we may be ready, our lamps trimmed, and we ourſelves as thoſe who wait for the bridegroom. Adieu, my dear. May the Almighty preſerve you from all evil.

OF what ſervice, my dear love, can any thing I ſay be of to you? I have tried all means in my power to keep your mind more ſteady but in vain. If God has at any time ſo bleſſed my letters, that they have made any impreſſion on you it has gone off in two or three days: and when

when you have had thoſe great benefits indeed of converſing with living Chriſtians, though for a time you have been raiſed and lively, yet you have ſoon ſunk into your former ſloth and careleſſneſs. There muſt certainly be ſome hidden corruption in your heart, which cauſes this inconſtancy. I often ſtudy you as I would a book, but you are in truth one of the moſt puzzling books I ever met with. I often rejoice to ſee in you (as I think) an increaſe of grace, and a decreaſe of that pride and ſelfiſhneſs, which under an appearance of humility you once had to a great degree. The laſt time you was with me, I thought you greatly advanced; and now you are fallen again into pride and ſelfiſhneſs. The Lord Jeſus raiſe you up. Indeed, my dear ſoul, you grieve and wound me. You bring ſorrow in my heart, and tears in my eyes: nay and ſometimes your letters tempt me to impatience; but then I immediately recollect my own continual backſlidings, and the long-ſuffering of God towards me, and can I be impatient with my friend? If your want of retirement is not owing to yourſelf, never lay your coldneſs upon that: for was your heart ſincere, God would ſtrengthen you at all times to look up to him. But if as you ſay, you trifled away your time, and indulged an unwillingneſs to prayer, no wonder God with-held that portion of his grace he would otherwiſe have given you. Depend upon it, whenever you find an unwillingneſs to pray, that

of

of all times is the moſt proper for you to pray in; therefore never ſay on ſuch an occaſion, " I will go read ſome good book, or do ſome good work, which may perhaps bring my mind into a better frame for prayer." No, do not ſo fooliſhly; but go, and proſtrate yourſelf before God with all your unwillingneſs; and he will ſoon give you both the will and the power to praiſe him. *Amen.*

My dear Friend,

IT is impoſſible for me to judge rightly, till I know more of your affair, and then I doubt not, but God, if we aſk in ſincerity, will direct us both to agree in our ſentiments, as to what will be moſt conducive to your eternal welfare. However thus much I can ſay, be not unequally yoked with an unbeliever. To marry a man in hopes of making him a Chriſtian, will be leading yourſelf into temptation. The advantages you ſpeak of may doubtleſs be great bleſſings to you, if you are very certain you can enjoy them. You ought to be very explicit with the perſon, whoever he is, both with regard to your ſentiments and his own heart. You cannot imagine the continual ſnares you will walk in, if you are joined to one, who is not joined to Chriſt; eſpecially if you have any fondneſs for him. As in a mar-

a married ſtate there are more allurements to draw the mind from God than in a ſingle one, ſo (if the companion be a Chriſtian) there are alſo advantages in it, which perhaps may almoſt make the balance even. But how dreadful will it be, if he who ſhould be your help, prove to you an occaſion of falling? Above all things, my dear, try the ſincerity of your own heart. Examine well whether you can accept this offer with a ſingle eye to the glory of God, and the good of your own ſoul; and fear not, if you aſk counſel of God in faith nothing wavering, that he will give you freedom of mind, either to accept or refuſe as will be moſt profitable for you.

I do not wonder that your ſoul is at preſent diſtracted with worldly thoughts. An affair of this kind always occaſions a thouſand diſtractions, eſpecially where it is in ſuſpenſe. I fear your increaſe of company does not at all add to your ſpiritual happineſs. The Lord Jeſus bleſs you: I pity you. What need have we of continual aſſiſtance from above? How do we walk as on burning coals? O let us ſtrive for that ſtate of mind, in which we can ſay, nothing gives me pain but what is contrary to the will of God, and tends to draw my ſoul from him; and nothing gives me pleaſure, but as it is agreeable to his will, and tends to draw my ſoul nearer to him. *Amen.*

My

My dear Soul,

I Am glad to write to you once more under the name of ***, and I hope God will give me ſtrength to ſay all I wiſh at this important juncture. Important it is indeed to you; and the nearer the time approaches, the more I feel for you. Alas, you are now plunging into difficulties, which you can have no notion of until you experience them. You will have need of more than double watchfulneſs. Oh cry earneſtly to God for grace and ſtrength to keep your ſoul from ſinking under the deluſive arguments, which your three grand enemies, the world, the fleſh, and the devil will be continually attacking you with in your new ſtate of life. You know, my love, in all our intercourſe, I have not failed to ſet before you the diſadvantages and diſtractions you muſt neceſſarily meet with in a married life. This I thought it my duty to do, though your intentions in regard to marriage were always founded upon Chriſtian motives. Had I found you inclined to dedicate yourſelf more particularly to God in a ſingle ſtate, I ſhould doubtleſs have encouraged that inclination; but as this was not the caſe, and I did not dare abſolutely to diſſuade any one from marrying, I have therefore only ſtrove to guard you againſt the evils attending that condition, and pray God grant

grant you may find them overbalanced by the good. The firſt evil, which people are apt to fall into when they marry, is an extreme ſelfiſhneſs: this I have ſeen moſt flagrant inſtances of, but then the people were not Chriſtians. Oh my friend, remember you have taken upon you the ſacred name of Chriſtian. The next thing which our ſex in particular is very ſubject to, is a pretty indolence of ſoul, and a kind of hugging themſelves as though they were become people of vaſt conſequence; and then all they ſay or do, and every thing which belongs to them, is of importance. You will think perhaps there is no danger of your falling into any thing ſo low and ſilly as this; but do not think ſo, for without extreme watchfulneſs it will ſteal imperceptibly upon you, and if you once grow important, the flood-gates of worldly-mindedneſs will be ſet open, and your faith, your love, and peace, will be borne away by the impetuous torrent. The Lord Jeſus bleſs you and keep you, and grant that in all the changes of this mortal life, your heart may there be fixed where true joys are to be found.

Your ever-affectionate

* *

My

My dear Friend,

I Know not how to assume to myself the character you mention, and yet I dare not neglect to do any thing, which you tell me may be of benefit to your soul. I know God can convey blessings by the meanest instrument, and relying wholly on his power and goodness, I enter again into this correspondence. You complain that I have not lately been so watchful over you as usual: In writing I certainly have not, and you know the reason; but as to speaking, if I have there failed, it is entirely owing to my being so apt to think highly of you. I fear in this I may have dealt with you as with my own heart—judged too favourably of both. May God give me a clearer in sight both into you and into myself.

* I doubt not but your present condition contributes greatly to your being more in earnest, and you have need to lay up all the strength you can against what may be a time of trial indeed. I am glad you found such a blessing on Sunday. I doubt not but the greater degree of light and joy you have, the more you will be assaulted by temptations, and these perhaps not only of a strange, but also of an impertinent and ridiculous kind. The devil will sometimes play the buffoon: but I have found the best way of dealing with these

temptations was not to combat them, but to let them pafs through the mind, as you would let a troublefome croud of people pafs by your door without regarding them.

* The fpeaking evil of your neighbour before you are aware, though it has not all the blacknefs of premeditated evil fpeaking, yet it is a fure fign, that you have not that fpirit of love, without which the higheft attainments are but as founding brafs, and as a tinkling cymbal. I often am forry to fee how much this divine temper is wanting amongft religious people. For my own part, I ftand felf-condemned in this, though it is a fin, which I have even a natural averfion to; and I fear there are but few hearts in which this root of bitternefs does not grow almoft imperceptibly. However, the Captain of our falvation can give us to tread even this enemy under our feet. Let us therefore go on, nothing difcouraged, trufting in his help, and following his fteps, until we apprehend, that for which we are apprehended of this divine leader.

Your ever affectionate and faithful, &c.

My dear Friend,

* MR. *V.* has defired me to meet Dr. *** at his houfe; but though I honour the character of that worthy man, yet I rather *fear*, than

than *desire* to do this. I really now dread the being set up as something to be thought well of. I see such a depth of pride and self-love in my own heart, that I dread any thing, which can give the least food to these hellish tempers. I am well satisfied, that there can be no perfect peace, no perfect love, till these be done away. Was not the blessed Jesus *meek* and *lowly* of heart? Was not he despised and rejected? And we? Oh, my dear love, tremble for yourself and for me. We are esteemed, admired, and sought after. Do we not, think you, tread upon burning coals? How dangerous, how difficult to act for the glory of God, without sacrificing something to self? And this self is all that separates from God—this self is all that keeps the blessings both of time and eternity from our souls. Oh let us learn, and know and feel, that we are nothing, and that God is all in all. Certain it is that unless we die with Christ, we cannot rise to his life. Unless we are crucified with him here, we cannot reign with him hereafter. Let us then nail our corrupt nature to his cross, and continually mortify every temper that is contrary to his perfect will. Suffer we must; but the love of God will make all sufferings sweet, and his grace will enable us to conquer all difficulties. I rejoice at the victory, which you tell me has been given you over (I suppose) some reigning sin: Is not this encouragement to press forward? If you would preserve constant peace and recollec-

tion, look more into your own heart, and lay not out yourſelf too much upon others. I have ſeen ſo much of the ill effects of this, that I dread it both for you and myſelf. Watch continually.

Your ever affectionate, &c.

* *

YOUR letter, my dear life, has given me great pleaſure. This is indeed, as it ought to be. And Oh by no means ſuffer this anxious deſire after God, this thirſt after holineſs to abate; only let it be mixed with that kind of reſignation, which implies a willingneſs to ſuffer, ſo you may be kept from ſin. The pain you ſpeak of I rejoice in. Oh my love, this is right; and may you more and more be conformed to Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified. A ſoul thus pained, thus longing, thus ſtruggling for ſalvation, and at the ſame time lying low at the foot of the croſs, and crying, "Lord thy will be done," is an object in which the holy angels rejoice, nay on which God himſelf looks down well pleaſed. To ſuch a ſoul every goſpel bleſſing is near at hand. The Sun of Righteouſneſs is on the point of riſing in it with healing in his wings; the eternal Comforter is ready to witneſs with it, that it is born of God, and to fill it with that peace, which paſſeth all underſtanding. The bleſſed

bleſſed and adorable Trinity is ready to raiſe it from its fallen ſtate, and to perfect the new creation. What encouraging proſpects! Only let not this happy pain be taken from you by any comfort the world can give, but hold it dear to your heart, as light to your eyes, till God himſelf change it to joy unſpeakable.

* I have long thought that to wiſh for any thing, but the ſalvation of our own ſouls and that of others is wrong: becauſe in nothing elſe can we be ſure that our wiſhes are agreeable to the will of God. I do not know how to believe, that you could wiſh for more riches; and if the being pleaſed with the thoughts of gain proceeded only from this motive, that you thought God was putting it more in your power to relieve the neceſſities of others, I would not dare to condemn you: but it is ſo difficult to take any ſatisfaction of this kind without ſome mixture of worldly-mindedneſs, that we cannot be too careful in this reſpect; nay we ought rather to fear leſt we ſhould not be found faithful ſtewards of the talents put into our hands, as knowing, that both in ſpiritual and temporal bleſſings, "To whom much is given, of them ſhall much be required."

My dear Friend,

IF it ſhould pleaſe God to make any thing I write of benefit to your ſoul, I ſhould greatly rejoice, but without that my words will avail nothing. And really the account you give of yourſelf at preſent is ſo ſtrange, that I know not how to ſpeak to you, or whether harſhneſs or love is moſt neceſſary. This I know, that my own ſoul is greatly pained for you, but I dare not flatter you, "If any man hath not the Spirit of Chriſt, he is none of his;" and doubtleſs to take a pleaſure in expoſing the faults of others is a temper as diſtant from the Spirit of Chriſt, as hell is from heaven. * Believe me, my dear life, if the love of God reigned in your heart, you would rather cover than expoſe the faults even of the vileſt of men. And when obliged for their own good, or the warning of others, to ſpeak to the diſadvantage of any one, you would do it with *fear* and *caution*, at the ſame time looking up to God, leſt any bitterneſs ſhould mix, either with your thoughts or words. *God is love*, and infinite ſtreams of love are perpetually flowing from him through all created nature. His acts of judgment as well as mercy are only acts of love, and deſigned either to remove or to leſſen

leſſen the evils occaſioned by the fall of angels and of man; and the ſoul which is born of God will as neceſſarily partake of this divine principle of univerſal love, as the child you now carry within you partakes of your corrupt nature. You have great reaſon then to tremble, while this temper has any footing in your ſoul. Don't ſit down contented, becauſe you have intervals of recollection, but wreſtle mightily with God in fervent prayer, until he ſpeak peace to your ſoul, and his love be ſhed abroad in your heart, before which this evil diſpoſition will fly as a miſt before the morning ſun. You greatly affect me by what you ſay in regard to the expected hour of danger; but fear not. No creature on earth can be more unworthy than I am; and the God of mercy protected me, and gave me ſtrength, and courage, and calmneſs; and I doubt not but he will ſhew the ſame mercy to you: nay I have a ſtrong confidence he will in your hour of extremity give you a clearer ſenſe of his pardoning love, than you have yet experienced. Fear not, only believe, "All things are poſſible to him that believeth."

It has pleaſed God within theſe few days to give me a ſevere trial, and eternal glory be to his name, I have ſtood it, crying only, *Lord, thy will be done.* My little boy was taken on Saturday evening with ſtrong convulſions, and between that time and Sunday evening, had I believe, full forty fits. He is now much better.

God is ever merciful: he brings to the borders of the grave, and raiſes up again. O how good it is to ſuffer? How glorious to have grace triumph over nature? How ſweet to lay low at the foot of the croſs, and bleſs God for every thing which more conforms us to the ſuffering Jeſus? Be watchful, and earneſt. *Adieu.*

My dear Friend,

* WHERE the conſideration of the prophecies is a means of ſtirring any one up to greater diligence, or making them ſit looſer to the things of this world, and ſeek more earneſtly after the things of God, they cannot conſider them too attentively. Every ſoul ſhould carefully obſerve that way, in which God particularly leads it, and punctually follow every means which it finds by experience brings it nearer to God. Some are awakened and brought low by meditating on the ſevere judgments of God; others are melted down by reflecting on his mercies. Some are employed uſefully to themſelves, and it may be to others, by accurately conſidering the ſeveral amazing diſpenſations of God in the whole ſcheme of our redemption. Others by a more ſimple and general view of God, as infinite wiſdom and infinite love, reſt calmly on his will, and though in a lower and leſs ſhining way,

way, purſue the ſame end, viz. ſalvation by the blood of the Lamb from the power as well as from the guilt of ſin, and union with the pure fountain of all happineſs. All theſe ways are good in themſelves, and are made ſo to every ſoul, which in *them* follows the leadings of the Spirit of God. But I may make that, which is good in itſelf, evil to me, by uſing it *only becauſe* another thinks it right, and not becauſe I find it the means which moſt unites my ſoul to Chriſt; and therefore we ought never to blame any one for not being affected by that which affects us.

'Tis very certain that the judgments of God are now abroad in the earth, and that ſome of the ſigns of the laſt times plainly appear; this (whether the calculation in the letter be right or wrong) is obvious to every one, and calls aloud for ſerioufneſs and watchfulneſs. Happy are thoſe who ſhall ſtand unmoved in the time of temptation. Happy are thoſe who when all nature is agonizing around them can fly to the only rock of refuge, and there find ſhelter from the ſtorm, and ſhadow from the heat. But above all happy are thoſe, who ſhall have the glory of ſuffering for their Redeemer, of ſealing their teſtimony with their blood, or in the midſt of the fire ſhouting for joy, and bleſſing God for a martyr's crown. Theſe, theſe are glorious proſpects, and weak as we are, ſhould God honour us with a trial like this, he would alſo give us ſtrength to be more than conquerors. In the mean time let

us not be weary or faint in our minds, but manfully fight till we obtain complete victory over our evil hearts; and then shall we stand with humble confidence even before our judge, and though all nature was dissolved, we should remain unshaken, and be wholly swallowed up in joy full of glory. Amen, Lord Jesus.

My dear Friend,

* I Thank you for your last letter, and I bless God, that you was not offended at mine. This bearing of plain-dealing is a comfortable proof to me of your sincerity. If temptations increase, God will give a proportionable increase of strength. There wants nothing but faithfulness on your part to the grace already given. I know not the particulars of your sufferings, but I know it is good to suffer. It is a discipline all must go through, who make any tolerable advance in the school of Christ. I could wish you to seek more after religion, than comfort. Constant and heart-felt resignation is a bulwark against every trial, and a foundation for solid peace, and joy transcendently pure. The whole state of a soul made perfect in love stands in that one petition, *Thy will be done:* and if we could but preserve that temper which these words describe, I know not what could hurt us. Suppose

now

now when I firſt wake in a morning I ſhould lift up my heart, " Lord I bleſs thee for this new day " which thou haſt given me. In this day I ſhall " have freſh manifeſtations of thy will concern- " ing me, either in comforts or in ſufferings. " Lord, I am thy creature, deal with me as it " ſhall pleaſe thee: only leave me not to myſelf, " but let thy grace be ſufficient for me, and thy " ſtrength be made perfect in my weakneſs." When ſettled in this frame of mind, ſuppoſe my trials to begin. I am tempted by the perverſe- neſs and evil tempers of my own family to impa- tience, to anger; but I immediately recollect myſelf, " Lord it is thy will I ſhould bear this; pardon their perverſeneſs, and give me to be thankful for every opportunity of ſelf-denial and forbearance." Well! now another, and more difficult trial appears. I am to behave to peo- ple, whom I know to be my bitter enemies, whom I know to be continually ſeeking occaſions of evil againſt me, as if they were my dear friends. Here every faculty of the ſoul is alarm- ed, and nature ſhrinks back affrighted. But what does grace ſay? " Lord I thank thee for this glorious trial! What a bleſſing is it I ſhould be permitted to drink of the ſame cup my Saviour drank of! Oh bleſs theſe mine enemies; fill their hearts with thy love; let thy will be perfected both in them and me." This temptation is con- quered, but another and a more trying one im- mediately ſucceeds. I am treated unkindly by

people I love, and who are really my friends. Here my heart is wounded, it ſinks, it is ready to faint; but recovering itſelf it reſts upon God, and ſays, "Lord, even in this, thy will be done, and let the ſufferings of Chriſt be perfected in me, that I may be alſo a partaker of his glory." In this manner one might inſtance in all kinds of affliction, and find comfort and ſtrength in each.

I know not how to think ſo meanly of you, as to imagine your heart in danger of being drawn away by the world. But I know I am always apt to ſet you in too high a light, and it may be ſo, in this caſe; this one thing however I am ſure of, that we are fighting for eternity, and this againſt innumerable enemies, dangerous ones without, but far more dangerous ones within. If the Lord himſelf was not on our ſide, how could we maintain our ground one moment. To his almighty protection I commend you and yours, and am

Your ever-affectionate, &c.

To the Rev. Mr. ****.

Dear Sir,

I AM much obliged to you for your kind concern on my account. My illneſs I believe is rather troubleſome than dangerous, a diſorder in

in my ſtomach, which has been attended with a ſlight fever. I was ill, when you and Mr. *** were to ſee me though I did not complain, and I looked upon it as a particular bleſſing: for had my ſpirits been in their full flow, an event ſo much wiſhed, would have too much elated me: but my diſorder ſerved to keep the balance of my mind even. I ſee the goodneſs of God to me in every thing, and therefore ſickneſs or health, life or death are equally welcome to me, as coming from the ſame gracious hand. Nature, its true, ſhrinks at ſuffering, but grace triumphs in reſignation, and is thankful for the diſpenſation of the preſent moment, without wiſhing or willing in regard to the future. But I hope to learn ſome leſſons of this kind from you next Sunday. Till then farewell, and may the fulneſs of every goſpel bleſſing reſt upon your ſoul.

Your's, &c.

* *

Dear Sir,

THE judgments of God upon *Liſbon* are dreadful indeed. I know not what heart can be hard enough to hear of them without concern. What but the amazing mercy of a long-ſuffering God can prevent *London* from feeling the ſame dreadful blow! And if God ſhould ariſe to ſhake terribly

terribly our land, what great reaſon will thoſe perſons have to be thankful, whom God has drawn from all worldly ſchemes of happineſs, and fixed their hearts on a baſis, which can never be ſhaken, though the earth be moved, and the mountains caſt into the midſt of the ſea? I have been much comforted in reſpect of the miſeries of others by this ſcripture—*When the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants thereof will learn righteouſneſs.* If ſuch a bleſſed end is produced by theſe ſevere acts of juſtice, have we not reaſon even in the midſt of terror to admire and adore? The whole univerſe appears to me to be in the hand of God, as a grain of duſt in the balance; and I, a creature more inſignificant, more worthleſs, and ſinful than can be conceived, am among the reſt in this almighty hand, and *all is ſafe.* My heart is by nature painfully tender, and yet in the midſt of feeling, either for myſelf or others, there is a ſecret ſatisfaction in my inmoſt ſoul, that God is glorified in every act of his providence, whether of judgment or mercy; and I hardly know how to form any other prayer than *Thy will be done.*

I fear I ſhall not ſee you on Thurſday;——— but wherever you are, may the God of all conſolation be your light and your ſhield, and bring you ſafe to that city, which has eternal foundations.

I am your ever-obliged friend and ſervant, &c.

By

* BY what you ſaid to Mr. *** when he had the pleaſure of hearing you, I imagine you think my illneſs is owing to a cauſe of which I am by no means certain; however the bare probability of ſuch a charge would not be without my immediately reflecting on the dangers and temptations that would attend it. A ſoul, that is really deſirous of attaining the *pure* love of God, is exceedingly jealous of any thing that has a poſſibility of drawing it from its centre of happineſs, and looks upon any event which has this poſſible tendency (let the world term it bleſſing or misfortune) with a tender, anxious fear, which none can underſtand but thoſe who have felt it. This was my caſe, and my imagination would ſometimes paint a thouſand inſtances which *might* draw my ſoul down to earth. And this fear (though it never made me wiſh any thing but what was the will of God) would bring the tears to my eyes, and cauſe an uneaſineſs, which doubtleſs proceeded from want of faith. But that God whoſe mercies are renewed every morning, ſoon delivered me from thoſe fears, and calm peace, perfect reſignation and watchfulneſs ſucceeded. And for this fortnight paſt, though I have been in continual uncertainty, whether I ſhould continue in the condition I am thought to be in or not, my mind by the all-ſufficient

grace

grace of God has been ſo equally kept, that I have not had the leaſt wiſh or choice of my own, but have been equally pleaſed with whatever ſeemed to be the leadings of Providence concerning me. And you cannot think, what a work of annihilation this uncertainty has been the means of carrying on in my ſoul, which I ſee plainly in the nature of things could not ſo well have been effected by any other. I never can be enough thankful for the unſpeakable mercies of God to ſo unworthy a creature. My will has been brought into deadneſs, which I, even a *few months* ago, ſhould have thought almoſt impoſſible; and I ſee, and have ſome foretaſtes of that ſtate which is called the pure and diſintereſted love of God, in a manner I cannot expreſs.

I ſhould be very glad to ſee you when your affairs will permit, for I have not had one help from without ſince I ſaw you laſt; nor have I had *many* of thoſe joys and comforts from within which have ſometimes been indulged me. And indeed my animal frame would have been too weak to have borne them, unleſs God had in a particular manner ſupported it: for every faculty of my ſoul has been weighed down by continual ſickneſs. I have not only been incapable of any outward application, but alſo of intenſe thinking or fervent prayer. But in the midſt of this *my* weakneſs, the ſtrength of God has more abundantly been made manifeſt, that I might be abaſed even to the duſt, and his free grace exalted; ſo

that

that I well underſtand what St. *Paul* meant, when he ſaid, *Therefore will I glory in weakneſs, in diſtreſſes, that the power of Chriſt may reſt upon me.*—But I muſt finiſh this already too long letter. Farewell! May the dew of heaven continually refreſh you!

* *

January 19, 1756.

Dear Sir,

I Am much obliged to you for your letter, from which I have learnt a very uſeful leſſon, viz. Never to fancy that the particular circumſtances of others would be more advantageous to me than my own. You are ready almoſt to envy *me* my *many* hours of retirement; when at the ſame time, I am continually complaining that I have ſo *few*, and often crying out, when *ſhall* I have a *whole day* to myſelf? And then I frequently think, were I a man and in the miniſtry, my time would then be *all* ſpent for God; but *now*, what an inundation of trifling flows in upon me, which 'tis impoſſible for me to avoid, without altogether going out of the world.

I enter upon the ſubject, on which you bid me write with fear and trembling. My abilities are really far from being equal to it: for although I know

know many Chriſtians, who would immediately cry out, that it needed not one moment's conſideration, I dare not do ſo; for I now really *feel* the weight of it upon my ſoul. * 'Tis a moſt alarming truth, that a miniſter may ſpeak with the tongue of men and of angels, and that the power of God may ſo accompany his words as to make them the means of converting thouſands; and yet for want of duly ſearching into his own heart, he may ſuffer it to be overgrown with poiſonous weeds, with tempers and inclinations, which if unſubdued, will abſolutely ſhut *him out* from the kingdom of glory, to which he is leading others. How eaſy for a man who is continually ſetting forth the glorious truths of the goſpel, and inforcing holineſs of heart and life, to imagine (for want of conſtant ſelf-examination) that *he himſelf is* what he preaches? This is a moſt dangerous ſnare; and therefore how abſolutely neceſſary is that retirement which affords opportunity for a diligent ſearch into the receſſes of the heart, and gives the ſoul leiſure to wait in awful ſilence before God, where, free from every object of ſenſe, and from the workings of imagination, it may with all its faculties proſtrate before the eternal Trinity, and feel itſelf to be nothing, and God to be *all in all?* But then it may be aſked, ſhall not a man who with ſingleneſs of heart, ſpends and is ſpent for the ſervice of God, be ſo kept by divine grace, that his ſoul ſhall ſuffer no loſs by the want of retirement? Doubtleſs.

leſs. Where *ſincerity* and *ſingleneſs* of heart are preſerved, that ſoul ſhall be defended as with a ſhield. But this I take to be the grand temptation of every miniſter of the goſpel; he ſets out perhaps (though this is not always the caſe) with a ſingle view to the glory of God and the ſalvation of ſouls. The power of God accompanies his words, the hearts of the people fall under him. His reputation daily increaſes, till at laſt he becomes popular. He ſees himſelf ſurrounded by a croud of people, who for the moſt part hear him as an angel of God, their thirſty ſouls gaſping after the truths he utters. An innocent and an *holy* joy fills his heart; "Here are ſouls that may be won to Chriſt, and that *by me!* Lord, what amazing love, that I who am the leaſt of all thy ſervants ſhould be thus bleſt!"—So far all is well, all is happy: but the ſubtil enemy of mankind ſo ſtrongly impreſſes this, *by me*, that a ſelf-complacency, ſeparate from the glory of God, ariſes in his heart, and this, if not immediately quelled, leads him to the brink of a precipice. God ſtill, for the ſake of others, continues his uſefulneſs; but every converſion which he is the means of making, is freſh food for his ſelf-love; and by degrees he becomes ſo dead to the love of God, that he preaches even the pureſt doctrines of the goſpel, with the ſame ſpirit, with which a lawyer pleads at the bar. But on the contrary, that *bleſſed ſervant* of Chriſt who ſtedfaſtly purſues the narrow path, who conquers every

every rising of self-love in its first appearance, and constantly refers all the good he does or speaks to the author and giver of all good, *he* shall be kept in all his ways, and blest in all his works. And though his soul may pant for retirement, as thinking he should there enjoy nearer communion with God, and make higher advances in the divine life, this *may not* perhaps be immediately permitted him: but in order that his future crown may be the brighter, *God may make* his present usefulness a *sure sign* to *him*, that he ought to continue his constant labours for others, though it should be with much temptation, fear, and trembling. However this is very certain, that God to a servant *thus sincere*, will point out a plain path, either by *inward leadings* which cannot be mistaken, or *outward providences*.—Adieu! Pardon the weakness of this; let me see you the first time you have to spare, and believe me

Your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

* *

Dear Sir,

WHATEVER the Spirit of God makes useful to my heart, either from scripture or from spiritual authors, I thankfully receive, and give him

him the glory: but I well know there is but one great touch-ſtone, by which all doctrines are to be tried; and therefore I hope your kind fears for me, leſt I ſhould not enough eſteem the written word of God, are needleſs. I am ſo far from ſetting any human writer on a footing with this, that I ſcarcely *read* them at all, *i. e.* in compariſon of my bible. I *look* over ſome few, but this is very different from the manner of reading you recommend, and which I ſtrive by the grace of God to practiſe; nay, it would be the greateſt ſlavery to me you can conceive, if I were obliged to read many religious books: however I return you the ſincereſt thanks for your care, and beg you will *in all* things watch over me with a "godly jealouſy."—But my dear friend, could you imagine that I enquired after the *ſtate* of your *mind* according to the *common acceptation* of the word? I only deſired to know what ſpiritual bleſſings you had both from without and within, that I might ſhare them with you. And this I was emboldened to do by the ſweet account you had given in your former letter, of the bleſſings you enjoyed at *Briſtol*. The Lord refreſh your ſoul continually with the rich ſtreams of his redeeming love, and may his everlaſting arms be beneath you! I know your preſent ſtate, of hanging as it were in ſuſpence between the viſible and inviſible world, is a diſpenſation big with divine love. And was I to pray for you that prayer which my ſoul moſt loves, it would *be*,

"that

"that you *ſhould* lie in the hand of God as an inſtrument, without choice, till the will of God was perfected in you." This would be the prayer of pure love and enlightened faith; but if I deſcended to the tenderneſs of friendſhip, I ſhould aſk your ſpeedy recovery. If it ſhould be given me to ſee you again in this world of vanity and woe, I ſhall be thankful, and perhaps it may be ſo: but I know not—*ſomething* ſeems to whiſper me that the thread both of your life and mine is nearly ſpun. For my part, I have within theſe few days had a ſweet call to eternity, by a ſudden and violent diſorder in my ſtomach and bowels (called according to the faſhionable phraſe a *nervous* cholick) which ſeems to have ſet me a good way forwards on my journey. Happy pain! Kind meſſenger! O my friend, I have nothing but mercies to tell you of. So ſupported! Such wonderous grace! Such boundleſs love! *I* all ſin and miſery: the *Saviour* all tenderneſs and mercy: the *probable* approach of death delightful: no ſting remaining. No clog upon my chariot-wheels. Mercies too from without which I had never before experienced in a time of ſickneſs. The Rev. Mr. *** praying and ſinging by my bed, with ſuch power of faith and love, ſuch unction from above! Does this hurry the ſpirits? Does this endanger? How far from it? I proteſt not only my ſoul rejoiced, but even my body grew better as he prayed. Do not fail to thank God on my behalf, and pray for me

me that I may not be ungrateful to such amazing mercy. May the Lord Jesus preserve you, sweeten every pain, and make you rejoice continually with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Your ever-affectionate and obliged friend,

June 7, 1756. * *

June 15, 1756.

Dear Sir,

YOUR very kind letter has pained me extremely, but I hope it has been made a means of humbling my soul before God. How little do I deserve that you should write to me in this manner? Alas you do not know me; I am less than the least of all the mercies of God; do not, I beseech you, think so highly of me; it really makes me ashamed of myself. Oh that I could be lower than the dust! Oh that I could shrink into nothing at the presence of my God! The way too in which you speak of yourself, puts me in a strange dilemma. I dare not pay religious compliments, and yet how shall I write to you, as if I believed you? How much greater has your cross of sickness been than mine? So long, so lingering, such inconveniences as it lays you under. But yet this is certainly *no* excuse for a soul, *taught* of *God*, as *your's is*, to wish its removal.

removal. * Did you *indeed wiſh* for any thing but ſanctification? Surely, my dear friend, you wrong yourſelf; it cannot be. Oh remember the glorious path you have often pointed out to me, of perfect reſignation! I have conſidered you as a pattern to me, *particularly* in *this*. I muſt not think that *you* have any "reluctance to bear the croſs;" it would wound my heart too much. Do I not know, that you love God above all things? Do not I know the ſincere deſires of your ſoul after holineſs? And is there any way in the ſpiritual life, which ſo immediately leads to holineſs, as *willing ſuffering?* Happy are thoſe to whom God gives the grace of *doing* much for him, for his cauſe, for his people; but *ten times* more bleſſed are they who *ſuffer* with Chriſt. Is there a joy abſolutely pure? It is that of ſuffering. Oh did we but know the health, the peace, the life that is at the bottom of every bitter cup; with what alacrity ſhould we drink it? With what thankfulneſs, nay, with tears of joy, ſhould we cry, Lord, what unbounded mercy, what aſtoniſhing grace is this, to a worm like me; that I ſhould be led in this *moſt excellent* way; that I ſhould be made to tread in thoſe footſteps which are *moſt eminently* thine? Deareſt Saviour, ſweet is thy croſs, ſweet is thy thorny crown; thy ſtripes, thy wounds, thy pain, *more* delightful than beds of roſes. Let other ſouls glory in mount *Tabor*; *my* joy ſhall be to ſtay with *thee* on mount *Calvary*, that I may be made conformable to thy death.

Such

Such would be the language of a soul truly sensible of the great benefit of suffering, and embracing, with sweet complacency, the cross, which thus united it with its Redeemer. May this be the language of your soul and mine; then shall we be found unshaken in the fiery trial, and come out as gold purified seven times. But after all, what suffering have I had in this illness? It can scarce be called suffering, when God sensibly supports. The suffering is when *he* leaves the soul (as it were alone) in pain or in affliction, to struggle with the powers of darkness, which at such a time eagerly beset it. *This I have sometimes known*, and *this* is *suffering indeed*.—I have the same confidence in God for my dear Mr. ***, that you have. Was I to be removed, I doubt not but it would be made a means of good to his soul; but it seems at present to be the will of God that I should continue some time longer. My inward weakness is not so great, and my pain, though pretty constant, is so slight, that it is scarce worth the mentioning. I thank God that your health is returning, and trust we shall meet again on this side the river; but in the mean time pray earnestly for *me*. I fear ease more than pain. Farewell! May you and I constantly join in this prayer, "Thy will be done in us, and by us, in time and in eternity!"

Your ever-obliged and affectionate friend,

* * *

July 1, 1756.

My dear Friend,

I Received your letter with much thankfulneſs, for I began to be very uneaſy at not hearing from you in ſo long a time. And you have for theſe two days lain with ſuch a weight on my ſpirit, that I know not how to account for it. I well know the manner in which the praiſe you beſtowed was meant. But you know not how I dread ſelf-complacency. And therefore though I often find that praiſe humbles me, yet it gives me a pain I know not how to expreſs. I have indeed often heard you ſpeak thoſe words you mention, but they never affected me till now. And did you ſpeak them "in the bitterneſs of your ſoul?"—Call me no more your friend! I am not worthy the name. How often have I heard them with unconcern, looking on them only as words of courſe, a kind of common-place humility. Will you forgive me? I promiſe you for the future I will pay more attention to every thing you ſay. I will not, by the grace of God, be ſo indolent and ſo faithleſs in the things which concern you as I have been. I know I am apt to think too highly of thoſe I love, and I hate to be diſturbed in the thought. You cannot

not imagine how ingenious I am in caſting theſe burdens from me: a latent fear of diſpleaſing, and a falſe humility, furniſh me with arguments. "Why would I pretend to ſpeak ſo and ſo, to people ſo much more advanced in grace than myſelf?" Not conſidering that God can work by the weakeſt and moſt unworthy. But cannot I pray for you? Oh my friend, if ever I *have* been wanting in ardent prayers for you, I hope never to be ſo again. That communion of ſpirit which I have with you in the life of Chriſt, ſhall I truſt add wings to my prayers on your behalf, and gain new degrees of ſtrength to my own ſoul.

* Your laſt letter is a comfortable earneſt to me, that I ſhall at leaſt have one companion in the way which God has ſent me to walk in, *the way of the croſs*, *the inward crucifixion*, as you ſo juſtly call it; (thanks be to God for this refreſhment to my ſpirit!) Many ſpeak of this, and becauſe St. *Paul* mentions the being crucified with Chriſt, they preach about and about it; but I ſee plainly that *you* not only *ſpeak* but *feel*.—And *do* you know *ſo much* of the *bitterneſs* of the creature? The Lord be praiſed! May you daily know it more and more! I am ſure this experience will only make the hidden manna the ſweeter. And I am equally ſure, that thoſe bitter draughts are abſolutely neceſſary to every ſoul that would *wholly* give itſelf up to God. 'Tis eaſy to talk of the will being perfectly reſigned, ſwallowed up in the will of God, &c. And

while this only floats as a notion in the brain, no great ſufferings will attend it. But when the ſoul really feels what this implies, that it is a being cut off from the creature, then it knows indeed what it is to ſuffer; then it fights as it were in the midſt of the fire. Every thought muſt be brought into obedience to Chriſt; and God effects this in the ſoul as it is able to bear it: firſt one trial comes, then another. One ſtrikes at love of the creature, another at ſelf-love, a third at ſpiritual pride. And the fight continues till Chriſt has brought down all his enemies, and led captivity captive. And to attain this ſtate of glorious liberty, who would not rejoice to ſuffer? What a coward muſt he be, who would fly from a field of battle, where to die is to conquer? Oh what bleſſed encouragements has a Chriſtian to fight manfully! Let us not be weary or faint in our minds. We have not yet reſiſted unto blood, ſtriving againſt ſin; but let us not fail to do it. Have we not a captain who treads all the powers of death and hell under his feet? Is he not Jehovah, mighty to ſave? And has he not promiſed that he will ſave even to the *uttermoſt?* The way we have to travel is indeed long, and there are lions in it. But what of that! Jeſus the deliverer is with us, and nothing ſhall hurt us.

Through Jeſus we can all things do,

all things ſuffer, all things conquer, and what would

would we more? Farewel! May the peace of God be with you, and make your ſoul to reſt on him.

Your ever obliged and affectionate
Friend and Servant,

* *

To Miſs * * * *.

Wedneſday Night, February 13, 1754.

A Cold has been the means of preventing me from ſpending the evening in the trifling manner which you, my dear friend, have been forced to do; though I cannot but hope that your mind, in the midſt of all this noiſe and nonſenſe, has been enabled to keep itſelf in a ſtate of recollection; and that you are ſtill more fully convinced that *all*, the *world* calls pleaſure and gaiety, is mere vanity and vexation of ſpirit.—I thank you for your letter; it has given me great ſatisfaction, and freſh cauſe to praiſe God on your account: I rejoice in your joy, and may our gracious and kind Redeemer increaſe and eſtabliſh your joy and peace in believing! You have indeed the utmoſt reaſon to be thankful, that ſuch a work of mercy has been begun in your ſoul; and fear not but that bleſſed ſpirit who has convinced you of ſin, and led you to look to the only means of deli-

verance, will perfect the work he has begun! What a happy sign, that you can already lay hold *on*, and *apply* the promises to yourself? O continue instant in prayer, for still greater degrees of faith; and shun as you would the most deadly poison, every *action*, *word*, and *thought*, which is contrary to the Spirit of God! And always reflect with the most thankful heart on the love of Christ to your soul. Think that our merciful Saviour is more ready to hear than we to pray. Think with what joy the father received the returning prodigal, and be assured that *you* and I, and every returning *sinner*, will be received with the same joy, cloathed with the same glorious robes, and admitted to sit down at the same *feast*, even the marriage-supper of the Lamb!

I am, with the utmost tenderness,
Your ever-affectionate and faithful Friend,

* *

Wednesday Night, March 20, 1754.

* *My dear Friend,*

I AM rejoiced, and bless God that your mind was in so happy a state, while your body was in the midst of folly and confusion. You observe very justly, that those diversions are *absolutely* unfit for *one* who is seeking *salvation*. Nothing

thing indeed can be more contrary to the *ſpirit* of the *goſpel*, than what the *world* calls *polite* amuſements. What can be more abſurd than for one who deſires to be a *Chriſtian*, who deſires the *mind* which was in *Chriſt*, who deſires that *juſtification* by *faith*, which alone can produce in the *heart true* humility and meekneſs, deadneſs to the world, conſtant reſignation to God, and fervent deſire to do his will: than for ſuch a perſon (*in all the* extravagance and glare of dreſs) to be *ſwimming* or *ſkipping* about a room, and wiſhing to draw the attention and admiration of the moſt vile and profligate part of the human ſpecies? What abſurdity for ſuch a perſon as this to ſit in that houſe, which is as much devoted to the devil as the church is to God, for three hours together, to hear obſcenities, at which a virtuous Heathen would have bluſhed?—If you aſk twenty of the people who do theſe things, whether they are Chriſtians, nineteen of them will anſwer, they are Chriſtians *to be ſure!* What do you think of them? Or if they are not now quite ſo good as they ought to be, they hope to be better by and by! But can a ſoul which *truly* ſeeks after ſalvation do theſe things? No certainly. And when the Spirit of God has wrought in a ſoul this hatred of the vanities it uſed to delight in, it has reaſon to rejoice *indeed*. What greater mark of the love of God to us, than his having thus drawn us to delight in himſelf? If we love a friend, we deſire and ſtrive that this friend may

return our love, and joy and delight in us: and, amazing condescension! will the Creator of all things visible and invisible, the *God* who called *angels* and *archangels* into *being*, thus deal with us *poor sinful* worms? What heart can withstand such love? What heart but must at this thought sink into the dust, and lose itself in wonder, joy, and adoration? I have time for no more. *Adieu.*

* *

BLESSED *are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted! Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.* These are the words of the God of truth: and can you then, my dear friend, be discouraged because you are now mourning after this God, who only hides himself from you, that you may *more earnestly* seek him?—Heaviness may endure for a night, but *joy* cometh in the *morning*. There certainly is no heaviness like this heaviness: when a soul has been sensible (though in the *least* degree) of the influences of the sun of righteousness, and finds his all-cheering beams withdrawn, how *painful*, how *heavy* is the darkness! This is indeed *darkness* that may be *felt*: but when the joy returns, what peace! What happiness! Look, my dear, on the material sun, observe how all the creation around you is *brightened*

ened and *gladdened* when he ſhines; and be aſſured, that on your earneſt ſeeking after Chriſt, he will in like manner ſhine again on *your* ſoul, and make it *glad* with the *light* of his countenance.

Your ever affectionate

Wedneſday Night, * *
April 1754.

July 19, 1754.

I AM very glad, my dear, that your mind is in ſo happy a ſtate, and that you ſeem to have ſo true a ſenſe of the *littleneſs* of *all* the world calls *great* and deſirable. The love of *God*, and the love of the *world* are directly oppoſite to each other. And therefore St. *John* ſays, *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him:* this is a ſure rule to try ourſelves by. We may talk well, and act well in ſome outward things; nay, perhaps be zealous for the genuine doctrines of the goſpel: Yet all this while, if the love of the world remains in our hearts, we may be very certain we are no Chriſtians.—I fear you have not much opportunity of being alone, but ſee from your letter you make good uſe of that you have. However God is both able and willing to preſerve (either alone or in company) the

ſoul which conſtantly looks towards him. I was afraid your being at *** might hurt you, but thank God, I had no cauſe for fear. You ſeem I think rather to advance than go back. Give God the glory! For whatever of good is in you, is all from his free and boundleſs mercy. And ceaſe not conſtantly to fight, in the ſtrength of your Redeemer, againſt every ſin, and fear not but he will ſet you free, take off the heavy burden you complain of, and cloath you with *his perfect righteouſneſs*. *Adieu.*

---

* YOU tell me, my dear, that your preſent dark ſtate of mind is owing to your thoughts dwelling ſo much on worldly objects. But carry your ſincerity yet a little further, and tell me if it is not ſome *one particular object* on which your thoughts are fixed, and which rivals your Creator in your heart? I much fear this is the caſe: and if ſo, you will find it very difficult to conquer, but let not any difficulty diſcourage you from ſtriving to "pluck out this right eye, and caſt it from you." The grace of God is ſufficient for you, his ſtrength is made perfect in your weakneſs. And you may depend upon it, that as ſoon as ever you have given up your idol, the ſun of righteouſneſs will again ariſe in your ſoul with healing in his wings; the

God

God of mercy will again be known by you, as your reconciled Father in Chriſt; and the bleſſed Spirit will lead, and guide, and fill you with that peace which paſſes all underſtanding; and you will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord rejoicing.

I am your ever affectionate and faithful friend,

Tueſday Morning, * *
Auguſt 12, 1754.

My dear friend,

YOUR laſt letter gave me great pleaſure: I ſincerely rejoice in the happineſs of your ſoul, as in that of my own, and I hope God will ſtrengthen you more and more by his grace, ſo that you may forſake every thing for him. Above all, ſacrifice your own will: let this conſtantly be the language of your heart, "Lord, not my will, but thine be done." Strive not only to be content, but to rejoice in every thing that mortifies your corrupt nature. Hourly reflect, that you are a fallen creature, ſent into this world for no other end than to be reſtored to that nature which our firſt father loſt, and ſo be made fit for the kingdom of heaven. Remember, that Chriſt died for you, that you might live wholly to him; and the more you do this, the more you will cer-

tainly have of that peace which paſſeth all underſtanding.

I am your ever affectionate friend,

Sept. 16, 1755. * *

My dear friend,

I Have read Mr. *B.*'s letter, and think it exceedingly pretty; the ſtile is eaſy and flowing, the language ſoft and affecting, the ſentiments he expreſſes, in regard to his friend and yourſelf, very beautiful. But what is all this to the purpoſe? Or how can this convince you, that you ought to give up thoſe means of grace which you have found ſo extremely beneficial to your ſoul, in order to make a proper wife for Mr. *C.*? 'Tis true, there are ſeveral aſſertions in Mr. *B.*'s letter, deſigned to ſhew the reaſonableneſs of your making the promiſe; but aſſerting and proving are two things. Whatever has the appearance of argument in this letter may, I imagine, be reduced to theſe heads: 1*ſt.* That it is abſolutely wrong for any member of the church of *England* to attend the meetings of ſeparatiſts. 2*dly.* That in the church of *England*, a ſoul may find every thing neceſſary for its attaining the higheſt degrees of faith and holineſs. 3*dly.* That Mr.

Mr. *W.* is a ſeparatiſt: and 4*thly*. That your having any acquaintance with him, will hurt Mr. *C.* both in his temporal intereſt, and in his character as a miniſter.—The opinion I had conceived of Mr. *B.* was very high, I imagined him actuated by that ſpirit of *univerſal love*, which is the firſt and ruling principle of every ſoul that is born of God; and I make no doubt but this is his *real* character: however (in this affair) he may *ſeem* to incline to a *partial ſelfiſh* orthodoxy. * Could the church of *England* be proved to be the *only church* of *Chriſt*, there might be ſome reaſon for the cry of ſchiſm, which we hear ſo much of: but what is ſhe, more than one of the moſt unexceptionable of thoſe many diviſions into which the univerſal church is broken? And therefore a ſeparation from her, though cauſeleſs, or from miſtaken motives, cannot properly be called making a ſchiſm in the *church* of *Chriſt*. For my part (but I ſpeak it with ſubmiſſion to Mr. *B.*'s judgment) I apprehend, that the only *real* and dangerous ſchiſm is the want of that ſpirit of love, which makes us rejoice in whatever is good and excellent in people of all denominations, and ready to believe good even of thoſe who moſt differ from *us* in ceremonies and opinion. And why a perſon of this ſpirit (ſuppoſe one in communion with the church of *England*) may not be allowed ſometimes to hear a miniſter among the *Preſbyterians*, or any other ſect, if they find this miniſter's preaching bleſt to their ſouls, I cannot imagine.

gine. What St. *Paul* fays in regard to giving offence to weak brethren, is often quoted to prove what it has nothing to do with; for St. *Paul* furely does not mean, that he neglected thofe things which were profitable to *his foul*, for fear of giving offence to the weak; but that he refrained from outward things (fuch as making difference in meats, &c.) which he, as ftrong in faith, knew to be wholly indifferent, leſt his example fhould tempt thofe who were weak to do things by which their conſciences might be wounded.—As to Mr. *B.*'s ſecond argument, *in one ſenſe* of it, I heartily agree with him: the homilies, the articles, and liturgy of the church of *England*, doubtleſs contain all the doctrines neceſſary to faith and holineſs. But, alas, how little are theſe doctrines regarded either in preaching or practice, by the generality of her miniſters! Let any one who has the leaſt degree of ſerioufneſs, look round the churches of *London*. Will he not ſee the people for the moſt part repeating an excellent ſet of prayers, juſt as a parrot repeats a ſong; and the miniſter giving forth doctrines from the pulpit, as directly contrary to theſe prayers as darkneſs is to light? This is ſo plain a matter of fact, that it cannot be contradicted; and it is *as* notorious, that whenever any miniſter in the church of *England* begins to preach her *real* doctrines, and live up to her precepts, he is immediately called a *Methodiſt*. This name is given to him as a reproach.

But

But as it comes upon him for ſpeaking the truth, it is in fact a glory. Ever ſince Chriſt was upon the earth, *real* Chriſtians have had a nick-name: but ſurely no one who is ſincerely bent to follow him can regard this: I doubt not but Mr. *B.* himſelf is called a *Methodiſt*. But I now come to Mr. *B.*'s third argument, that moſt dreadful charge laid againſt Mr. *W.* that *he is a ſeparatiſt*. This charge has been repeated over and over again, but has never yet been clearly proved. If four walls, with a ſteeple and bells, was the church of *England*, Mr. *W.* might with ſome ſhadow of reaſon be ſaid to have ſeparated from it, becauſe he ſeldom preaches in theſe places: but *this* is no fault of his, for he will gladly preach in any of them, when their reſpective miniſters will let him. And he was never denied preaching in what is called a church, till he ſtrongly inſiſted on *that doctrine* for which the martyrs of the reformation laid down their lives, and which is the very fundamental doctrine of the church of *England*, *juſtification by faith*. Any one who would read Mr. *W.*'s *Appeals* with a ſincere and impartial ſpirit, would I believe be fully convinced, that this charge againſt him could not ſtand.—As to the hurt your being acquainted with Mr. *W.* might do to Mr. *C.* in his temporal intereſt, it depends entirely upon himſelf. If he preaches to his people *ſmooth* things, and propheſies *deceits*; if he joins with them in their *innocent amuſements*, which *lull* ſouls aſleep, and keeps them in an utter

ignorance

ignorance of their *fall* and their *redemption*, till they awake in a miſerable eternity: go *you* where you will, not a dog will move its tongue againſt him, nor will the generoſity of his pariſhioners be in the leaſt abated towards him; and all they ſay of him will *only* be, *poor man!* what pity that ſuch a good-natured good ſort of a man ſhould have ſuch a ſad wife. But do I think Mr. *C.* will act in this manner? *No*, certainly I *do not*. I verily believe, from what you yourſelf have ſaid of him, that he intends to prove himſelf a true miniſter of Chriſt, that he will *boldly* and *earneſtly* call ſinners to repentance, and that his life and converſation will be wholly agreeable to his preaching. And if this is the caſe, though you were never to ſee Mr. *W.* again, Mr. *C.* would be called a *Methodiſt*, the greateſt part of his pariſhioners would cry out againſt him, and in all probability their generoſity towards him would greatly decreaſe. So that conſider the affair in what light you will, your being acquainted with Mr. *W.* cannot materially hurt Mr. *C.* And as to the objection of this acquaintance caſting a reproach on your huſband's miniſtry, 'tis quite *needleſs*; for it is not to be ſuppoſed, if Mr. *C.* be the man you can approve of for a huſband, that you will leave his church when he himſelf preaches, to go after any other miniſter whatever. And whatever you may do at this time at proper opportunities, will I doubt not be ſo guided by *Chriſtian* prudence, that he, as a good

and

and pious man, cannot reaſonably object to it. But at preſent you and Mr. *C.* know very little of each other, and he certainly had no right to propoſe ſuch terms as theſe to you, till he had given you frequent opportunities of judging, whether his heart and ſentiments were ſuch as you could entirely approve of. For my part, by the little I can judge in this affair, I believe him to be a good and a ſincere man, and I heartily wiſh him happy, and *that with you*, if it can be brought about without your doing any thing to wound your conſcience. In the mean time, whether this affair is ever concluded upon or not, frequent converſing together in the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, may be a bleſſing to both. And how is it poſſible for you to give a direct anſwer to a man, till you are in ſome meaſure acquainted with him, and can judge of his temper and diſpoſitions? I was quite delighted with the ſoftneſs and affection for you with which your pappa mentioned this affair to me laſt night. If you ſay any thing of my writing to you, give my reſpects to him and your mamma, with love to Miſs *B.* and believe me

Your faithful,

* *

To

To Mr. ****.

My dear ***,

JOIN with me in praiſing the free grace and mercy of God, which has ſo wonderfully diſplayed it ſelf in your ſoul! I don't know whether your letter moſt aſtoniſhed or delighted me; but this I am ſure of, that I don't know how enough to expreſs my thankfulneſs to God in your behalf. The means ſo weak too! Nothing but a book put into your hands, which thouſands might have read without regarding it. No examples of vital religion, no one to urge or encourage you to ſeek redemption! But the Almighty can indeed work by the weakeſt means, and the pooreſt inſtruments; nothing is too hard for the Lord: and Oh may he perfect the work he has begun!—Oh gracious and ever-bleſſed Redeemer, continue thy mercy to this brother of my ſoul; convince him more and more of the dreadful ſtate he is in by nature, and the abſolute neceſſity of juſtification by faith alone! Oh juſtify him freely; grant him redemption through thy blood, the forgiveneſs of ſins: Fill him with all peace and joy in believing, and give him to go on in thy ſtrength, till he arrives at that fulneſs of

of faith here, and in the end to thy eternal glory hereafter, which thou haſt purchaſed for thoſe who love thee! *Amen, Amen.*

I rejoice in your deſiring to receive the ſacrament. The only preparation required of us is repentance, faith, and love—love to God and all mankind. I have wrote out a little catalogue of books which I make my conſtant ſtudy, and which I hope will be yours; always remembring, that the Bible is to be eſteemed by us infinitely beyond any human compoſitions. Other books I ſhall occaſionally recommend to you, as they benefit my own mind, or are proper for the ſtate of yours.—As to forms of prayer in private, you have no occaſion for them. Pray from your own heart. There is no need of elegance of expreſſion, to make a prayer acceptable to God. The deſire of the heart is its prayer; and that once ſincerely turned to God, will certainly receive an anſwer of peace. When you firſt awake, ſtrive to fix your mind immediately on God: let the firſt book you open be the *New Teſtament.* There read, not ſeveral chapters, but juſt ſo much as you find will be food ſufficient for preſent meditation. If the firſt verſe you read particularly affects you, don't read further, but cloſe the book, and let that verſe have its full effect on your mind. When you fall on your knees before the Almighty, recollect the dangers and temptations you are moſt likely to fall into that day, and particularly pray to be

kept

kept by the grace of God in each of them. Earneſtly pray for power over the ſin which moſt eaſily beſets you. But above all things, ſtrive in your morning and evening prayers to gain the moſt lively ſenſe of your own nothingneſs, nay to feel that you are even worſe than nothing, that you are by your fallen nature ſold under ſin, and deſerving nothing at the hand of God but eternal puniſhment. And when your mind is deeply impreſſed with this conſideration, then look to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the ſins of the world. There ſee the power by which your fallen nature may be reſtored: there ſee the blood by which you are cleanſed from all ſin: there ſee the full redemption purchaſed for you, and ſtrain every faculty of your ſoul eagerly to lay hold on this redemption: and be aſſured that the eternal Spirit of God will aſſiſt you in theſe your prayers. The Spirit itſelf, ſays St. *Paul*, maketh interceſſion for us.—In the courſe of the enſuing day, and in all occurrences, ſtrive to keep your heart in a ſtate of prayer, always ready to be liſted up to God; and this, even in the hurry of buſineſs, may be done, and no one be ſenſible of it except yourſelf. And be ſure, my dear, never to omit making uſe of any opportunity of doing good which falls in your way, either to the bodies or ſouls of your fellow creatures.—At night follow the ſame rule as in the morning; only examining, before you beg the protection of God for the night, every action of the paſt day:

day: what good you have done, what left undone, what faults you have been guilty of, what mercies you have received, and accordingly addreſs yourſelf to the father of mercy.

I have time to ſay no more at preſent. Continue to write to me, and fail not to pray for

Your ever-affectionate

December 22, 1753. * *

January 7, 1754.

I Return my deareſt *** thanks for his laſt letter; the ſatisfaction which it and the converſation we had together on Saturday gave me, is inexpreſſible. Oh may you, by the aſſiſting grace of God, continue in the happy way you are now in, and ſtill preſs forward to higher degrees of faith and love. But, my dear, you muſt not think too highly of me; I am one of the moſt unworthy objects of the free mercy of God. I ſtand more, perhaps, in need of your prayers than you of mine; you muſt *too* pray for me, and we muſt both ſtrive to ſtrengthen each other. I ſhould be glad to know whether you, laſt night, notwithſtanding the diſagreeable manner of the preacher, received any comfort and ſatisfaction from what he ſaid: I own I did: his words (under

der all theſe diſadvantages) raiſed and ſtrengthened *me* in a remarkable manner. I wiſh it had been the ſame with you all; but your expectations were ſo highly raiſed by the name of ***, that an angel would hardly have ſatisfied them: and thus ſhall we be always diſappointed, if we look more at man than God. The moſt famous preacher, let his eloquence, his manner, his doctrine, be ever ſo near perfection, can never make the ſoul taſte the words of ſalvation, unleſs the Spirit of God accompanies and inforces his preaching. And the ſame bleſſed Spirit can make the words of the meaneſt, the moſt deſpicable preacher of the goſpel, effectual to awaken, to convince, and to comfort. But in order to our reaping theſe benefits, we muſt hear with *ſingleneſs* of intention; not ſeeking to have our outward ears and eyes delighted, but deſiring the *ſincere* milk of the word, to nouriſh and ſtrengthen our ſouls. Would it not be the higheſt madneſs to throw away the *water* of life, becauſe it was brought to us in an earthen veſſel? *Solomon* ſays, "To the *hungry ſoul* every bitter thing is "*ſweet*." So to the ſoul which really *hungers* and *thirſts* after *Chriſt*, the ſound of the *goſpel* of *peace*, (let the voice which proclaims it be *harſh* or *ſoft*) will be *ſweet indeed*. Oh may you and I, my dear ***, always find it ſo to *us!* May that bleſſed Redeemer in whom we have *peace*, be dearer to us than *light*, than *life*, than any thing we can form to our imagination either *here* or *hereafter!*

hereafter! In dangers, in difficulties, in temptations, may we ſtill look to him as our defence, our deliverer, our ſtrength. He is *all* in *all* throughout the oracles of God, both in the *Old* and *New Teſtament:* may he be *all* in *all* to our *ſouls*; may we walk by his light, conquer by his *ſtrength*, and in the end be joyful partakers of that everlaſting felicity which he has prepared for thoſe that love *him*. This is the conſtant wiſh and prayer of,

Your affectionate

* *

Saturday the 17th.

I Received my deareſt ***'s long letter, and have more and more reaſon to be thankful to God on your account. Oh how my ſoul exults in your happineſs, in your increaſe in faith, and love to *Chriſt!*—Your converſation with the captain delights me; no doubt but he rejoiced over you—there *you* ſee the true chriſtian ſpirit. The advice he gave you is excellent: Oh may we be both enabled to follow it! Thoſe who forſake all *for* Chriſt, will certainly find all *in* Chriſt.—As to ***, I would adviſe you to try firſt, to raiſe in him a *deſire* to receive the ſacrament, before you perſuade him *to receive* it; and

and be earneſt at the throne of grace on his behalf. All probable means are to be made uſe of, but it is the *Spirit* of God alone can convince of ſin.—I have been lately a good deal affected with the death of a lady in this neighbourhood, who led what is called an innocent life. Mr. *** attended her, and all his endeavours to convince her were in vain: her anſwers were, "Though ſhe had not made ſuch a ſhew of religion as *ſome others*, yet ſhe had *done* her duty." This is the moſt fatal deluſion of all; this blindneſs is the moſt dreadful ſtate in which a ſoul can launch into eternity! Can you and I be ever enough thankful to that God who has opened our eyes, to ſee the things which make for our peace? Was our whole life to be one continued act of praiſe, it would be nothing in compariſon to the bleſſings we have received; nay, even the eternity, which we ſhall ſpend in continual *praiſe*, is not enough *fully* to expreſs all we owe to our *redeeming God*—*Redemption*, how much is comprehended in this word! And how ſweet does it ſound to a ſoul ſenſible of its wants! May that pathetic prayer my dear *** has made for me be heard; then ſhall I experience that *fulneſs* of redemption for which I long! Then ſhall I indeed be intirely dead to the world and ſin, and live only to Chriſt. All this unſpeakable happineſs,

I as

I as ſincerely wiſh to the brother of my ſoul as to myſelf;

And am his truly affectionate,

* *

Sunday Afternoon, March 10, 1754.

My dear ***,

LAST night after you were gone, I read your letter, and thought of what you had told me with the greateſt ſatisfaction. What reaſon have you to be thankful, that God ſhould at ſo early a time of your life convince you of *ſin*, and give you to *know*, that you have redemption through Chriſt! How might you have plunged into all the follies and vices of youth, and laid up a large ſtock for future and bitter repentance, had not the free and unbounded grace of God diſplayed its power in your ſoul! Oh continue earneſtly to ſeek ſtill more and more of the *fulneſs* of Chriſt. Think not becauſe you have had a ſenſe of the *pardoning love* of God, that you are to *reſt here*: no, ſtill ſeek for freſh evidences of his love to your ſoul; preſs forward with unwearied diligence towards the mark of the *high calling* of God in Chriſt Jeſus; ſeek and *ſtrive* to gain the *abiding witneſs* of the *Spirit*; ſtrive for that perfect renewal of heart by which you

may say, " 'Tis no more I that live, but Christ liveth *in me.*"—You tell me you was assaulted, some days after you had this clear sense of the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, with doubts and fears. Whenever you are attacked in this manner again, argue thus with yourself:—" This peace and joy which I felt, this sense of forgiveness *seemed* to me to be the work of God upon my soul: but was it really so? Might not a warm imagination deceive me, or might not the great enemy of souls transform himself into an angel of light, in order to lull me into a fatal security? But have I not an infallible rule to judge by, whether this work was of God? What were the fruits it produced? Did I upon this grow more careless and remiss? Was my mind puffed up with spiritual pride? Did I allow myself liberties which before I was afraid to take?—Or did I, on the contrary, watch still more diligently against the most distant approaches of sin? Did I find increasing power over sins of the heart, as well as outward sin? Did I find in me a *still* deeper sense of my own nothingness and the all-sufficiency of my Redeemer, and a large increase of the love of God and all mankind? If these were the happy fruits of this evidence, I have no cause to doubt this work *was certainly* of God."

In this manner, my dear, if you will examine yourself, begging the assistance of the blessed Spirit, to enable you to search every winding and turning of your heart, you can never be deceived,

ed, and will always be able by the ſhield of faith to repel all the fiery darts of the devil. I thank you for your affectionate prayer for me (may God return all thoſe bleſſings double on your own head) and am,

Your ever-affectionate friend,

* *

I Did not expect to ſee my dear *** on Saturday, for the weather was ſo extremely bad, that I thought you would make the beſt of your way to ***. I have read your letter with great pleaſure, and hope you will continue thus diligently to examine the ſtate of your own mind: and that on every examination you will find an increaſe of that "treaſure which never faileth." —I rejoice that you have been happy enough to ſuffer reproach for the ſake of Chriſt, and more eſpecially for the grace given you to *ſuffer joyfully*. You may depend upon it that there is the ſame real diſtinction between Chriſtians and the world now, that there was when our bleſſed Maſter ſaid, "Becauſe ye are not of the world, "therefore the world hateth you." And how ought our hearts to exult with praiſe and thankſgiving, when we can ſay *we* are *not* of the *world!* What unſpeakable happineſs will it be for us to be found (when our Redeemer comes to judgment)

among thoſe who were not aſhamed of him in this "adulterous and perverſe generation!" Is any thing too much to ſuffer, when animated by the hopes of having theſe glorious words addreſſed to us, "Come ye bleſſed!"

I am now with my poor aunt ***, who is in great affliction for the loſs of poor Mrs. *C.* See my dear ***, * how little all that is eſteemed in this world avails, when God is pleaſed to lay his hand upon us! Here was youth, beauty, riches, friends; but how, as in a moment, was the poſſeſſor of all theſe cut off! And by a dreadful diſeaſe, brought to be the companion of loathſome worms! Alas, how is that ſweet ſmile, which once ſat upon her countenance, now changed to ghaſtlineſs! How are her fine features and delicate complexion now become even horrible to behold! Oh that ſome proud beauty would here ſtop, and conſider what ſhe herſelf muſt one day aſſuredly be! And Oh that this thought might ſtrike me ſtill with deeper ſerioufneſs, that ſhe who was my friend and confidant, even from my earlieſt youth; ſhe whom I loved with *more* than a *ſiſter*'s tenderneſs; is now—alas, where is now her precious ſoul? Deareſt Redeemer, thy grace is all-ſufficient, and thy mercies infinite! Is it not now rejoicing with thee? Were not all thoſe helps afforded her by thy boundleſs love, which, even to the laſt, her ill-judging friends denied her? O had I but ſeen her rejoicing in the

the love of God, and filled with the prospects of a blessed eternity, how would my soul have joyed in her departure! How would my heart have dilated itself with the glorious thought, that my friend was delivered from the gilded snares that surrounded her, and gone to sure and unbounded happiness! And even now I cannot doubt the mercies of my God; surely we shall meet again, and join in eternal praises to the great author of our salvation!

I am, with all affection, your faithful friend,

* *

My dearest ***,

I Am obliged to you for your letter, though the first side of it frighted me extreamly. I have been so accustomed to see you strong in faith, and rejoicing in God, that the very mention of weak faith alarmed me. But thanks be to God, who has not suffered you to be tempted above what you were able to bear, but has with the temptation also made a way for you to escape: and I hope this trial will be a means of making you still more watchful. You have need to watch and pray always, and more especially at those times, when your enemies seem to be at peace with you. When we are blessed with the light of God's

 countenance,

countenance, and have power over the ſin which moſt eaſily beſets us, we are very apt to be off our guard; and by being ſecure, we lay ourſelves open to danger from that grand tempter, who is always watching over us for evil. And if we take not care to keep the loving eye of our mind conſtantly fixed on that God who is always watching over us for good, we muſt fall. Here all our ſtrength lies: but God will not give us this ſtrength, unleſs we carefully and continually ſeek it: therefore, now the free grace of God has again raiſed you up, be doubly careful in every thought, word, and action, and be aſſured that your merciful Redeemer will be ever ready to hear you when you call upon him. That his love may daily abound in your heart more and more, is the ſincere prayer of,

July 12, 1754. *Your affectionate,* * *

Monday, Auguſt 5, 1754.

My dear ***,

YOU are indeed a great ſtranger; ſure you might contrive to call, though it were but for half an hour.—I am glad you heard Mr. ***; for to *hear him* and to *profit*, to a *ſincere* ſoul is the

the ſame thing. I thank God too, that you are in ſo happy a ſtate of mind, and your ſoul ſo charmingly alive to God; that you ſeem ſo much in love with holineſs, and ſo eagerly preſſing after it in all its branches: depend upon it, for every degree of holineſs you gain here, you will alſo gain a new degree of happineſs both *here* and *hereafter*. The nearer the ſoul is to the image of Chriſt, the more it will love him, and the more it will be loved by him, and by the Father through him: and this love is the higheſt felicity both of ſaints and angels. Imperfect (in degree) as it is here below, the ſoul that taſtes it, would not change it for all that earth or heaven could give. And what then muſt it be above in the kingdom of eternal glory! Where the ſoul, delivered from this earthly clog, will have no hindrances or obſtructions to the pure love of God, but will be wholly ſwallowed up in it.

Your *** gave me an account of your yeſterday's converſation: I congratulate you that you can ſo boldly and judiciouſly too, ſpeak for the truth. I pray God to increaſe you in every good word and work, and am,

Your ever-affectionate Friend,

* *

My dear ***,

I Return you many thanks for your letter. Juſt before I received it I was thinking of you, and to tell you the truth, with ſome fear, (occaſioned by your long abſence) either that you were grown cold to me, or, what was infinitely worſe, were grown cold to the ways of God. But your letter diſpelled all my fears, and I rejoice and give thanks to our heavenly Father for his great and manifold mercies to your ſoul!— I wiſh I could have ſeen you often in your laſt illneſs, but that you know was impoſſible: however, the ſmall time I was with you gave me the utmoſt ſatisfaction, and I cannot be enough ſenſible of the goodneſs of my God, that I (weak and unworthy as I am) ſhould be made an inſtrument of ſuch increaſe of comfort to you. Had you then died, you would doubtleſs now be ſinging praiſes to God and the Lamb; but as you are ſuffered to continue longer upon earth, it is to this end, that you ſhould approve yourſelf a faithful ſervant to God, in the midſt of this crooked and perverſe generation, that you ſhould ſhine as a light in the world, and by ſpending yourſelf in the ſervice of God here, increaſe your capacity of happineſs hereafter. God is merciful to you

in

in a peculiar manner. To be kept as you are, when so much engaged in business, and with so few opportunities of attending the means of grace, calls for the utmost gratitude; therefore let no occasion pass of shewing your love to that Redeemer, who has thus saved you from sin and the love of the world. All you can do, is by far too small a return for such unbounded goodness. Your present state of mind is a glorious and happy one indeed; but suffer not yourself to be off your watch for one moment, for Satan is always watching to hurt a soul that is thus happily escaped from his snare. But your certain help lies in Christ; keep therefore the eye of the mind fixed upon him, and you will still go on conquering, and to conquer.

I am, your ever-affectionate friend,

Sunday, * *

Dec. 8, 1754.

My dear ***,

I AM delighted with the rules you have laid down for your conduct: you must constantly look up to God for grace and strength faithfully to practise them I rejoice in your love to your Redeemer; and be assured, the longer you live, the more you will be convinced, that this

is your only ſure refuge and laſting happineſs. * In regard to your going ſo often to ***, take the following advice; ſhun, as you would poiſon, every thing that you find a means of making you leſs alive to God. Life is ſhort. We have a great work to do, and God only knows how few of thoſe hours, which are ever on the wing, may be given us to do it in. Therefore loſe not a moment! Remember a Chriſtian cannot ſtand ſtill; he muſt go either forwards or backwards; and if you have not made ſome advances toward heaven ſince the clock ſtruck laſt, you have gone back towards the contrary road. Keep this conſtantly in your mind, particularly in your viſits.—May the peace and love of God be ever with you, and fail not to remember at the throne of of grace,

Your ever-affectionate friend,

* *

Nov. 27,
1755.

To Miſs * * * *.

Sunday Morning.

My dear Friend,

I Have juſt time enough to wiſh that your ſoul may this day proſper, and that God may

may be found by you in all his ordinances. Oh that his love may be more and more ſhed abroad in your heart! And this it certainly will be, if you walk cloſely with him, and ſuffer not your imagination to lead you from your only true happineſs. Oh ſtrive continually after a conſtant recollection, and communion with God.—I know the unprofitable manner in which you will be employed this afternoon; but this need not hinder your heart from being with your Saviour; he will ſupport and comfort you.—Take care that you run not into making obſervations, either on the perſons, manners, or dreſs of your viſitors: four young ladies in a houſe together, are in the utmoſt danger from this ſin: and depend upon it, it is as contrary to Chriſtian love as lying or ſtealing. *Adieu.*

* *

My dear friend,

I Have been thinking, ſince I ſaw you, of all the ſnares to which you are going to be expoſed, and I ſincerely pray that God may protect you in every danger, and hold up your goings in *his paths.* But in order to gain this gracious protection, you muſt take the greateſt care that you do nothing to grieve his bleſſed Spirit, and cauſe him to depart from you. And this any

ſinful compliance will certainly do: therefore when you are deſired to do any thing unbecoming a chriſtian, fear not (young as you are) to bear your teſtimony for God againſt an evil world. But do it in the ſpirit of meekneſs; and if by this means you draw upon yourſelf the appellations of whimſical, obſtinate, and ridiculous, look upon the reproach as matter of rejoicing, and as adding a greater luſtre to the crown you will hereafter receive. There is one temptation, which at your age is peculiarly dangerous, and that is a deſire of being thought handſome. You muſt be ever on your watch againſt this; for it will raiſe a thouſand tempers in your ſoul, as contrary to the mind which was in Chriſt as darkneſs is to light. There is nothing which is a greater counter-poiſe to this deſire, than bringing the mind to be contented, nay even to rejoice that another ſhould outſhine us. Let Miſs *J* be the means by which you acquire a conqueſt over this firſt born of female pride: ſet yourſelf every day to take delight in her beauty; to wiſh for its embelliſhment, and to be moſt pleaſed when ſhe appears to the greateſt advantage.—If when you read this you colour, and cry, "Dear! what can ſhe mean? this is vaſtly odd!"—depend upon it there is ſomething in your heart which makes the advice I have given highly neceſſary; and fail not, as you prize your peace of mind and increaſe of grace, to put it in practice. We ſhould enjoy much more of the light of God's countenance, and of that peace which

which paſſeth all underſtanding, if we would attend to, and watch againſt, thoſe occaſions of falling, which from their commonneſs we are apt to call *little*.—A ſoul is often caſt into heavineſs for hours, by an unguarded word. —You will not, my love, be angry with me that I deal thus freely with you: I watch over your ſoul in tender love; and though ſenſible of my own unworthineſs, either to adviſe or perſuade; though ſenſible of my own great and manifold ſins and imperfections, I cannot deſiſt from guarding you againſt all that may hinder your being made perfect in the love of God. I am,

Your ever-affectionate,

November 30, 1754. * *

I Thank you, my love, for writing to me, and rejoice that you are happy: God never fails to hear thoſe that call upon him, and is gracious above all that we can either aſk or think. As to my illneſs, it is extremely troubleſome, but I believe not dangerous: and I muſt continue to bear it for a good while longer, without attempting to remove it, becauſe my apothecary himſelf knows not what to make of it: * however, I am juſt as I ought to be; I delight to do and to ſuf-

fer

fer the will of God, and his mercies are ſweet to my ſoul. I am in that happy ſtate of reſignation, that I have not a wiſh, but for an increaſe of grace and holineſs. Sunday my ſoul longed after the ſacrament, and the tears came in my eyes, becauſe I could not go to church. But are the flowing ſtreams of redeeming love confined to place or time? I found indeed they were not; for my ſoul was at home ſweetly repleniſhed with every bleſſing I could have hoped for at the altar. How much are thoſe to be pitied who know not the love of God! How much are thoſe to be pitied who ſet their hearts on any thing in this infant-ſtate of exiſtence! How poor, how low, how trifling is every thing, that does not look towards eternity! I have ſuch an experimental ſenſe of the nothingneſs of all worldly things, that they ſeem no more to me than dancing puppets; and I am ſometimes ready to affront my brother and Mr. ***, by ſmiling at the important air with which they talk of their *buſineſs*, as they call it.—I think there is very little probability that I ſhall be fit to come to the wedding. Pray God keep your ſiſter's heart in this time of danger and diſtraction, and bleſs you both with the bleſſings of his children.

* *

January 7, 1755.

To the Rev. Mr. * * * *.

Reverend Sir,

YOUR character for candour and piety takes from me all fear that you ſhould be offended at the addreſs of a perſon unknown, *even* though this addreſs is deſigned to point out ſomething amiſs in you; which it is abſolutely neceſſary (for the good of your own ſoul, and for the eternal welfare of thoſe who hear you) that you ſhould amend.——You *believe!*—You *feel* the power, and live the *life* of *faith!*—Oh why will you not ſtrive that others may be partakers of like happineſs with you?—I know your general manner of preaching: I myſelf have heard you; and while my ear has been delighted with your affecting delivery, your elegant language, and well-turned periods, my heart has *bled* to think that *ſuch talents* ſhould be ſo miſerably perverted: *bled* for *you*, and for thoſe *poor ſouls*, whom this way of preaching lulls into a fatal *ſecurity*. Pardon my freedom of ſpeech; pardon my boldneſs towards you; but you yourſelf will acknowledge, that where the foundation is unſound, the building muſt fall; and no true foundation can be laid except Jeſus Chriſt. Your own experience muſt

muſt tell you, that a divine power can alone change the heart; that all outward regularity of behaviour, all rounds and forms o devotion, and all moral duties, without this change are, utterly unavailing, and only like beautifying the outſide of a ſepulchre, which within is full of dead mens bones and of all uncleanneſs. *You* are ſenſible *too*, that faith in a dying Redeemer is the only means given us by which this change of heart can be effected. To what purpoſe then is it to tell *poor*, *loſt*, *undone* man, of the *dignity* of his *rational* nature, and the beauty of *virtue?*—Dear ſir, for the ſake of that God whom you love and *adore*, *away* with theſe *ſhadows*, and ſubſtitute in their place realities. How would it delight the heart of ſeveral of your friends (who greatly love and eſteem you, and who wiſh well to the goſpel of Chriſt) to ſee you, with all the force of eloquence, labouring to convince your hearers of the *ſin* of their *nature*, their condemnation in the ſight of God, and their utter incapacity to help *themſelves*; and then proclaiming to them, "Behold the *Lamb* of *God*, who taketh away the *ſins* of the world!"

I am ſenſible of the difficulties you will have to encounter, in thus changing your manner of preaching: but though the battle be hard to fight, great will be the glory of the victory. 'Tis true, your enemies are ſtrong and powerful; the devil, the world, all the wicked, and all the ſelf righteous will be joined together againſt you: but look

look up with an eye of faith, and see how many more are for you. Think of the holy angels rejoicing over every sinner converted by your means; think that the Captain of your salvation, your God and Redeemer, will be ever near to help, to strengthen and comfort you! And consider what unutterable joy your soul will feel, when at that period of time which is the most delightful to the true Christian, you can with firm confidence cry out with St. *Paul*, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

I am, (though your unknown and unworthy)
Your truly affectionate friend.

To Mr. G***.

I Am much obliged to you for your letter to me; and if it will increase your joy to know that I love my Saviour more than *health*, or *light*, or *life*, be assured that I do; and that I should think myself the most ungrateful and vile of all creatures if I did not. It is my constant and earnest desire every day, nay every hour, to increase in the knowledge and love of God, and to be saved not only from the guilt, but also from the power of

of sin. I know that the grace of God through Christ is sufficient for me; I know that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; and I know (blessed be God for giving me that knowledge) that I *have* redemption through his blood, even the *forgiveness* of my sins. Think now, what a wretch I should be, if I did not love this Redeemer, and if I did not wish above all things to be conformed to his image?—And in consequence of my thus loving God because he first loved me, I love every creature which God has made, and every soul of man, without any regard had to sects, names, or parties. The *Moravian* church, though I am certain at this time it is over-run with *dreadful errors*, I love, pity, and pray for. Oh may the God of love and unbounded mercy, convince and restore it!—I thank you for the glorious advice you give me, of "living very near the cross:" *there* is life indeed! Life freely given, to every soul that seeks it. And that you and I may ever partake of this life, is the hearty wish of, your

* *

To the Rev. Mr. * * * *.

November 30, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I Am much obliged to you for your apostolical letter, and for the truly christian joy you express

expreſs for my baby's happineſs. That I have felt all that the greateſt ſenſibility of temper is capable of feeling on ſuch an occaſion, is certain: but here has been my great comfort, that, in every thing which concerned the child, I have had neither will nor wiſh of my own. He was peculiarly dedicated to God, even before he was born: and *ſince*, he has been daily, nay almoſt hourly offered up; and that not in word only, but in truth: and as it has pleaſed God to accept him as a ſacrifice, rather than as a ſervant, I have nothing to ſay, but "thy will be done!" If I could have ſeen you, or any of my Chriſtian friends at this time, when all the fineſt ſprings of human nature were on the rack, it would have been a great ſatisfaction; but it pleaſed God to with-hold all creature comfort from me; and though his own arm ſuſtained me, it was in a manner not ſenſibly perceived by my ſoul: * ſo that I had the great bleſſing of bearing ſomething of the *croſs*. And this I look upon to be a particular bleſſing to me, becauſe I have been ſo wholly led by love, that before this, I knew but very little of what it was to *ſuffer* the will of God. In ſhort, every diſpenſation of my heavenly Father towards me, is nothing but mercy and unbounded goodneſs. I *ſee* and I *adore*.—The Lord Jeſus bleſs and preſerve you in body, ſoul, and ſpirit. Fail not to pray for,

Your obliged and affectionate,

* *

Dear

Monday, December 22, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I See with delight, that you *are ſet up* as a mark, for every one of the *devil*'s tools to ſhoot *at*: and *he* certainly wounds the deepeſt by thoſe, who, while they are working for him, imagine they are doing God ſervice, and acting with *Chriſtian prudence*. How often is *that wiſdom* which comes from *beneath*, taken for that which comes from *above!* And *fear* of man, *ſecret* deſire of preferment, and being *aſhamed* of the *croſs* of *Chriſt*, dignified with the title of true *diſcretion*, and caution not to give offence!—'Tis hard, indeed, to be wounded in the houſe of your friends; nothing, perhaps, is more painful to nature; but if they have called the maſter of the houſe *Beelzebub*, how much more thoſe of his houſhold!—Thoſe ſervants of Chriſt who are deſigned by him for *eminent uſefulneſs*, muſt of neceſſity have the largeſt ſhare of tribulation; for the higheſt place of honour under our *king*, is that of the ſharpeſt ſufferings. I ſhould not wonder if the tongues and pens of all your brethren (except two or three) were employed againſt *you*; and I am ſo far from being ſorry (on your account) for Mr. *L*'s. preaching againſt you, that I look

I look upon it as a *precious* and *bleſſed mark*, and a *ſeal* to the truth of your miniſtry.—Happy parting, indeed, with the world! And happy parting with every comfort in it, if nearer union with God is the conſequence! Oh ceaſe not to pray for me, that all things may thus work together for my good!—This poor dream of life will ſoon be at an end; and *then*, if thoſe who have only given a cup of cold water for the ſake of Chriſt, ſhall not loſe their reward, what an exceeding and eternal weight of glory attends thoſe happy ſouls who conſtantly labour, and patiently ſuffer for him!

I am, your obliged and faithful
Friend and Servant,
* *

The End of the THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

THE

CONTENTS

Of the THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

	Page
Letters written by Mr. *Brainerd* —	3
An Extract from Miſs *Mary Gilbert*'s Journal	37
An Extract from *Elizabeth Harper*'s Journal	129
A ſhort Account of *Ann Johnſon* —	188
A ſhort Account of *Ann Rogers* —	199
A ſhort Account of *Mary Langſon* —	212
A ſhort Account of *Hannah Richardſon*	223
A Letter to the Rev. Mr. *John Weſley*, by a *Gentlewoman* — —	234
An Extract of Mrs. *L* * * *'s Letters —	254

ERRATA, Vol. XIII.

Page	Line		
5	*ult.*	r wh*ence*	
15	20	r frequent*ly*	
17	21	r *not long* before	
24	3	*dele* of	
28	3	r serv*ing*	
—	17	r *of* sin	
32	10	r more *hurt*	
—	11	r and *to*	
39	2	r ta*sk*	
54	24	r where	
114	*ult.*	thank*ful*nefs	
120	11	r as *when*	
—	24	r *be* better	
148	15	r *I* did	
202	15	r one	
219	4	r they	
225	3	r *that*	
243	10	r they	
269	10	r haunts *her*	

Date Due

Demco 293-5